●539

[For additional information on folktales, see Category 538.]

● 539

[For additional information on Sea Island texts, see Category 538.]

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● 539

[For additional information on the songs and musical texts of the Georgia Sea Islands, see Category 53.]

422 jects were old coins, a pistol, and a pocketbook made of shells
clamped together with metal bands. The most significant
[324] item, however, was a carved stone fig (Plate IIIc).A The
grainy texture and the slight splits in the skin had been
(789) executed with great skill. The fig had been carried as a charm
by the old man's ancestor, but where this forebear had
obtained it we were unable to learn.[8, 32, 34c]

322 On the Ogeechee Road not far from Brownville we came in
contact with a Negro * whose favorite pastime was carving.[70a-e]
532 He showed us the figure of a man (Plate IVb),B
about twenty-seven inches high, with heavy shoulders and
torso overbalancing the lower part of the figure. The head
was large and square, the eyes were painted on roughly, and
the nose and mouth were attached pieces of wood. A wooden
crane and other birds carved by the same man bore a crude,
primitive stamp.[70c, d, g]

115 Near by on the Ogeechee Road we found Tony William
Delegal,** an old man (Plate VII),C well over one hundred
years old, who was formerly a slave of Major John Thomas,
Harris Neck, plantation owner. His dark eyes are filmed,
his once powerful shoulders are bent, but Uncle Tony can
still recall incidents which took place during his childhood on
115 the plantation. Sitting on the front porch of his daughter's
house, he sang an African song to us. Unfortunately he did
533 not know the English translation. The old man sang the
song over and over and we were finally able to take down the
(539) following:

Wa kum kum munin
Kum baba yano
Lai lai tambe
Ashi boong a nomo
Shi wali go
Ashi quank.

---

* *Lee Ross, Ogeecheetown, near Brownville.*
** *Tony William Delegal, Ogeecheetown, near Brownville.*

A, [See Category 324, plate following p. xxxii-C--Analyst]
B, [See Category 532, plate following p. xxxii-B--Analyst]
C, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-G--Analyst]

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•539

BROWNVILLE

Kum baba yano
Lai lai tambe
Ashi lai lai lai
Shi wali go
Dhun.

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In the heart of the thriving Brownville community live fortune tellers, root doctors, and vendors of magic charms who conduct flourishing businesses.[22a, e, 48] There is a ready market for their wares which are used for the various activities of daily living. Numerous perplexities pertaining to matters of business, luck, and love affairs are thought to be solved by the mere possession of certain charms.[8]

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Mattie Sampson,[*] a robust young Negro woman, told us that she does an active mail order business as representative of the Lucky Heart Company, the Sweet Georgia Brown Company, and the Curio Products Company. She supports herself comfortably by means of selling her credulous neighbors good luck perfumes, roots, lodestones, and similar charms. "Duh chahms an good luck puhfumes an powduhs do deah wuk independent of any additional hep," Mattie said. "Ef anybody believe a puticuluh chahm is wut dey need, well, dat chahm will do duh wuk."

"Mos of muh customuhs depen on special chahms tuh bring em good luck," the young woman continued. "Dey nevuh puhmit deah supply tuh give out but awduh it ovuh an ovuh. I have sevral bes selluhs. One is duh *Mystic Mojo Love Sachet*. Dis is sometimes call *Quick Love Powduh* an is guaranteed tuh make yuh populuh, successful, an happy. Yuh use it tuh attrac a pusson an tuh make dat pusson admyuh an love yuh. A lill uh dis powduh is wone in a bag aroun duh neck aw rubbed on duh body. But ef yuh prefuh, yuh kin sprinkle it in duh dressuh draw aw in duh bottom uh duh shoes.

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[*] *Mattie Sampson, West 32nd Street.*

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674

PIN POINT

682 spired a ballad. Attributed to no single author but appar-
533 ently added to from time to time, the ballad now runs:

682 On duh thuteent day ub May
533 Yuh could heah ole Bo-Cat say,
•539 "Git muh deed an policy.
674 Tun it in duh ashes way."

Den ole Catherine she begin tuh inquyuh.
Didn know ole Bo-Cat had dem in duh fyuh.
It a shame how Bo-Cat done he wife.

Put uh in duh boat,
Dey begin tuh float,
Dey float tuh duh Raccoon Keys.
He knock uh on duh knees.
Catherine holluh, "Wa-Wan-Wa."
Bo-Cat make uh "Na-Nan-Na."
It a shame how Bo-Cat done he wife.

He knock uh in duh bres
An duh oah done duh res.
It a shame how Bo-Cat done he wife.

He knock uh in duh back
An duh oah miss an crack.
It a shame how Bo-Cat done he wife.

Wen Bo-Cat wehn back home
He meet uh daughtuh all alone.
Uh daughtuh say, "Bo-Cat, Bo-Cat,
Weah my mama is?"
Bo-Cat tun right out he head
An he tro uh cross duh bed.
It a shame how Bo-Cat done he wife.

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682
[533]
[539]

Dey got Bo-Cat in jail
Bout tuh hang im by duh rail
It a shame how Bo-Cat done he wife.

(115) One of the Pin Point women, Margaret Snead,* recalls vividly the events of the De Lancy crime.

"Wy, duh night fo Catherine De Lanzy wuz kill, she spen it in town wid me," said Margaret Snead. "Attuh dat night I didn see uh no mo. People frum duh Pint come inquirin bout uh but nobody seem tuh know nuttn bout uh weahbouts. Bout two weeks latuh, a pahty uh wite mens out huntin come cross duh body at Raccoon Keys. Dis a ilun way beyon Hell's Gate. Mus be mohn twenny miles frum duh Pint. I dohn see as how nobody could carry a pusson dat fah jis tuh murduh em. Anyways, duh body wuz brung tuh duh city, an at duh unduhtakuh's office people went in tuh see ef dey could dentify it. Dis a hahd ting tuh do. She bin in duh watuh fuh days an days fo a high tide wash duh cawpse on sho. Duh body wuz caught tween two logs weah duh buzzuds went tuh wuk on it.

"I membuh a great big cawn wich she use tuh suffuh wid but couldn nebuh git rid ub. So I went in an had a look at duh foot, an sho nuff deah wuz dat cawn jis lak it use tuh be wen she wuz libe.

"Her ole huzbun, Limbrick De Lanzy, already wuz rested, an he git sen up fuh life. It wuz Friday, May duh thuteent, dat ole Limbrick carried Catherine off down duh ribbuh an murduh uh. A double bad luck, Friday an duh thuteent,[21] das wy dey make up duh song." (777)

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"Was the body buried at Pin Point?" we were interested to know.

"Yes, it wuz, but we didn hab no settin-up cuz duh body wuz too fah gone. Dat wuz sad. Ebrybody lub Catherine an fuh uh tuh die an be buried widout a settin-up aw lettin

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* *Margaret Snead, Pin Point.*

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759 suh, wid dat buzzud deah duh jedge jis couldn do nuttn. He
789 jis had tuh pick up an go. Duh case wuz dismissed."

"Tell bout wut Smaht McCall done tuh Doctuh Rogers,"
754 requested Uncle Jack.

759 "Well, Doctuh Rogers, he wuz a regluh doctuh an sometime duh folks would go tuh see um wen dey git sick stead ub goin tuh Smaht McCall. Smaht, he git mad. He say he fix dis Doctuh Rogers. He put a spell on duh hawse. Wen Doctuh Rogers go out nex time an git in he carriage, duh hawse run right intuh a tree an Doctuh Rogers git kill."[15]

759 As an afterthought he finished with, "Sometime deze root doctuhs is smahtuhn duh regluh doctuhs. Long time ago a doctuh tell me I hab tuh stop eatin meat. He say it ain good fuh me an ef uh eat it, I git sickn die. I bin eatin it ebuh sence an Ise still alibe. Dat doctuh bin dead fuh yeahs. Mos deze root doctuhs knows plenty; dey know nuff tuh lib."

262 There were a number of palmetto trees in the section and we asked if any of the people had ever heard of eating palmetto cabbage.

"Yes'm," they answered.

"Palmettuh cabbages is good eatin."

"Yuh kin jis cut it up an eat it raw an yuh kin cook it up wid fat meat," Uncle Robert told us.

273 "Yuh kin make good palm wine outuh duh berries," volunteered Peter McQueen.[45]

538 Various members of the party asked Peter McQueen to tell one of the numerous stories about Brer Rabbit and Brer Wolf. Peter pondered for a minute; then he started:

• 539 "Bruh Rabbit and Bruh Wolf wuz alluz tryin tuh git duh bes uh one anudduh. Now Bruh Wolf he own a hoe an it wuk fuh crop all by itsef.[39] Bruh Wolf jis say, 'Swish,' tuh it. Den he sit down in duh fiel an duh hoe do all duh wuk.

"Bruh Rabbit he wahn dat hoe. He hide behine bush an watch how duh wolf make it wuk. One day wen duh wolf

539 way, Bruh Rabbit he steal duh hoe. He go tuh he own fiel an he stan duh hoe up an he say, 'Swish.' Duh hoe staht tuh wuk. It wuk and it wuk. Fo long duh crop is done finish. Den rabbit want hoe tuh stop, an he call out an he call out but hoe keep right on wukin. Bruh Rabbit dohn know wut wud tuh say tuh stop it. Pretty soon duh hoe cut down all Bruh Rabbit wintuh crop an still it keep on wukkin an wukkin. Bruh Rabbit wring he hans. Ebryting he hab is gone. Jis den Bruh Wolf come long an he laugh an he laugh out loud wen he see how Bruh Rabbit steal he hoe an how it done ruin all duh crop. Bruh Rabbit he keep callin out, 'Swish, swish,' an duh hoe go fastuhn fastuh. Wen he see Bruh Wolf, he ax um tuh make duh hoe stop. Bruh Wolf wohn say nuttn uhtall cuz he mad dat Bruh Rabbit steal he hoe. Den attuh a time he say, 'Slow, boy,' an duh hoe he stop wukkin. Den Bruh Wolf he pick up he hoe an carry um home."

115 By this time it had grown late, and the figures about the fire were shadows. From the direction of the marshes the wind was blowing more sharply and it was time to go home. Uncle Jack came up to say goodbye to us and said that he was going to spend the night on the river, shrimping. When we expressed surprise, he laughed and said that this was his usual custom.

Uncle Robert nodded in agreement. "We's at home in duh ribbuh," he said. "Bin out deah so many yeahs. Ain nuttn tuh be feahed ub."

764 "Yes'm, we hab set-ups wid duh dead, but I ain know bout
killin chicken. At duh fewnul, dey kills hawg an hab [40]
[775] plenty tuh eat.[37h, e] Duh reason fuh dis is so dat sperrit hab
plenty at duh las. Wen fewnul pruhcession gits tuh grabe-
764 yahd, dey stops. I ain know wy dey do it but dey stops at
782 duh gate, and dey ax leab tuh come in. Deah ain nobody at
duh gate, but dey alluz ax jis duh same. Dey say, 'Fambly,
we come tuh put our brudduh away in mudduh dus. Please
leh us go tru gate.' "[60]

754 About conjure, however, the old woman was not very com-
municative. "I ain know bout cunjuh," she said. "I heahs
bout spells on people, but I ain see um. Now shadduhs, I see
776 um. One night comin down duh road, I git tuh place weah
787 road tun, an I heah sumpm behine me runnin long close tuh
groun. He got big long tus, dis long, an he tongue hangin
out. He pas close tuh me, an he look a me. I see um good.
He got long tick haiah lak Noofounlan. Deah ain nebuh
bin dog lak um on ilun. He mus be shadduh.[54]

"Den one night, I come frum chuch wid huzbun. We gits tuh tun, I heahs sumpm agen. I looks, an deah is sumpm look lak man. Huzbun he ain see um. Den I heahs a stompin, an sumpm come by so close tuh me I kin mos tech um, an he tun tuh spotted ox. 'Budge,' I calls um wen dey changes lak dat. Dat spotted ox go gallopin off, an I say tuh huzbun, 'Yuh ain see um?' He say, 'Wut?' I say, 'Da spotted ox wut go pas down duh road an out in da fiel?' He say, 'I ain see nuttn.' Das wen I luns dat wen yuh see um, yuh musn talk bout um.

• 539 "No'm, I dunno no animal stories. I heah um, but I fuh-
gits. I know bout lizzud an rabbit, dough. Yuh ain know
bout lizzud an rabbit? Well, lizzud, he wuk hahd. He hab
sode wut he cut crop wid, an it wuk by itsef an it cut so fine,
nuttn lef.[39] Lizzud he speak wuds tuh it—it do all duh wuk.
Now, rabbit, he smaht. He ain got no sode lak lizzud got
an he wahn one. He hide behine bush, an he watch da sode

539 wuk fuh lizzud, an he wahn it bad. One day wen lizzud not at home, rabbit, he sneak up, an he steal lizzud sode. He laf tuh hesef cuz he got da sode. He take da sode tuh he fiel an he staht it tuh wuk. He tink he know duh wuds dat lizzud say tuh sode, an he call, 'Go-ee-tell.' Sode staht wukin. Pretty soon, sode finish duh crop, an rabbit wahn um tuh stop. Sode comin too close tuh noo wintuh crop wut rabbit got tuh hab fuh lib on. So rabbit he yell, 'Go-ee-tell' in loud voice, and sode he wuk all duh fastuh. He cut down ebryting rabbit hab an ain leab nuttn. Lizzud who bin hidin in bush, he laf an he laf tuh he sef at rabbit, cuz rabbit tink hesef so smaht wen he steal sode an now he ain got nuttn tuh eat all wintuh. Rabbit he see lizzud, an he call, 'Stop dis sode.' Lizzud he say, 'It my sode.' Rabbit he say, 'Dasso. It yuh sode, but stop it. It cut down ebryting uh got.' Lizzud say, 'Sode wuk fastuh ebry time he heah 'Go-ee-tell.' " Den lizzud he staht laffin an he calls out loud, 'Go-ee-pom,' an sode stop. Lizzud den go out an pick up sode an tak um home."

829 Knowing that Katie was a descendant of Belali, we asked her if she knew anything of him. She nodded and answered, "Belali Mohomet? Yes'm, I knows bout Belali. He wife Phoebe. He hab plenty daughtuhs, Magret, Bentoo, Chaalut, Medina, Yaruba, Fatima, an Hestuh.

829 782 "Magret an uh daughtuh Cotto use tuh say dat Belali an he wife Phoebe pray on duh bead. Dey wuz bery puhticluh bout duh time dey pray an dey bery regluh bout duh hour. Wen duh sun come up, wen it straight obuh head an wen it set, das duh time dey pray. Dey bow tuh duh sun an hab lill mat tuh kneel on. Duh beads is on a long string. Belali he pull bead an he say, 'Belambi, Hakabara, Mahamadu.' Phoebe she say, 'Ameen, Ameen.'

829 "Magret she say Phoebe he wife, but maybe he hab mone one wife. I spects das bery possible. He come obuh wid all he daughtuhs grown. He whole fambly wuz mos grown up.

Introduction

• 539 [i bɪnə dɹiŋk di βɔrə
ɛn i gɔt ɹait ɸə ste iə]

*She has partaken of the water,
and she has the right to live here.*

101 The life-styles, tales, and language peculiarities captured in
this book were unearthed during more than nine years of research with
the Gullah- or Geechee-speaking Sea Islanders of Georgia and South
Carolina and three months of field work in Nigeria, West Africa. Like
121 most Americans, I was in total ignorance of the existence of the Sea
Islands for many years—in my case, until 1972. Once I heard about
them, no amount of library research and no amount of reading about
the Sea Islanders could quench my desire actually to see for myself
how they had managed to retain so many more remnants of their West
African ancestry than African-Americans in other parts of the country.

133 On my first trip to the Sea Islands, in 1973, I remember crossing a
bridge leading from Charleston to James Island, crossing another one
491 from James Island to Johns Island, and then another one from Johns
Island to Wadmalaw. On Wadmalaw the scenery changed drastically,
and the farther I drove along the narrow, winding road into the depths
of this remote island, the more unusual my surroundings became:
hanging moss; dense woodlands; flat, "boggy" swamps; and the
musty, sweet aroma of ocean air. A person could get lost forever on
these islands, I remember thinking. As I would later learn, it was this
very remoteness which contributed to the continuation of the African-derived culture of the Sea Island area.

123 I turned around a deep bend in the road and continued on, ultimately

1

The Social History and Organization

•539 Me old building e de leak,
and me soul e got fe move:

There is a leak in this old building (body),
and my soul has got to move:

Topography

131 The Sea Islands, commonly known as the Gullah- or Geechee-
133 speaking communities, extend along the coast of South Carolina and
Georgia to the tip of Florida. Isolated by expansive marshlands, tur-
bulent streams, and massive rivers, some islands are several miles
from the coast of the United States. Estimates indicate that there are as
many as a thousand islands along the coastline, though many of them
are small and unfit for human habitation.[1] The habitable ones vary in
131 size. St. Helena, for example, covers only 15 square miles, while
Wadmalaw extends for 43. Sandy Island, still not connected by bridge
to the mainland, is estimated to be 50 square miles; Edisto is about 72;
and Johns Island, the second largest island in U.S. waters, is approx-
imately 100.[2]

The Sea Islands of South Carolina, on which most of this study is based, extend on the north from Sandy Island near Georgetown to Port Royal, St. Helena, and Daufuski on the south. Sandy Island is traditionally included among the Sea Islands of South Carolina because it is culturally similar to the coastal islands; it is, however, a freshwater

793 537 796 [871] Often the test of a good Sea Island minister is how well he can arouse and excite his parishioners. Most of the ministers are from the area and know well the rhetorical skills and techniques necessary to keep a congregation involved in the service. From the time when young children begin going to the church services, they learn that rhetorical skills are to be praised, practiced, and deeply venerated as essential characteristics of learned people. Learning, to the islanders, does not necessarily mean college education. Most of the Sea Island ministers have had no formal education at all, yet they could equal and surpass the most prolific expositors of the canons of rhetoric. For example, though this speaker has never heard of Cicero or studied the classical theories of rhetoric, note the unusual skill with which he makes his plea to the congregation, creating the long, flowing, masterfully constructed phrases characteristic of Ciceronian style:

Heavenly Father
● [539] Look at Reverend Pinckney one more time
Who is going to unfold the word of eternal truth
Want you to please, dear Jesus
Give him a silver trumpet
[So] he can coax and call some more ushers into this fold
And then, then, then, my Master
Look at the mistress of ceremonies
Jesus
Want you to plant her feet deep down in the soil, Master
Where she'll never be [up]rooted by the storm of life[54]

796 533 [793] [774] [786] Often when a sermon is completed, the minister will begin to sing. It is essential for a Sea Island minister to be a good singer as well as a good speaker. Singing is a regular part of the islanders' daily lives. Many older people sing with fervor and passion as they work in their gardens or in the fields, even when they are alone. Singing is thought to be good for the body, the spirit, and the soul: it enlivens the spirit, which permeates the soul, giving it spiritual strength, and the soul in turn revitalizes the body with physical strength to carry on in times of despair or when physically exhausted. During the church services singing often stirs and excites an already "happy" congregation. When the music begins, some of the congregants throw up their hands, jerking and shaking their bodies in the movements of the shout. The music

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
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2

The Folk Literature

• 539 Some folk de gift fe lie.

Some folks are gifted liars (storytellers).

Oral Presentation

538 During the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth century folklorists like Joel Chandler Harris, Charles C. Jones, Elsie C. Parsons, and Ambrose Gonzales were quite thorough in their collections of tales, myths, legends, and other forms of verbal art in the Gullah-speaking areas of South Carolina and Georgia.[1] Until very recently, little contemporary work had been undertaken on the Sea Islands in folklore and literature. Today studies in oral traditions have grown beyond the tales and the various ways in which their plots can be varied, improved, or altered for the worse to encompass communicative forces peripheral to the tales themselves.[2] The study of oral literature involves more than just the collection and classification of tales. It is expanding to include such things as proxemics and various pragmatic forces inclusive of atmosphere and audience participation which combine to help create a good tale.

As Western cultures are gifted with a long tradition of written literature, the Gullah performers are likewise gifted with techniques and methods of communicative interactions characteristic of a long tradition of African and African-American oral literature. Unlike the writer, who is often left to create his characters in isolation and solitude, and who is at liberty to take a few days, a week, a month, and in many cases years to fill up a page with words carefully selected to create a certain mood and elicit a certain response, the oral performer must be

[p. 32]

> 159 538 [Again he swayed back and forth as if counting to himself.] De dup . . . de dup . . . de dup, going in [a pause], going in that wood, you know. Bi-i-i-g oat field."

Likewise, he imitated the chittering sound of the partridge as he inadvertently follows Ber Rabbit into the open oat field:

> Partridge . . . Ha! . . . [He paused as if contemplating the partridge's character.] He *crazy,* you know! . . . He ain't know that Ber Rabbit done got him! He gone. . . . He gone out there. He kickeri, kickeri. [Suddenly he opened his eyes and slapped his hands together.]
>
> Bam!
> Dead!

At this point in the speaker's narrative, his listeners had become rather involved with the suspense of his tale. It is unlikely that he would have been more effective if he had been more prolix or more descriptive. He [201] elicited a gasp of amazement from his listeners merely by slapping his hands together to imitate the blast from the gun (*Bam!*) and by conveying the partridge's swift and instant death in the simple word *Dead!*

538 The absence of very much description in Mr. Oree's accounts is typical of Sea Island tales. The language that is used, however, suggests to the mind far more detail than could ever be set down. For example, the mention of a big oat field evokes colors (shades of browns, beiges, and greens) and a sense of vastness and openness. By choosing not to describe every detail of a scene, the narrators permit the listeners to create in their own minds certain images and impressions which give the tale added dimension. This, then, may account in part for the usual description of Sea Island literature, in written transcription, as short, incomplete, and lacking in the characteristics of sustained literary work. These standards, of course, are standards by which Western cultures have traditionally judged written literature, and they just do not apply to the literature of a people whose tradition has always been oral.

159 539 Again, as I noted, gestures were not an inherent part of Mr. Oree's style; rather, it was his whole body posture—sitting, half reclining, eyes half closed, his feet apart, his arms and hands turned slightly inward and resting on his lap—which seemed to communicate to his audience. But just as, according to Birdwhistell, all body movement or

159 539 expression has meaning, so does the absence of movement. Though Mr. Oree held himself nearly still, making gestures only to emphasize a point in an episode, he held his audience captive through story after story.

The language Mr. Oree used is characteristic of contemporary Gullah speech on Wadmalaw Island. He did not get formal education beyond the tenth grade, and he has no desire for social prestige on the island. Thus he has felt little if any need to adapt his speech to conform to that of the more affluent, better-educated, rising social class. In his [199] tales one finds the influence of outside social forces in some of the words used, but much of the content, structure, and language of the tales remain unquestionably Gullah, and most probably African in origin.

159 *Mr. Henry Gibbs,* one of the oldest members of his community, is now approximately one hundred. Until recent years he was always an active member of his church. He is a fairly well-educated man, reads and writes very well, can see well enough to plow a garden each year with his favorite mule, but can hear only when he takes a "notion" to do so. He is always serious and majestic in manner and appearance. Likewise, his oratory is always on matters he feels to be grave, profound, historical, and factual. He will tolerate no discussions of trivia. He told me that he participated in the Marcus Garvey movement and that he can remember his parents talking about "slavery and the 'buckra' [white man] as good as yesterday." He claims to know every family on Wadmalaw Island and most of those on adjoining islands. He is held in grand esteem and awe by his family, friends, and neighbors. Mr. [592] Henry's life-style is somewhat unusual: he keeps all of his belongings in his shanty, located centrally to his wife's home and to his children's and grandchildren's homes. He prefers the solitude of his own house, he says, so that he can think and reflect without being disturbed by [171] noises from his family. His choice is reminiscent of the separate living quarters characteristic in traditional Igbo, Yoruba, and other West African cultures.

159 539 Mr. Henry's narrative style is more descriptive than some Sea Islanders', but this distinction is perhaps related to the subject matter of his narratives, primarily legends and historical accounts, the nature of which requires a certain seriousness in presentation. This personal)

159 style does, however, represent a method of expression characteristic of
539 many Sea Island folk narrators, which is anything but comic.

During my stay, most of Mr. Henry's tales were told on his front
159 porch, with people gathered around him. One unusual feature of his
538 delivery was that, even at one hundred years old, he always stood
when he was ready to begin a narrative, though unlike Mr. Ted, Mr. Henry seldom walked around as he talked. Amid his listeners, he stood erect and composed in one spot during the whole course of his narrative, which could go on for hours. Many times his wife (now deceased) came and asked him to eat lunch or dinner, or just to let the visitors go home; in the latter case he continued speaking as he followed us to the car.

Sometimes during a long narrative he would stop, take out his handkerchief, wipe his face, and seem to stare out across the open field in front of his home. At these times it was quite obvious that his narrative had brought to his mind memories of times gone past. His eyes, which he himself said would not see much that they had not seen before, became moist. But it was incommensurate with his manner to lose his dignity and composure. Thus, grasping his cane more firmly, he stood quiet, firm and serene, until the moment passed and he was ready to continue his narrative.

Like Mr. Oree, Mr. Henry seemed to command attention through his bodily presence. But in contrast to the casual style characteristic of Mr. Oree, Mr. Henry captivated his audience with seriousness. With his feet planted firmly on the floor, arms held at his side, he made few
[201] gestures. To stress a point, he would perhaps raise one arm and point
with his entire hand, as opposed to one finger. The other arm generally remained immobile at his side, with the hand slightly opening and closing in a half fist. Little else moved. His face was expressive, but for the most part he told his narratives, one after the other, standing in the same spot.

His voice was strong and clear in spite of his age. While he spoke, silence pervaded the audience. Even children felt the need to whisper a complaint in his presence. His age was certainly a factor, in that the islanders have much respect for the elderly in their communities, especially a member as exalted as Mr. Henry. Nevertheless, his age was not the primary ingredient in his success as an oral artist. His descriptions were very detailed. He made exceptional use of pauses, seem-

She is fifty or
159 more years of age, gets around well, is the oldest member of her
household, and is primarily responsible for the total care of more than
855 ten children, ranging in ages from two to sixteen years of age. Some of
them are her own children; others are her grandchildren and great-grandchildren.
Six of them live with her, and four are left in her care
during the day while their parents are away working. I had the pleasure
123 of spending more than two weeks residing with Miss Deeley and her
large family. I shared a large room with three of the girls and came to
appreciate the effort that went into keeping that room clean and orderly
at all times. No one was allowed to retire for the evening without a
515 bath regardless of circumstances. Most of the time, a fire was built
around a large black pot in the early evening to heat the water for baths
before supper was served. All the children were lined up and given
baths in a number-three washtub, given their nightclothes, and served
supper around a large handmade wooden table. Miss Deeley had not
364 accepted electricity for her home, so a kerosene lamp was the primary
source of light after nightfall. Mealtime was always a pleasure at this
home. The last meal of the day often consisted of cowpeas and rice
264 cooked and seasoned with "bone," or rice served with shrimp and
262 other fish caught by the children during the day. There was always hot
corn bread and molasses and a bucket of iced tea.

159 After meals were served, the children gathered around the open
fireplace, and Miss Deeley entertained all of us for hours until the fire
● 539 died down and the sleeping children had to be carried to their beds.
This woman was an avid storyteller. Her general procedure was first to
get everyone settled. Then she herself could get comfortable in the
place always reserved for her by the window. After poking around in
the fire until she was satisfied that it was burning well, she would lean
back in her chair, take a couple of good bites of tobacco, kept in her
apron pocket, and then lift up the youngest child into her lap and begin
to reminisce about happenings during the day. She had the ability to
tell a range of stories, but she seemed particularly adept at hag, ghost,
or other psychological thrillers. She traveled around much in her day as
a migrant worker in Arizona and Colorado; she said she heard some of
her stories around the campfires there. Others she had learned from her
parents and grandparents, and still others she said she had just made up
to keep the children entertained.

538 Miss Deeley was fairly strict with the children. Once she permitted
two of the oldest to go to the island store for some "sweet"; she spat
115

3

The Texts

• 539 The Prayers

My knee ben down on cold cold floor!

782
537 The prayers are the most creative and expressive form of Sea Island oratory. Like the tales, they are composed and delivered within a set tradition, but the success of the delivery is dependent not only on what the speaker says but also on the eloquence and rhetorical skill with which he says it. To the Sea Island congregation, outstanding rhetorical skills are attributes to be praised, practiced, and deeply venerated as essential characteristics of learned people. The learned people, however, are frequently those without much academic background. Without a doubt, many of the best expositors of the prayer tradition have little, if any, formal education. Their prayers, nevertheless, are composed in a tradition of impassioned eloquence. They embody Ciceronian, Quintilianesque, and other ornaments of style capable of creating belief, inspiring, and passionately persuading a congregation to respond with raucous and joyous replies.[1]

Both men and women, but only those known to be carriers of the prayer-giving tradition, pray at specified times during the church service. The member called on will kneel and pray publicly without pausing, stuttering, or searching for words for as long as twenty-five minutes, depending on the occasion for the prayer. The ability to pray is considered a "gift" like the ability to sing or play the piano. Those gifted with the technique are singled out when they are very young and encouraged to practice speaking in the church at special feasts, weddings, or holidays, especially Easter and Christmas. As children they learn only to speak the words; as adults they know how to speak them with the compassion that comes only from experience. Others may

782 acquire the ability to join in the words of prayer, but only those who
537 have the gift can move the congregation to shout out a response.

None of the prayers are written, and herein lies much of their inventiveness. Many rival T. S. Eliot's *Wasteland* in elaborate allusions to works of literature. The most effective ones are alive with imagery, maxims, puns, understatements, and cultural references which the audience understands and responds to enthusiastically. More important, the prayers are filled with devices used judiciously throughout to induce the rhythmic incantation that is imperative to the Sea Island prayer tradition. Alliteration, transplacement, interplacement, epanaphora (repetition of words or phrases at the beginning of successive clauses), and other features create pleasing recurrent sounds which stir, stimulate, and evoke verbal responses from the audience. Epanaphoric passages—for example, "I want to be the child of God! / and I want my sins forgiven / I want my spirit meek and mild / and I want to go to Heaven when I die"—add to the beauty of the prayers and also demonstrate the speaker's skill as a rhetorician. The echoes of words and phrases in the
● [539] audience's responses attest to the community's respect and admiration for skillful and creative use of language:

> Master, it's no lower *No! No lower!*
> Could I come this evening
> Excepting my knees are down at the floor *Floor! Cold floor!*
> Guilty heart within
> Crying guilty and already condemned *Condemned!*

Alliteration is used, as in "coax and call," "cold, cold hearts," and "Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," to help establish the rhythm, as well as to contribute to the enthusiastic and energetic tone of the entire delivery.

The strong rhythm and chanted delivery of the prayers accords with
782 the prayer traditions of many African and African-derived cultures,
533 including those of West Africa, the West Indies, and South America.
The rhythmic chants are crucial to the developmental flow of the
537 prayers.[2] Once the rhythm is established, it is maintained through various means, most important of which is the reply from the listeners. Some truly impressive prayer givers excite an audience to maximal response through their energetic diction and explosive tone alone. Others may intensify the rhythmic effect by drumming with a chair, tapping a cane against the floor, or just swaying back and forth in time to some inaudible sound.[3]

782 794 537 533 It has been suggested that some respondents in African-American congregations may not understand or actually accept what the speaker says but respond instead to the highly contagious cadence established by the call from the speaker and response from the audience.[4] This observation may be justified in part: one may not be stimulated to respond to the message in the prayer, but it is difficult if not impossible to ignore the rhythm with which the prayer is delivered. Without a doubt, however, some congregants listen carefully to every detail—not only to receive the message but because, seeing that the prayers are not written, potential prayer givers must be attentive in order to learn the art of the prayer tradition.

782 537 Perpetuating this tradition is made easier by the formulaic element in their arrangement. They usually begin with a quotation from the Bible, a poem, or, more traditionally, some lines from the Lord's Prayer. The speaker usually has no prior knowledge that he will be asked to pray. Thus, the quotation gives him time to organize his thoughts and prepare himself to deliver an effective prayer. He is at liberty to alter a quotation to his own specification and often the alteration is more effective than the original. For example, the lines "For thine is the kingdom / The power and the glory" may be improved to "O Lord, that thine may be our kingdom / We expecting your kingdom to be / [a] poor sinner['s] glory!"

After the quotation, the speaker begins his personal prayer, a structured oration with a proem, line of appeal, and peroration. The proem opens with a rhetorical salutation to God commensurate with the solemnity of the occasion. It permits the speaker to express his humility as a servant of God, using such words as *mutable* and *impermanent*. The speaker does not presume to be as fortunate as the "foxes of the forest" or "the birds of the air." He projects himself as a mere waif asking for mercy with his knees bent in supplication: (539)

Master Jesus, hear me
Another one of you[r] servant
Bow this evening, Jesus

Sin anguished and bended

. . . .

Crying to you this evening, Jesus
For Mercy

While mercy can reach [us]

782 As you say the foxes of the forest
537 Got hole

•[539] And then the birds of the air has nest
Master, we are poor son of man

Nowhere to lay down weary head

The rhythm and tone are usually set in the speaker's salutation to God, after which the speaker begins his appeal. This plea is in the form of an itemized list. The number of requests will depend on the occasion and the number of items concerning which the speaker is asking for consideration. If he makes an appeal for himself, he usually includes it as the very last item in his list. Each appeal will often begin with a traditional expression, such as "Then, then, my God! We ask . . ." or "O! You, you this evening, my heavenly Father, we ask . . ." The pleas are likewise concluded with a traditional expression, like "Have Mercy if thou on us so please!" In addition to clarifying the organization of the prayers, these phrases, perhaps more than others, help to sustain the increasing force and rhythm.

The peroration may vary. Most prayers, however, end with the quotation "Somewhere Lord, Job declare / The weak shall cease in trouble and the soul find rest."

782 The Sea Islanders have prayers for every occasion. They may range from a one-minute request for assistance in the completion of a hard day of labor to a twenty-five-minute eulogy for a lost loved one. The first prayer quoted below was delivered for the 1980 Usher's Anniversary at New Jerusalem AME Church on Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina, and is typical of most Sea Island prayers for special occasions. In this case there was a scheduled prayer giver, but the person who actually spoke did so without notice when the scheduled speaker proved unavailable.[5] A brief outline of the prayer is included to demonstrate the smoothness and cohesiveness with which the parts develop into the whole:

I. Formal opening

II. The Lord's Prayer

III. Proem: speaker's personal prayer of humility

Master Jesus, hear me
Another one of you[r] servant

782 eloquence and skill. Thus the speech is expected to be elevated and
195 elaborate while retaining certain syntactic and phonological features
[532] characteristic of the community language. Many prayers are composed
of hymns, Scriptures, spirituals, and traditional expressions, reflecting
[533] both biblical concepts and the black experience. Accordingly, the vocabulary, syntax, and phrasing do not necessarily represent those of the
person praying, but may be words and phrasing he has heard and
782 stored in his memory over the years. Again, the learned prayer givers
are most often those "gifted" in the art, with little formal training. The
537 important factors are that the person have a good memory, be able to
join beautifully constructed phrases together spontaneously, and be able to establish a chanting rhythm which can be easily sustained by the reply from the audience. While the text alone is intelligible on paper, most of the beauty of the prayer escapes, along with the force of the audience's reply and the increasing fervor of the speaker's call.

● 539 Opening Prayer for the Usher's Anniversary

[782] Mr. James Brown
New Jerusalem AME Church
Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina
13 July 1980

Our Father, who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come, O Lord
Let thy holy and righteous
will be done on this earth
As you will was already done in heaven
Give us, Lord, this day
As our daily bread
You forgive those who have sin
And trespass against us *Amen*
Lead us not into sin, neither temptation
But, please deliver us from evil *Yes!*

O Lord, that thine may be our kingdom
We expecting your kingdom to be
[A] poor sinner['s] glory *Oh yeah!*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

• 539 Master Jesus, hear me
Another one of you[r] servant
Bow this evening, Jesus *Bow, yes! My Lord!*

Sin anguished and bended *Bended knees*

Master, it's no lower
Could I come this evening *No! No lower!*

Excepting my knees are down at the floor *Floor! Cold floor!*

Guilty heart within
Crying guilty and already condemned *Condemned*

Crying to you this evening, Jesus
For MERCY[6] *Yeah. Uh hum*
While mercy can reach [us]
As you say the foxes of the forest *Yes*
Got hole[7]

And then the birds of the air has nest *Yes!*
Master, we are poor son of man *Pray now!*

Nowhere to lay down weary head *Yeah!*

Father, we down here this evening *Oh yeah!*

Heavenly Father
Asking for your mercy
While mercy can reach us
Father, while traveling over the mortal *Yes, oh yeah*
Vineyard this afternoon[8]
We ask you to please drop water here *Yes*

Don't leave us alone to ourself *Uh uh*

Neither in the hands of the wicked man *Ah yeah!*

Lead us though in the tempting of old Satan[9] *Oh yeah!*
Have mercy if thou on us so please.
We are here this evening, Jesus *Oh yeah. Uh huh. Oh yeah*

We can't do nothing without you
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove[10]
With all thou quickening power *Power!*

Kindle the flame of our Savior love *Yeah!*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

● 539 In these cold hearts of ours *Cold*
Master, look how we are groveling here below *Oh yeah! All*
right. Yeah
Trying to find our earthly toys
Master, our poor soul can't find a goal
But we trying to reach an eternal joy[11] *Joy*

Have mercy, if thou only so please *So please*

And then, then, my God *My Lord*

While traveling from Jericho
Maybe going to Jerusalem *Uh hum*
We want you to come in this building *Yes*
One more time
Want you to touch us this evening, Jesus *Yes*
Realize this evening, Father *Oh yeah*
We are nothing but a chaff before the wind[12] *Before the wind*

We get raindrop in the morning
Just as bloom of the lily
By noon we cut off, wilt and die *Die! Oh Yeah*

Have mercy, if thou only so please
And then, then, my God *My God*

You know the purpose of our gathering
Jesus *Yes*

We ask you to please strengthen us
Where we are weak *Oh yeah*
And build us where we are tearing down[13] *Tearing down*

Here we are trying to celebrate this twentieth anniversary,
Jesus *Oh yeah*
Give us faith that will not shrink *Mercy!*

But oppressed by every folding
And then, then, my God *Then, my God! Oh yeah!*

We ask you to look at the leaders *Oh yeah!*
From one to another, Jesus *Yes*
Make them ushers of sound judgment

● 539 Then truly devoted to God
We realize, heavenly Father *Yes*
From, from July last gone *Oh yeah*

What trouble have I seen? *Yes. Oh yeah*

What conflict have I bear?
Sometime I ben fighting within[14] *Yeah*

And fear without
Since I assembled last *Yes!*
Then, then, my God *My God!*

I want you to bless each and every usher
Jesus[15] *Uh hum. Yes*

Help them to please hold out and hold on *Oh yes!*
Help them to follow building a household of God *Yes, Lord!*
And then, then, my God *Then!*

Help them not to wear a uniform
To be seen
But only to be a child of God *God!*

Help them to say
I want to be the child of God *Pure heart!*

And then, then, I want my sins forgiven *Oh yeah!*

Want my spirit meek and mild *Uh hum. Oh yeah!*

I want to get to heaven when I die
Do show me, Lord, thy way. *Oh yeah!*

And then guide me on thy road *Oh yeah. Oh Lord*

And then, then, my God
Never to let me go astray *Astray*

Until I get home to thee *Yes Lord!*

And then, then, heavenly Father *Oh yeah*

Look at Reverend Pinckney one more time *Oh yeah!*
Who is going [to] unfold the word of eternal truth *Oh yeah!*
Want you to please, dear Jesus

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

● 539 Give him a silver trumpet[16] *Uh huh!*
[So] he can coax and call some more ushers into this fold *Oh yes!*
And then, then, then, my Master *My Lord!*
Look at the mistress of ceremonies
Jesus *Oh yeah!*
Want you to plant her deep down in the soil, Master *Oh yeah!*
Where she'll never be [up]rooted by the storm of life[17] *Oh yeah!*
Then, then, my God *My God*

Want you to look at Jerusalem one more time *Oh yeah!*
Help them to say
Jerusalem my happy home *Yes! yes Lord!*
So never dear to me[18] *Oh yeah!*
And then, then, Jesus *Uh huh!*
Then, then, Lord *Amen!*
Then, Master Jesus *Oh yeah*

[Look at] me too got to pull off mortal *That what you got to do. Oh yeah!*

Put on mortality[19]
Because then, Jesus
Going down by the river of Jordan *Jordan*

Gonna stake my sword in the golden sand *Oh yeah*

Because, Master Jesus *Master Jesus!*

Wouldn't had to study war no more.[20] *Oh yeah!*

And then, Lord *Lord!*

I can hear her say *All right*
Must I be that judgment bar *Must I be*

Answer in thy day *Oh yeah!*

Every vain or idle thought
And for every word I say *Say now!*

For every secret of my heart *O yeah!*
Will shortly be made known

● 539 And then, Lord *Then Lord!*

I will go home and get
My just resolve[21] *Oh yeah!*

For all that I have done *Done!*

And then, Lord *My Lord*

Want you to meet me, Jesus
Somewhere, Lord, Job declare *Oh yeah!*

The wicked must cease in trouble *Trouble!*

And my soul have rest[22] *Rest*

'Tis thy servant's prayer, Master!

Amen. *Amen! Amen! Yeah! Yeah sir! All right!*

115 126 Mr. Mike Simmons was well into his nineties when Miss Myma introduced me to him and his wife (he has since died). He sat in the doorway of his two-room shanty and tolerated a seven-day linguistic procedure. I collected a phoneme inventory from him by asking him to pronounce nearly three hundred words. The task is slow and exacting; sometimes his wife, in her late eighties, would call out from the kitchen and offer a variant way in which a word could be pronounced. This was a lovely couple.

[533] [782] When Mr. Mike tired of the procedure, he would look out over the grassy field in front of his home and begin to hum an old-time song, or he would begin to pray. When he did either of these things, it was my cue that he was tired and I should leave. The following is one of his short prayers.

The Lord's Prayer

• 539 (782) Most Revered Mr. Mike Simmons
Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina
July 1976

Our Father, who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come
Thy will be done on earth as was done in heaven.
Give us this day, O daily bread
And forgive those who art in trespass against thee
O heavenly Father!
We are meeting on worldly soil today
Calling on your name
And, heavenly Father, couldn't do nothing until you come
Come now, Jesus, if you please?
The revered thanks to you today, heavenly Father
O Lord, if you please!
Look upon me in the eyes of pity
In the heart of compassion
I be so please, heavenly Father
O Lord, from last August, the single
They told us at least
O heavenly Father, you know when fall down, get up
Ben calling on your name
And I couldn't do nothing until de come!
Come now, heavenly Father, please, if you please

Amen!

115 782 533 Tom Mack is an active member of the Wadmalaw church community. He is a professional singer and is considered well on his way to perfecting the prayer-giving tradition. Though he is in his early forties, he is, according to the islanders, still experiencing the "scalding water" of life, one of the primary ingredients in learning to chant the words of the prayers with emotion. When he heard that I was writing a book, he came by to see me and offered the following prayer for me to complete.

● 539 [782

Prayer for Patricia Jones-Jackson

Thomas Mack, Sr.
Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina
July 1980

God, the sun is almost down
And the evening shall appear
O may we all remember well
The night of death draw near
We lay our garment by
Upon our bed to rest
But soon death will soon rob of all
Of what we here possess
At this evening
Thy heavenly Father
Hear me a moment
A creature bowed

This evening, Jesus
I ask you this evening
My heavenly Father *Yes Lord!*
Remember Wadmalaw once more time
This evening, Jesus *Yes Lord!*
Remember our community
This evening, Jesus
Remember Jerusalem
This evening, Jesus
We need you
This evening, Jesus
We are down here
In the lonesome valley
This evening
And we cannot do nothing
Until you come
Come, Holy Spirit
heavenly Dove
With all thy quiverling power
Kindle the flame

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

539 Of savior love
In these cold heart of ours
This evening, Jesus
O—O—O—You this evening
My God!
I ask you to remember
This young lady
If you only so please
This evening, Jesus
Remember sister Jackson
If you only so please
This evening, Jesus
Help her to write her book
This evening, O God!
That some might understand
This evening, Jesus
O—O—O—You this evening
My God!
Ride on the four corner
Of the world
This evening, Jesus
Ask you to remember
Her parents one day to the other
Help them up on every leaning side
This evening, Jesus
Build them up
Where torn down
This evening, O God!
Brace they back
Against the wall of Zion
And turn they head
Toward heaven side
If you only so please
. . . .
This evening, Jesus

•539 The Man and the Skita [Mosquito]

Mr. James Frazier

One upon a time, way back in the olden day—some part of Alabama—way down South. *Yeah!* Black man had done a crime. *Um huh!* And they put em in prison *Um huh!* —And those days they was punish you the way they feel like. *Yeah! Uh huh! That's right!*

So they put this man in a rice field, which was very low in the time a summer time. *Uh huh! Summer time* And mosquito was very bad. *Um hum. Very bad* And he told this man, say, "The only way you'll free, if you go in and plow, and don't knock no mosquito. Don't, Don't—Don't raise a hand at mosquito. Let skita bite." *Um hum, let skita bite! Yeah! Don't knock em!*

So, this young man went on and plow and plow and plow, and the skita de bite em so much, he stop—and talk to his master, bossman, or whatever he was. *Uh hum! Yeah, stop and talk!.*

Say—"Ah, Master, look a here!! I see a pasture full of cow (peering into the distance). That cow yonder (points) with the (slapping his shoulder) the white here, (slapping his back as if to kill a mosquito), the black here (hitting leg), the brown here. That cow de yours?" *(Listeners laughing uproariously)*

Say (laughing), "Yeah! That cow de mine." *(Listeners laughing) Killing skita now!*

Yeah, killin the skita.

So he plow on, plow on, skita bite em again!!! *Um huh (still laughing)* So he call he master again. Say, "Master?" *Uh huh! Master?* I see another cow with white here (again slapping his face as if killing mosquitoes), black here (slapping his arm), brown here (slapping his back). That cow de yours?" *Yeah!*

Man say, "Yeah, that cow de mine." *Um huh (much laughter and clapping)*

And e keep on saying that until the days is done. *Um huh! Yeah! Donem!* After the days is done! *Um huh* Well, the

539 skita was done! *Um hum. Yeah! Skita been done!* And that was that one!!! *(Clapping) Yeah! (laughter) Kill em! Yes sir!*

O-o-o-kay! Another good one! O-o-o-kay, the next one. Tell another one! *(Laughter and clapping)*

538 "Ber Rabbit in the Peanut Patch" is classified as Type 1310 A, Motif 581.2, Briar-Patch Punishment for Rabbit. This tale is often the sequel to "The Tar Baby" (Tale Type 175), a tale still told and retold on the Sea Islands by young and old. The fact that the audience already knew this tale well only added to the excitement of the occasion. The teller's creativity was displayed by the variations in his facial expressions and the energy and enthusiasm with which he chose to tell his tale. A well-known and favorite storyteller, this man never disappointed his audience. He spoke very rapidly and thus did not wait for a response to every word or phrase.

539 Ber Rabbit in the Peanut Patch

Mr. Ted Williams

Ah—Anybody else? Anybody else? *You go ahead and talk!* I go—I gone tell a—a few short story. *Uh humm. Tell em!* About the rabbit and the—and the man. *Um humm. Ber Rabbit! Ber Rabbit!*

The man catch the rabbit in his um—in peanuts patch.
Trap em in he peanuts patch.
And he say, "Now, Ber Rabbit, you always sharp!
You always go a lot of scheme!
But now, you know what I gone do with you?
I gone punish you.
I gone throw you in that fire!! *(Laughter from audience)*
Ber Rabbit, O Lord! (Pausing as if to think)
I tell you what he do.
"I tell you what you do—old man (as if thinking to himself).
Throw me in the fire!" (shrugs his shoulders) *Throw me in the fire!*
The man say, "No, you too free!" (shaking his head).

● 539 Say, "I ain't gone do that!
I tell you what I gone do with you.
I gone throw you in that river!" *The river!*
Ber Rabbit say, "I tell you what you do.
Throw me in that river! *Yeah! The river!* Let me drown there!
Just throw me in the river—let me.
I want a dead anyhow.
Throw me in the river!" *Um huh!*

Man say, "No-o-o-. I ain't gone throw you in there cause you too free! You too sharp!"
And he say (pausing as if to think),
"I know! You know what I gone do with you, Ber
Rabbit?" *Yeah!*

(Unconcerned) "What you gone do? What you gone do?"

He carry em to the man briarwood patch. And boy!!!
(shakes his head). That briar ben about that high
(raises his hand above his head).

Say, "Ber Rabbit, I gone throw you in that briarwood patch."

(Moaning) "OOO-o-o-o Lord!!! *(Much laughter)*
(Wrinkling his nose and crooking his hand and fingers)

Ple-e-e-ase do-o-o-n't throw me in there!!! *(Much laughter from the imitation)*

(Whining and shaking) Dem briarwood stick me
up! *(Laughter)*
Ple-e-e-ase" (whimpering).

And he take Ber Rabbit, say, "Oh! I got you now, Ber
Rabbit!"

"OOO-o-o-o, don't throw me in there! *Got em!*
I rather you kill me!" (holding hands as if praying).

So, e take the rabbit and thow em in briarwood patch.

The rabbit say, "You fool you! This where I born and
raise!" *(Much laughter and clapping among the audience).*
Born and raise!

That's all now! I ain't coming back in! *Born and raise!*
(Laughter)

538 "The Buzzard and the Hawk" is only one of many, many tales told of Ber Buzzard and his unsavory eating habits; yet the buzzard is revered

538 [825] on the Sea Islands for his patience and faith in the Lord's salvation. The buzzard is not an animal that the islanders are ambivalent about. He keeps his distance and they keep theirs; they never kill him for sport but actually depend on him to help them locate dead dogs and farm animals which may have strayed away and got lost in the marsh. Variants of "The Buzzard and the Hawk" are numerous and can be found in just about any collection of African-American tales.[26]

Before beginning this tale the speaker had told a series of well-received stories. He paused at the outset to tease the audience into asking for more.

• 539 The Buzzard and the Hawk

Mr. Ted Williams

Y'all know—(pauses and addresses the audience)—I ain't taking too much time? *No! Uh uh!!*

Huh? *No!*

Y'all know about the buzzard? *Uh uh*

(Looking at the audience as if puzzled) Y'all didn't hear about the buzzard? *No! (laughing)*

(Again, acting even more surprised) Y'all ain't heard about the buzzard?!!! *(The audience laughs at his expression) Tell us!! Tell us about the buzzard?*

The buzzard and the monkey! *(laughing and clapping)*

Tell us about the buzzard and the monkey! (more laughing and clapping)

Louis Jerden, Louie Jerden tell y'all about that now, y'all! (Looks at the older members of the audience.) The old people know about Louie Jerden and the buzzard! *(Elderly members nod and smile knowingly)*

You know the buzzard always was a—a nice educated animal, you know! *(Nods) Um hum! um hum!*

E take e time—(reflecting) just like he done with the hawk. *(Nods and um hums in unison)*

Him and the hawk was sitting down on the limb one day, and he said—Him and the hawk had a consolation [consultation].

Say, "I'm very hungry!!!"

• 539 The hawk say, "I'm hungry too! (rubbing his stomach). Lord—O Lord! My stomach! I too hungry!"
The buzzard say (patiently), "Wait on the Lord—"
And e look up—Nothing for dead—NOTHING, you know
So the buzzard say (exasperated), "MAN!!!"

The hawk say, "I can't wait no longer!"

So when he look (straightens his back as if seeing something interesting), a little sparrow come along. And—and—and the hawk get up and run at the sparrow and hit a tree *Uh huh!*

And the buzzard sit on he limb and look the hawk, look at the hawk, when he run into tree. The buzzard say (nodding his head knowingly and pointing his finger), "I tell you wait on the Lord. Now I gone eat you now!" *(Much laughter and jovial responding among the audience)*

538 Though the buzzard is revered for his patience and intelligence, he is not, according to the islanders, as "smaat" in any way as the monkey. "The Buzzard and the Monkey" is an example of the syncretism of folk culture and pop culture. Louis Jordan, a prominent rhythm and blues artist, recorded the popular tune "Straighten Up and Fly Right" in the 1940s, basing the song on the situation portrayed in this folktale. Here one sees a direct reborrowing of the pop recording back into the folk tradition. The teller depends on his listeners' familiarity with the tale and the song to elicit their support in singing the chorus from the record. In this manner he transforms the old tale into a cante fable, or "singing tale."[27]

539 The Buzzard and the Monkey

Mr. Ted Williams

—So the buzzard done the same ting with the monkey! The buzzard got so-o-o-o-o hungry one day, he couldn't hold it (holding his stomach). So he went to the monkey.
(Aside to one of the listeners) Him and the monk was good friend, you know. *(Listener nods) Um hum!*

He say (loudly), "Brother Monk!!!"

(Aside)—eh—everybody tink monkey just like color, black man, you know. Could fool em! *(Unison) Yeah!* But e couldn't fool that monkey!! (shaking his head).

Ah—"Look here!!! Let's go—you want a go for a ride?"

E say, "Yeah!" Say, "Ah—I don't mind going for a ride. But you (scratching his head and hesitating), I can't fly. You know? I ain't got no wing. I can swing (swings his arm). But, I can't fly!"

E say, "Well (hesitates as if thinking about the monkey's situation). Now come on! I'll—I'll, I'll—I got the wing. I'll fly you!"

So the buzzard—the monkey jump on the buzzard back, sort of circle around and show em view, you know. (Looking up in the sky) And buzzard start de lie. Start de show em old man John farm—rice pond. Say, "See all that rice pond there?" (pointing downward).

"Yeah!"

"De mine!" He duck around (makes a rapid downward gesture with his wrist and arm). Monkey de hold! *(Laughter)*

"All that tata over there?"

"Yeah!"

"De mine!" *Yeah! De mine!*

"Yeah!"

Monkey de hold right on!

So e say, "Well, let's go a little higher, let's catch some breeze, brother monkey."

Buzzard shoot up! (makes a rapid swing with his hand and arm). Monkey de hold! *Yeah! (laughter)*

And e go up a little higher, e start de show em different ting. And show de the sun and moon.

Say, "See all them yonder? *Uh huh!*
You know I got de fight over them." *Yeah, fight over em!*

So e start—e say (in a whisper), "Well, getting hungry now—I go duck and throw monkey down, see?" *Yeah! Throw em down*

So e got a little higher! (raises his hand). Higher!! (raises hand and arm even higher). Higher!!! (raises arm straight up in the air). And e start de duck, and de monkey start de choke em. *De choke em!*

539 Say, "Ah—Monkey?"

"Ah? I ain't doing nothing!"

Monkey say, "Well-let-start-for-straighten-up-and-fly-a-little-right-now.
Yougettingalittledamnhighupinair—hear!!" *(Much laughter and cheering from the listeners)*

(Laughs) So e gone little higher (points upward). E choke em and e say, Ah! The, the monkey tell the buzzard. E say (confused), the buzzard tell the monkey, "Say, Monkey? Release your holt and I set you for free!!" *Yeah, release em!*

And the monkey say, "Well, got dang, let me tell you one ting now!! You tell me, say, you gone show me the view and do this and do that! Now you WAY UP HERE! I want you de straighten up and fly right!"

Tell em, say, buzzard tell, say,
"Well—well—ah! Release your holt and I'll set you
free!!! *(Cheers from the audience)*

So (laughs) Louie Jerdon write that record, you know!! Right now, we can sing that! *Yeah! Yeah!*
(Stands and walks aroung the crowd) Straighten up and fly right!
(Asks members of the audience) Who understand what I'm say now? *(The audience joins in singing)*
Straighten up and fly right!
Straighten up and fly right!
Do long, papa, don't you blow your trump!

(Laughs) Ha! Ha! Aint that what e say?!!! *Yeah! (Much laughter and cheering)*

538 "Peter and the Rock" is classified as Type 774, Jest about Christ and Peter. It is only one of a series of tales told on the islands about how Peter is made to look ridiculous because of his greed or some other sinful trait.

This speaker adjusted his narrative style to a rather formalized language to tell a somewhat religious tale. As his tale progressed, his language became increasingly creolized and his audience showed a greater involvement with the content of the tale. Near the end, the speaker seemed more concerned with delighting the audience than with

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538 128 an older Gullah spelling and syntax.) As I have emphasized, however, no transcription can fully capture the aura of the nonverbal interplay which is a dynamic aspect of any oral tradition.

538 171 1. "Ber Rabbit and the Lord" and its Igbo parallel, "Nnabe and Chineke [The Tortoise and the Lord]," are classified as Type 2 tales, which are concerned with how the various animals received their physical characteristics. "Ber Rabbit and the Lord" is classified as Motif A2231.1, Animal Characteristics: Punishment for Discourteous Answer to God. "Nnabe and Chineke" is Motif A2231.1.4, Discourteous Answer: Tortoise's Shell. These are two of the few tales where Ber Rabbit and Nnabe are actually punished for their mischievous deeds. It is important to note, however, that their punishment is meted out not by mortals like themselves but by a supreme being.

• 539 Ber Rabbit and the Lord

Mr. Jonas Mickell
Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina

Once upon a time Ber Rabbit went de the Lord for get more knowledge, more wisdom. And the Lord tell Ber Rabbit, "All right! I want you de bring anything white de me. Anything white."

Rabbit went out in the field, and he went out meet [happened to meet] Ber Partridge there. [Ber Rabbit] had a bag, and [he] tell Ber Partridge: "I betcha all you, all couldn't full this bag [I bet you aren't big enough to fill up this bag]."

Partridge say, "How you mean?"

[Ber Rabbit told Ber Partridge], "Run in here, see if you can full this bag."

All the partridge full up [spread his wings], run in, full the bag. Ber Rabbit put that on he shoulder and carry em de the Lord. [The Lord said], "All right!" [But the Lord] gone send em back. Ber Rabbit, he send em back.

"Well, I want you now, Ber Rabbit, de bring me a rattlesnake!" Danger!!! [The Lord was going to] put Ber Rabbit where all the danger [was]!

Ber Rabbit tell em, "All right!"

Ber Rabbit gone out in field and find a rattlesnake, and he have a cane and tell Ber Rattlesnake: "Ber Snake, you ain't long as this cane!" Ber Rattlesnake run alongside the cane.

Ber Rabbit say, "No! I don't mean that way. I want you run in!"

Ber Snake run in—rattlesnake run in Ber cane. Tshhht, Ber Rabbit stop this hole up, carry em de the Lord.

He say, "Now, all right now, Ber Rabbit, you put in five [you did well]! You good! You good enough! Now I want you, Ber Rabbit, I want you de bring a gator tail de me—from the water."

Rabbit say, "I can bring that!"

Rabbit drank up heself [got up his nerve], and he gone down de the river, and he tell Ber Gator, say, "Ber Gator???"

Ber Gator say, "Ber Rabbit, where you going?"

De say, "I going over here to Adale—and ain't no way I can get there. Ain't got no boat."

Ber Gator tell Ber Rabbit, say, "Jump on my head. I'll carry you over there."

Ber Rabbit jump on Ber Gator head. When Ber Gator get cross to other shore, Ber Rabbit knock the Ber Gator in e head and knock all he teeth out, and carry em to the Lord. All right!

Ber Lord [Rabbit] say, "All right, Ber Rabbit [Lord], what you want de do again?"

[Ber Lord] say, "I want you de bring me some cow milk."

Rabbit say, "All right!"

Rabbit bex [vex] the cow and the cow run around, run around, run around and twirl around, around, around, he feet. Rabbit snatch em! The cow fall down! The Rabbit got em up between the leg and milk that and carry milk to Ber Lord.

"All right," Ber Rabbit say, "Now Lord!"

[The Lord said], "I want you de bring me some bull milk."

"All right!"

Ber Rabbit jump down there de bex, de get out the bull, de bex the bull. Say, "Bull, you can't do the same ting [as the cow]." Say, "I want you to run around this tree."

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The bull run around this tree and the bull fall down! The rabbit get between the bull de start to pull them two leg.

He gone back de the Lord and he call, "Lord—e got e milk."

[But the Lord] tell Ber Rabbit, say, "where the hell you see a bull give milk?"

The same milk what he carry, de the cow milk, the Lord take that milk and sling em behind Ber Rabbit tail, cause em de [become] white. And tell Ber Rabbit, "Go head, [rabbit] and dog will be condition [enemies forever]. If the bush crack you got to go!!!"

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Nnabe and Chineke [The Tortoise and the Lord]

Song story sung in Igbo by Samuel Onunwa,
Bartholomew Amaugo, Kevin Chiedusie,
and Francis Mbah
Translated into English by Victor C. Ihejetoh

Chakpii? *Haa!!!*
Once upon a time *And a time there came!*
As God was going *Amanye**
And the tortoise was returning *Amanye*
They met on the way *Amanye*
The tortoise ask God for wisdom *Amanye*
God dug his hands into his pocket *Amanye*
And pulled out a hard rock *Amanye*
And gave it to the tortoise to break *Amanye*
To break its kola shell *Amanye*
The tortoise took it *Amanye*
And tried to break the shell *Amanye*
In the process *Amanye*
He wounded his hand *Amanye*
The tortoise went to the fence *Amanye*
And dug some soil *Amanye*
And said, "My dear Father God *Amanye*
Please grow for me *Amanye*
The soil of wisdom *Amanye*
In my head" *Amanye*
God shouted *Amanye*
"Oko-ko-ko-ko *Amanye*
My son tortoise *Amanye*
Who told you *Amanye*

---

*[an agreement chant like *Amen* or *Right on*]

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So they went for lay in the sun. So by and by Ber Wolf fell sleep. Okay?

Yeah!

And after the wolf fell sleep, then the butter that de melt out Ber Rabbit, he smear all over Ber Wolf. When the wolf wake up he tell Ber Rabbit, say, "If I didn't eat the butter, Rabbit, who ate the butter?"

"You ate the butter, Ber Wolf! Because de all de come out of you!"

The wolf didn't had sense enough to know that he didn't ate the butter. You see? The rabbit cheated him (laughs). You see what happened. The rabbit outsmart the wolf!

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Nnabe and the Fruits

Told in Igbo by Raphael Amaugo
Translated into English by Chinere Ihejetoh

Chakpii!! *Haa!!*

Once upon a time, *And a time came* all the animals decided to do collective farming on a special day. That day was on a market day called *eke* in Igboland. That morning the town crier, who was called informant, took a bell and went ringing through the city telling everyone where the farm was to be. All the animals came out in answer to the bell call and went to the farm. There they agreed that if any of them cut or hurt himself while working, that one would be permitted to go home. On their way to the farm, they saw some delicious fruits which they agreed that none would pick separately, but all would pick and share when the farming was done. It was agreed!

Now Nnabe the tortoise was up to his usual tricky ways. So while the other animals worked and thought of the fruits, he sneaked away and ate them. On his way back to the farm, he killed a baby antelope and spread some of its blood on his hand and showed it to the other animals saying that he had injured himself, and that he should be permitted to go home. The animals agreed.

On the way home, he stopped and finished all the fruits that

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The Three Pear[s], or the Singing Bones

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Miss Deeley
Yonges Island, South Carolina

A woman had two children. And e want for make a pie for she husband before e come home from field. He bina plow. So she tell e children, say, "I de go store for get sugar for make pie." Tell em, say, "Don't eat the three pear I leave on the table. I make a pie out em when I de come back."

When she leave for go get the sugar, the girl child de get hungry. E get hungry too much, man! So e gone and look on the pear—look on the pear—look on em—look on em. Finally, she get the pear and eat em. When the woman come home, look, see the pear ben gone, e ask e children, say, "Who eat the pear I ben leave on table here?"

The boy say, "Sister, Mama, Sister. Sister ben eat em." [Then the woman] ask Sister, say, "Who ben eat the pear, Sister?" Sister say, "Brother, Mama, Brother. Brother ben eat em."

"Brother?"

"Sister, Mama, Sister!"

"Sister?"

"Brother, Mama, Brother!"

They go on—go on—go on.

The woman tell Sister, say, "Sister, go lay head on the chop block out there."

Sister gone and lay e head on the chop block out by the woodpile. By and by, the woman come and pick up the axe and de chop Sister head off and bury em in the onion patch. Chop she leg and bury em in de hen house. Chop she arm, bury em in the barnyard. Li [little] bird ben see where e bury em.

When de evening, the daddy come home and ask he wife, say, "Where Sister?" Woman say, "She over the other side de stay with the grandma awhile." By and by, the daddy ben go over de other side for get Sister. The grandma say, "ain't see em." So they de look, de look—and de look for Sister. The woman tell em, say, "Sister run away."

By and by, spring de come and time come for plant onion

•539 again. Woman grow em, get fine mess of em. One evening, they bina eat supper and woman tell Brother, say, "Go out there in the onion patch and pull some onion for eat with the peas." So Brother gone in the onion patch and de start for pull up onion. But when he de start for pull em, e yeddy [heard] somebody de sing:

Brother, Brother, Brother
Don't pull me hair
Know mama de kill me
Bout the three li pear

The boy ben so scare, e gone, run, tell e mother. The woman didn't believe the child. Tell em, say, "Go out there for get me some onion, boy!!!"

The boy gone back and try for pull up onion again. He yeddy somebody de sing and de sing:

Brother, Brother, Brother
Don't pull me hair
Know mama de kill me
Bout the three li pear

So this time the child de run, de cry, and e de holler. He daddy ask em, say, "What ben matter de you?" The child tell em what he de yeddy in de onion patch. So the daddy go for heself for see what Brother bina talk about. He get de de onion patch, boot up [stooped down] for pull up onion, and he yeddy Sister de sing and de sing:

Daddy, Daddy, Daddy
Don't you pull me hair
Know Mama de kill me
Bout the three li pear

The man ben so bex, he go back in the house and ask he wife again. Ask em, say, "What ben happen de Sister?" Woman say, "I ain't know. You know she ben run away—long time now." The man tell she, say, "Go in onion patch and try for pull up onion." The woman gone in the onion patch. E boot up, try for pull up onion. Soon e start for pull, e yeddy Sister de sing and de sing:

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Mama, Mama, Mama
Don't you pull me hair
You know you kill me
Bout the three li pear

The woman ben so scare, e run, run, run til e knock e head against a tree. Knock em and kill eself.

By and by, the li bird what see em all happen, e sit on the fence and sing de de daddy where e find Sister bone. Say:

Look in onion patch
Find e li head
Look in barn yard
Find e li leg
Look in hen house
Find e li arm
Po dog suck e bone

The end of that one!

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The Flower, or the Singing Bones

Told in Igbo by Holda Akuchie
Translated into English with the help of Victor C. Ihejetoh

Once upon a time there lived two people born of the same parents in a village. In Igboland it has long been customary for one man to have more than one wife. Thus it is important for bonds of kinship to be shown with the phrase *by the same mother, same father.* As it was, these two persons had a very rich father. This rich man went to a bush in the forest and brought a flower and showed it to his children. He told them that the name of the flower was *okoko anuii,* meaning "something of joy." Above all, he told them that whosoever went to that bush would have half of his wealth and the remaining half would be shared by the two of them, if they would look for that which is alive and is not seen.

They entered the forest from different directions in search of the flower, and while they were looking and looking for it, the

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Conclusion

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[di lɔd ẽ ƀɪnə muβ mi mɔŋtɪn
bət i bɪn gɪβ mi siçɹɛt ɸə klɒɪəm]

God didn't move my mountain,
but he gave me strength to climb it.

177 178 During my search for Africanisms in the Sea Island culture over the past ten years, I have seen that some of the old traditions are dying out while others remain intact. Each year I see something different, hear more old tales, and learn another old word. It is hard to measure the precise impact of new pressures on the islands. But the islanders are beginning to lose their geographical isolation, and they are thus being forced to alter a culture which has existed and served them well since the first importation of African slaves to the island shores.

177 178 596 Some elements are resistant to change. The extended family is remaining intact because the islanders are still in a majority. Though their communities are being diluted by outsiders, their family norms are less open to invasion. The islands are still sectioned off into family communities where all persons remotely related to the family have the right to live. This housing tradition will be difficult to disrupt, though it may be easier to displace. The pressure of nearby resort areas has encouraged land take-overs at some spots, and taxation and other legal means have been used to force homeowners to leave (see Appendix 4). A However, when the islanders are obliged to move, most often they relocate at a place where relatives offer them a piece of land on which to build. Thus the cohesiveness of the family structure continues to prevail.

A, [For Appendix 4, see Category 423, pp. 165-168--Analyst]

Appendix 2

Buh Rabbit en' de Lawd

539 197 (178) What follows is the tale "Ber Rabbit and the Lord" from Chapter 3, reconstructed in the Gullah of a century ago. A comparison of the two versions will show how the language has changed in the interim.

128 I am grateful to Mrs. Virginia Mixon Geraty, who suggested and prepared the transcription, for her time, willingness, and patience.

539 One time Buh Rabbit gone tuh de Lawd fuh git mo' ecknowledge, mo' wisdum. En' de Lawd tell Buh Rabbit, "Awright! Uh wan' you fuh fetch me ennyt'ing wuh w'ite. Ennyt'ing w'ite."

Rabbit gone een de fiel', en' 'e gone en' meet Buh Paa'tridge dey dey, 'e hab uh bag, en' 'e tell Buh Paa'tridge: "Uh betchuh all ub you, all ub you ent able fuh full'up dishyuh bag."

Paa'tridge say, "How you mean?"

Run een de bag en' see kin you full'um up."

De paa'tridge 'pread 'e wing, run een de bag en' full'um up. Buh Rabbit pit'um 'cross 'e shoulduh en' cya'um tuh de Lawd. "Awright!" 'E gone sen'um back. Buh Rabbit sen' Buh Paa'tridge back.

"Well, now, Buh Rabbit, Uh wan' you fuh fetch me—Uh wan' you fuh fetch me—uh rattlesnake!" Dainjus!!! 'E pit Buh Rabbit weh 'e dainjus, fuh true!

Buh Rabbit tell'um, "Awright!"

Buh Rabbit gone een de fiel' en' fin' uh rattlesnake, en' 'e hab uh cane en' 'e tell Buh Rattlesnake: "Buh Snake, oonuh ent—oonuh ent long ez dis cane." Buh Rattlesnake run 'long 'side de cane.

Buh Rabbit say, "No! Uh yent mean fuh do'um so. Uh wan' oonuh fuh run een'um."

•539

Buh Snake run een de cane—tshht, Buh Rabbit stop up de hole en' cya'um tuh de Lawd.

'E say, "Awright, now, Buh Rabbit, you pit een fibe. You good! You good 'nuf! Now Uh wan' you, Buh Rabbit, Uh wan' you fuh fetch me uh 'gatuh tail tuh me—f'um de watuh."

Rabbit say, "Uh kin fetch dat!"

Rabbit drunk-up 'ese'f en' 'e gone down tuh de ribbuh, en' 'e tell Buh 'Gatuh, say, "Buh 'Gatuh???"

Buh 'Gatuh say, "Buh Rabbit, weh oonuh gwine?"

'E say, "Uh gwine obuh Adale—en' uh yent hab no way fuh git dey dey. Uh yent gots no boat."

Buh 'Gatuh tell Buh Rabbit, say, "Jump 'puntop me head. Uh gwi' cya' oonuh obuh dey."

Buh Rabbit jump 'puntop Buh 'Gatuh head. W'en Buh 'Gatuh git 'cross todduh sho', Buh Rabbit knock Buh 'Gatuh een 'e head en' knock out all 'e teet', en' cya'um tuh de Lawd.

Buh Lawd say, "Awright!"

Buh Rabbit say, "Wuh you wan' me fuh do 'gen?"

Say, "Uh wan' you mus' fetch me some cow milk."

Rabbit say, "Awright!"

Rabbit bex de cow en' de cow run 'roun', run 'roun', run 'roun', en twu'l 'roun', 'roun', 'roun' 'e foot. Rabbit graff'um! De cow fall down! De rabbit git 'tween 'e laig en' milk'um, en' 'e cya' de milk tuh Buh Lawd.

"Awright!" Buh Rabbit say, "Now Lawd!"

"Uh wan' you mus' fetch me some bull milk."

"Awright!"

Buh Rabbit jump down dey dey en' bex de bull, 'e bex de bull—bex de bull. Say, "Bull, oonuh cyan' do same lukkuh de cow." Say, "Uh wan' oonuh fuh run 'roun' dis tree."

De bull run 'roun' de tree en' de bull fall down. De rabbit try fuh milk de bull. 'E gone back tuh de Lawd—'e call, "Lawd, Uh gots de milk."

De Lawd say, "Buh Rabbit, weh de hell you see bull gib milk?"

Buh Rabbit, de same milk wuh 'e cya', de cow milk, de Lawd tek dat milk en' 'E fling'um behime Buh Rabbit tail, en' cause'um fuh w'ite. En' 'E tell Buh Rabbit, "Go 'head, [rabbit] en' dog condishun sameso. Ef de bush crack you haffuh gone!!!"

Appendix 3

Phonetic Text: The Soul and the Spirit

● 539 128 19 The following text is included in this study primarily to show the language in context. It manifests many phonological, syntactical, and morphological constructions characteristic of creole languages.[1] The English version following the transcription obscures many of the creole patterns; consequently, a word-for-word translation accompanies each line of phonetic script to illustrate underlying creole constituents such as the complementizer [fə], the introductory verb [sie], the future marker [go], and many other constructions.

This passage reveals specific segmental phonological phenomena, for example, vowel epenthesis, consonant reduction, assimilation, and various phones corresponding to, or substituted for, such English phones as /β/ for /w/; /ɸ/ for /f/; /t/ for initial /ð/ and /θ/; and /ç/ and /ʃ/ for /s/. No effort has been made to eliminate false starts, seviant words, or stuttering. It is extremely difficult to hear certain sequences because of interference of birds and other outdoor noises on the tape. In such cases ellipsis dots indicate that a short passage, usually no more than a few words, has been deleted because of unintelligibility.

Terminal junctures and pauses have been indicated by a slash (/). Creaky voice is indicated by a wavy underline (﹏).

Hyphens join two or more words run together in the transcription.

193 539 128 English translations of the preverbal markers and the third-person pronominal forms often misrepresent the creole utterance. The following notations are accordingly used to symbolize these forms:

(3 ♂ n) third-person masculine nominative
(3 ♀ n) third-person feminine nominative

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193	(3 ∅ n)	third-person neuter nominative	
•539	(3 ♂ o)	third-person masculine objective	
	(3 ♀ o)	third-person feminine objective	
128	(3 ∅ o)	third-person neuter objective	
	(PrC)	present continuative	/də/
	(PaC)	past	/bɪnə/
	(T)	tense indicator	/bɪn/
	(L)	locative	/də/

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di soəl ɛn di speɪt

775 1. lɪsn mi gʊd nɔu / βɛn ju daɪ nɪs wɔ̈l / jusi / dɪ dɪ dɪ so·əl
Listen me good now: when you die in-this world, you see,
19 *the, the, the soul*

2. əβə män go ɦom dʊ di kɪŋdəm ə gɔd / bɔt juə speit
of-a man go home to the Kingdom of God, but your spirit

3. stɪls iə ɔn ɔˀt / ɛn ɪɸ ju βədɪ dɛβəl ɪn ɒl juə diez /
still's here on earth. And if you was-the devil in all your days,

4. jʊə speit /ätə jʊ died / joə speit kə du di siem tiŋ / jʊə speit
your spirit, after you dead, your spirit can do the same thing, your spirit.

5. jʊə soəl ɔ̈p dɛ / bɔt juə speit dɛ ɹɛˀ dɔŋ də iə βɪd
Your soul up there, but your spirit (L) right down (L) here with

6. di bɒri / ɛn däs də wɔn gɔ gɔ du də ɸɛk tu jʊ / jʊ si nɔ nɔ
the body. An̄d that's the one gone, gone do the effect to you. You see now now

7. das das βɒɪ ɒɪ sie dɪs nɔ / ə lɒs ă pipŭ
that's that's why I say this now. A lot of people

8. dõn biliɸ / sie sie sieiz no guos / iz guos dɛə /bɔt nɔ sensz
don't believe. Say say say-is no ghost. Is ghost there. But now since

9. di ˀɑ̈rəmobil n tiŋ kɔm / n gɪt dɪ hɒɪβie nɔ / jʊsidiz diz tiŋ
the automobile and thing come and get the highway now, you-see-these, these thing

10. käɪnə tɛk tu wʊd / ăɪ mɛmbə wɔnäɪt / βi βi bɪn ɔut
kind-of take to wood. I member one-night we, we (T) out

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19

11. n di ɹəβə / wɔʰɒnʔ wɔ wɔtʃɛkɪn ʃiβɪms / ɛnəβɛn ɒɪ lʊk / wɔ ɒ̃
in the river, was-hunt, was, was-catching shrimps. And-ah-when I look, was a

12. mɪn mi ɸɔ̈s kɔ̈zn ɹɛɾɔpdil / βi bɪn ɪn kɹɪk / ɛn βɛn ɒɪ lʊk bɛk
me-and me first cousin, right-up-the-hill, we (T) in crick. And when I look back

13. bəʔɒɪn βi / i wɔ̈z ə kɔɸɔm bɪn bəhɒɪn βi / dɛ nätʃəl
behind we, (ʒ ø n) was a coffin (T) behind we. The natural-

14. bɔn kɔɸɔm gɛl ʃɑin dɔŋ dɪ kɹɪk /
born coffin, gal, shine down the crick.

15. ɛn βɛn βɛn i gɛt ɔpə kloə tʊ βi ɸā ju tʊ da kä jɔ̃na / i tek'
And when, whn, (ʒ ♂ n) get up-a close to we far you to the car-yonder, (ʒ ♂ n) take

16. daʔma·ʃ / ɛn daʔ maʃ bɪnə lie dɔŋ dis / lie dɔŋ dʒɪs lɛk dät /
that-marsh. And that marsh (PaC) lay down just, lay down just like that.

17. ɛn ɒɪ bɪnə sɪɾɔŋ ɛn ɒɪ ẽ nõ ɒɪ bɪnə ɪnəsi / si . . . /
And I (PaC) sit-down and I ain't know I (PaC) in-a-seat. See . . .

18. jie / də nɛ·tʃal kɔɸɪn / də nɛ·tʃəl kɔɸɪn kɔmɪn dɔŋdiɹɪβə / siβɪm
yeah, the natural coffin, the natural coffin coming down-the-river, swim.

19. dasəspeɪt nɔu / jie / kɔmɪn dɔŋ də ɹɪβə / ɛn βɛn / ʔɒʔə βi / dɪsbɔi
That's-a-spirit now. Yeah. Coming down the river. And when—after we, this-boy

20. tɔk βiɾəm / hidis / çɪɸ wɔn sɐid oβəndə mäʃ jusi / ɛn hi sitɛt
talk with-(ʒ ø o), (ʒ ø n)-just shave one side over-in-the marsh, you-see. And (ʒ ø n) start

21. tʊ lie da maʃ dɔŋ / ɛn lɛɸ da maʃɛn gɔ̈nɔpnɪiedʒ ədawʊd /
to lay that marsh down, and left that marsh-and gone-up-in-the-edge of-that-wood,

22. ɛn laʔ da wʊd bɪn bɐut ɸɔ ɸɔm βi·z də kɹɪk /
and Lord, that wood (T) about far from we-as the crick.

23. ɛn ju kədə jɛɾi ɔu i kieɔntɔpida ɪn da wʊd /
And you could-have heard how (ʒ ø n) carry-on-top-of-that, in that wood.

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24. βiel nɔdiztinɪzdɛ nɔ / nɔ ɛβibodi kɛ̃ çɔ̈əm /
Well now-these-thing-is-there now. No, everybody can't see-them.

25. bɔt ju gɒt ɸiɫɪn ju ˀkŋ çɔ̈əm / βiel ɒɪ ăd wɔn dɔɾə . . . no ɒɪ ɦăd wɔn dɔɾə /
But you got feeling, you can see-them. Well, I had one daughter, . . . no, I had one daughter

26. ɪnnu jɔk ɹăit nɔu / n hi kʊɾə stɛnɛni iβinɪn / ɛn ʃuə ju /
in-New York right now, and (ʒ ♀ n) could stand-any evening and show you,

27. n ʃuə ju dɪ dɪ də pɜsn / ŋgə ʃö ju tuətʃi pɜsn / çɔᵊm ɹɛit çjɒndə
and show you the, the, the person, and-could show you two-three person./ "See-(ʒ ♂ o) right yonder,

28. dɛ̈dɪ də stɛnɔp / ɛn ɒɪ kʊdn ʃɔəm ɸə çieβ mɒɪ dɒɪŋ lɒɪɸ
Daddy, (PrC) stand-up," and I couldn't see-(ʒ ♂ o) for save my dying life,

29. ɛndă gjɛl bɪn dă βie bɪn dă βie til / dɛ̈m tɪŋ justə ɸɹɒɪdem /
and-that gal (T) that way, (T) that way til them thing use-to frightened-(ʒ ♀ o),

30. ɛn dɛn ɒɪ kiɛm tʊ dɪ / ɒɪ kiɛm
and then I carry-(ʒ ♀ o) to the, I carry-(ʒ ♀ o)

31. tə de ɦɒsipɪɾɪ / ɛn βɒ nɛ̈m pipl du βiɾəm nɛ / ɒɪ dɔ̈ no /
to the hospital. And what them people do with-(ʒ ♀ o) there, I don't know.

32. bɔ ɸɔ̈m ɔpdă tɒɪm ɪn ɔpnɔ / ʃi neβə dɪ si nɔn nɔmo / . . .
But from up-that time and up-now, (ʒ ♀ n) never did see none no-more. . . .

33. hi mɔs bi bɔ̈n βɪd sɔmp ɸə ʃɔəm /
(ʒ ♀ n) must be born with something for see(ʒ ø o).

34. ɸə si ʃi kʊɾə ʃɔəm ple·en / juno / iˀ i ʃɔəm nɛ·tʃəl juno /
For see, (ʒ ♀ n) could see-(ʒ ø o) (it) plain, you-know, (ʒ ♀ n), (ʒ ♀ n) see-(ʒ ø o) (it) natural, you-know.

35. didɪs də sitanɔpdʰɛi ʃɔ̈m / jie ɛndɛnɒm / βiel ə o əlɒtsa pʰipl ə
Just-just (PrC) stan-up-there-(ʒ ♀ n) see-(ʒ ø o). Yeah. And-then-ah, well, a, oh, a-lot-of people, a,

36. əholɒ·tsa pʰipl jugoβɪdnɔ kɛ̃ ʃɔ̈m / kɛ 'ʃɔ̈mɛn tʰɛ / ju 'tʰuə /
a-whole-lot-of people you-go-with now can see-(ʒ ø o), can see-(ʒ ø o)-and tell you too!

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37. si si da pɜsn jɒna / jieə / jieə /das ɹɛ̈it / jiə ju kʊ
"See, see that person yonder." Yeah, yeah, that's right. Yeah, you could

38. ɸɪləm / jiə . . . mũ? / das di ol dɛβəl / βiel nɔnɔ / ju no
feel-(ʒ δ̂ o) Yeah . . . muh, that's the old devil. Well now-now, you know

39. βɒɪ ɒɪ tɔk bɔ? sɔ̈mtɐɪm ju go bəjəsɛɸ / ɪɸ ju dis wɒk /
why I talk but sometime you go by-yourself. If you just walk.

40. n sɔ̈mtɐɪm ju ɸɪl 'timəɹɪdʒ / sɔ̈mtɒɪ jʊ ɸil lɐka jʊ ɦiə /
and sometime you feel timeridge, sometime you feel like your hair

41. lʊklɐi / ju ɸil / ju gɪt 'timə,ɹɪdʒ . . . / das ɹɐit /
look-like you feel you get timeridge . . . that's right.

42. βiel ju si ə / jʊəspeɪt hɪt da iβəl ɸɛla / ɛn jʊə speɪt kɔm bɛk tʊjʊ /
Well, you see, ah, your-spirit hit that evil fellow. And your spirit come back to-you.

43. dʒɪs läk ə βɛn ju go ɪn bed dɪ nɐit ɸə silip
Just like a, when you go in bed the night to sleep,

44. βɛnjugoɪnbedinɐit / ɸə tiek ə ɹɛs / βel də speit
when-you-go-in-bed-the-night for take a rest, well, the spirit

45. lɛɸ dɪ bɒɾɪ / si βɛn juə speit lɛɸ dɪ bɒɾl / jʊə
left the body. See, when your spirit left the body your

46. speit go ɪn dIɸɔ̈n pät ə dɪs kɔntʃi / ɔloβə / ɛn dɛn sɔmtäɪm
spirit go in different part of this country. All-over. And then sometime

47. βɛn də ɦɪt dã iβəl speit / βɛn ju çiəm ɹɔn / kɔm bɛk də ju
when (PrC) hit that evil spirit, when you see-(ʒ ø o) run, come back to you

48. ɛn mɛķ ju skie njoə bed / sɔmtɒɪm ju mã? ɦɒlə sɐiɾəsɔ̈mlɛkdɛt
and make you scare in-your bed. Sometime you may holler beside-some-like-that.

49. si juo speit kɔm bɛk nju ɸɹäin /
See, your spirit come back an-you frighten.

50. no ju kɛ̃ silip si / ɛn dɛn ju ķɛ̃ βiekɔ̃p / dispeit dõ
No, you can't sleep, see, and then you can't wake-up. The-spirit don't

51. kɔ̈m bɛk tʊ jʊ / nɔ ɪɸ də speit dõ kɔm bɛk tʊ jʊ / jʊ nuo ju

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
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come back to you. Now if the spirit don't come back to you, you know you

52. dɛ / ɪn ɔɾə wʊd / ju ẽ die oβə fiɪə / nɔdă tɹuɸ / nɔ /
there. In other word, you ain't there over here. Now-that truth, now.

53. nɔ dãs tɹuɸ / ju gɪt dɪ bɒɪbl ɛn ju ɹiɾəm / dãs tɹuɸ /
Now that's truth. You get the Bible and you read-(ʒ ɸ o). That's truth.

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Listen well now: when you die, you see, the soul of a man goes home to the Kingdom of God, but your spirit remains here on earth. And if you were an evildoer all of your life, then after you die, your spirit can continue doing the same kind of evil. Your soul is in heaven, but your spirit remains here on earth with the body, and that's the one that will harm you.

You see, I speak of this now because a great many people don't believe. They say that ghosts do not exist. But they do exist. But now, since the automobile and other transportation has overrun the highways, these spirits have sought refuge in the woods.

I remember one night we, my first cousin who lives up on the hill and I, were out in the river catching shrimps. And when we looked behind us, we saw a coffin, a natural coffin, Miss, shining down the crick. And when it came as close to us as the distance between you and that car, it disappeared into the marsh. The marsh separated from the burden and lay open. And I found myself sitting down without knowing when I became seated. . . . Yes, it was a natural coffin swimming down the river. Now that was a spirit coming down the river. Well, after [my cousin] spoke with it, it turned sharply to one side, flattened the marsh, and went up in the wood's edge only a distance as far as from us to the crick, and Lord, you could hear the confusion as it carried on in those woods.

Well, these things do exist. No, everybody can't see them. But if you are sensitive you can feel them. I have a daughter in New York today, and she could on any evening show you one ghost or two or three ghosts. "See it standing right there, Daddy!" But I couldn't see it to save my dying life. But she had always been frightened by ghosts. Finally, I took her to the hospital, and I don't know what the hospital

539 personnel did to her, but since that time she never has seen any more.
775 . . . She must have been born with something to be able to see them because she could stand and see them plainly and naturally. Yes, well, a great many people, a great many people that one associates with now can see them. They can see them and point them out to you. "See that person over there." Yes, yes. . . . That's the old devil. Well now, you know that I often exaggerate, but sometimes you walk alone, and if you feel a tremor as if your hair feels strangely on edge . . . that's right. Well, you see, your spirit has touched that evil spirit and your spirit has come back to your body.

(774) (513) For example, when you go to bed at night to sleep, to rest, the spirit leaves the body and when it leaves it goes in different parts of this country, all over the world. Sometimes when it comes in contact with an evil spirit, it runs back and scares you. You see, your spirit comes back and frightens you and you can neither sleep nor wake up. But if the spirit doesn't return to the body, you know that you are in heaven. In other words, you are not in the body here on earth. Now that's the truth. You get your Bible and read it. That is the truth.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mrs. Janie Hunter

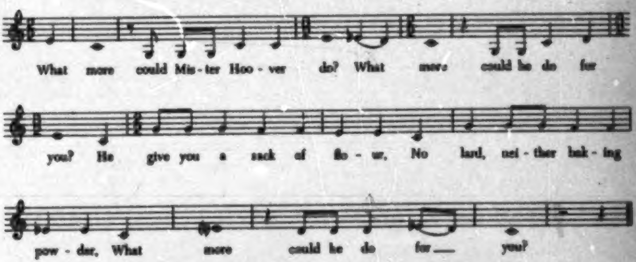
THIS WAS A KINDA POOR COUNTRY

159 735 There were ten children in my family. Daddy was a foreman for Mr. Jenkins, and he have his own garden. I work in it. All work in it. Pick lima beans, pick cotton, tie the two cotton pod in the bag, and put a string on 'em, and hang the bag around your neck, and go to each one of those cotton bush, and pick the cotton, and stuff 'em in the bag. They was paying two cents a pound. Make thirty-five or forty cents a day. Man is getting forty cents a day. (435) (465)

159 735 432 434 435 We wasn't making enough to afford a good living. My daddy, he make a living out the creek. He catch fish and we go around and sells 'em—a whole string for ten cents. Me and my sister Florence, we goes around with white dishpan on we head and sometime make two dollars. And two dollars would give you a box of food that time, 'cause food was very cheap. You could buy three cent worth of sugar, and you get a whole big piece of fat meat like that for a dime. You get a sack of grits for about fifty cent. Food was much cheaper than it is now. That's how we make living. Plant plenty of sweet potato, plenty peas and corn, and raise hog.

159 735 657 Then we had flat flour. That's when President Hoover had chair. We had to go 'round to Mr. Walpool yard. They used to haul the flour there in one those big van truck, and load up his barn with this flour. Then all the colored and white had to line up and call by name, and they give you a bag of flat flour. 'Til we finally made a song out of it:

● (533) (539)


What more could Mis-ter Hoo-ver do? What more could he do for
you? He give you a sack of flo-ur. No lard, nei-ther bak-ing
pow-der, What more could he do for___ you?

(252) Everybody so hungry, so want the flour. We have to mix the flour, didn't have no grease, no lard. Just put 'em in the pan and bake. Some people could afford to buy baking powder and fix it good. But who couldn't, just had to bake it—sprinkle some flour on the bottom of the frying pan so it won't stick.

But after he turned out and President Roosevelt took seat, then we began to live a little better life. I don't think just the Negro was glad; I guess some of the white too was glad when President Roosevelt took the chair. This was a kinda poor country.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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The Bligen Family

ROW, MICHAEL, ROW

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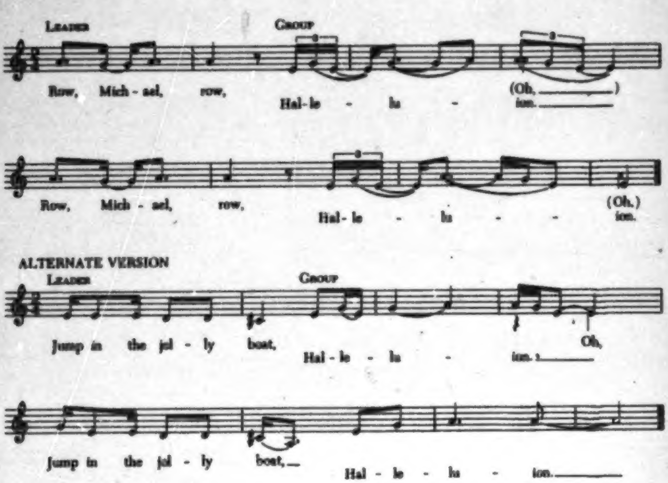

Leader
Group
Row, Mich - ael, row,
Hal - le - lu - ion.
(Oh,)
Row, Mich - ael, row,
Hal - le - lu - - ion.
(Oh.)
ALTERNATE VERSION
Leader
Group
Jump in the jol - ly boat,
Hal - le - lu - ion.
Oh,
Jump in the jol - ly boat,
Hal - le - lu - ion.

Leader: Let's row the boat ashore,
Group: Halleluion.
Leader: Let's row the boat ashore,
Group: Halleluion.

Oh see how we do row . . . etc.

Row, Michael, row . . . etc.

Let's row the boat ashore . . . etc.

Just gimme a living chance . . . etc.

Sister Mary, row your boat . . . etc.

Everybody try their chance . . . etc.

Row, Michael, row,
Halleluion.
Row, Michael, row,
Halleluion.

Mrs. Janie Hunter

WE DIDN'T 'LOW TO GO OUT AFTER DARK

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When I was a young girl, we just used to go talk with friends, we didn't 'low to go out after dark. So the first time I went to a dance—that was 1932 when I first met my husband which is Willie Hunter—my mother tell 'em to have me back in the house by sundown. He took me to a dance at Miller Hill, right over there where that water hole at. Mr. Charles Clemmens used to have a dance call a trap dance. It be drums and be washboard and all such music like that.

Used to have dances called Charleston, Pick Cherry, Alligator—get down on floor and do 'gator tap-tap, tap on your heel and toe—"One-Cent Herring, Two-Cent-Grits." Sometime two hook hand and go around. Call that a waltz dance. Some of these dance now is old-time dance, but they just change and give it a different name.

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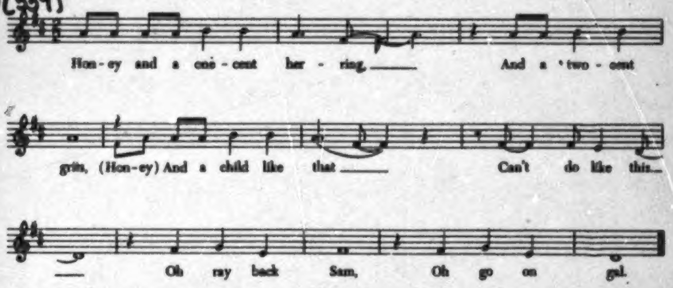
Hon-ey and a one-cent her-ring, And a two-cent
grits, (Hon-ey) And a child like that Can't do like this
Oh ray back Sam, Oh go on gal.

So when we get to the dance, the dance music was so good that we stays until about nine-thirty, and the water come across the road. The water come so high and I get scared. He have to put me on his back and tote me across the water. When we get back to the house, my mother smoke a pipe.

I was scared to go in. I said, "Willie, you best go in, 'cause I ain't going get a beating." My mother won't lick you before company.

So he went in, he says, "Mama, I'm sorry because we late. The tide was high across the road."

And my daddy, he is the first one to give in. He said, "Well, I know 'cause I go to the creek, and I know how that tide run."

I didn't say "good night." I sloop right in my bed. I was seventeen then.

> 17 197 it is a great while before you can get them to understand what ye meaning of words is & yt without such knowledge instruction's would prove vain & ye ends pr[o]posed abortive, for how can a proposition be believed, without first being understood? & how can it be understood if ye person whom it is offered has no idea even of ye sound of those words which expresses ye proposition?[38]

175 Ottolenghe, himself a slaveholder, cited as an example a young couple he had purchased four years previously. According to the missionary, he had instructed the pair diligently and forbade their association with any slaves except those at his "Negro school." Despite his "pains in their education," they were in his words, "in point of learning very slow and difficient." He could never send them on an errand successfully unless his wishes were put in writing.[39]

175 197 The creation of a medium of communication within the black community undoubtedly engaged older as well as newer inhabitants. As a result, elements of several ethnic language families seem evident. Additionally, similarities of Gullah to Jamaican dialect and the dialect spoken by Bush African-Americans in Suriname imply a certain commonality in black pidgin languages formed by isolated societies from similar African roots. No one can say for sure when Gullah began to crystallize into a common method of communication among the majority of slaves. Nor can it be denied that influence from non-African sources helped create Gullah. Yet formulation of the dialect itself was a unique communical experience. Shaping a language reinforced social cohesion and community. With the large influx of Africans coming in during the middle period of the slave trade, quite possibly the dialect took permanent root during that time, drawing, of course from groups of blacks already in the region and already adapting to white culture. The following is an example of Gullah-Jamaican dialect, taken down in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century, and perhaps one of the earliest efforts to formulate the pidgin into a literal, written form of communication: 175 197 539.

BUDDY QUOW	A Key to Buddy Quow
Was matter Buddy Quow?	What is the matter Brother Quow?
I ble Obesha bang you,	I believe the overseer has beaten you,
You tan no sabby how,	You look I don't know how,
Dah Backrow Man go wrong you,	That White Man has wronged you,
Buddy Quow,	Brother Quow,
Dah Backrow &	That White Man &

3; Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
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175 No hawte bun morrowgo,	Don't let your heart be troubled Country Man,
197 Nusso grandy hungry do you,	Nor great hunger distress you,
●539 I hab some Barbaracco,	I have some Barbaracco's*
I bring dem all for you morrowgo	I will bring them all for you Country Man.
I bring dem all &	I will bring &
	*Horse Beans
3	
No hungry nor so dry	I am not hungry nor dry,
For true now no me yerry	Indeed now only hear me,
Make vawter for me yie	It makes my eyes water,
I cry so, tell me vary vipe me yie	I have cried so, until I am tired wiping my eyes.
I cry so tell &	I have cried so &
. . .	. . .
5	
Dah time Quasheba tell,	When Quasheba said,
De Pickney he bin coming	She was with child,
I gow go for to sell	I went immediately and sold very well,
De hog me mommo gibe me, berry well	The hog my mother gave me.
Dah hog &	The hog &
6	
Von coat I buy um new,	I bought a new coat,
Von ropper I bin bring come	A wrapper I bought also,
Von new hankisha too	And a new handkerchief too,
I nebo bin go tink um nusso true.	I thought of nothing but that it was true.
I nebo bin &	I thought &
7	
When Unco Quaco say,	When Uncle Quaco said,
De Pickney he was come now,	The child was just born,
I no go morrow stay	I did not stay till the morrow,
My harete bin knock pum pum on true grangie	My heart beat pum, pum for great joy.
My harete &	My heart &
8	
Gor Mighty da nah Buf	God Almighty above!
See how Quasheba do me	See how Quasheba has used me!
Dah Backrow Man he luf	She loved the White Man,
He bring molatto for me Gor nah Buf	And has brought a Mulatto for me, God above!
He bring &	And has brought &

7

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9

He yie, he nose, he mout,	Its eyes, its nose, its mouth,
(I bin good mine for hit um)	(I had a great inclination to strike it.)
Tun ebery mossel bout	Take every part of it together,
Lak Obesha bin pit um out he mout.	'Tis as if the overseer had spit it out of his mouth.
Lak Obesha &	'Tis as if &

The poem, "Buddy Quow," is a fascinating example of Gullah-Jamaican dialect and demonstrates the contribution of various ethnic groups in the formation of pidgin. The names Quow, Quasheba, and Quaco are derived from the Tshi language (Ashanti and Fanti), Africans of the Gold Coast region. Gold Coast Africans, as noted previously, were the first black Carolinians. They were not imported in as large numbers as other groups, but were preferred by South Carolinians, and represent a continuous contribution throughout much of the slave-trade era. Hence their early presence and reinforcement made a strong base. The word "pickney" is derived from the Portuguese and Spanish "pequeno nino" (small child), and barbaracco means horse bean in both languages. This may be a Kongo-Angolan influence since Portuguese ports were in Kongo-Angola and many Africans from that region were imported to South Carolina. The masculine pronoun used to refer to both genders may indicate Upper Guinea influence, where such usage was common among Africans learning English on their native coasts from Methodist missionaries or traders, as previously discussed. Since Gullah is a spoken rather than written dialect, the interpreter of the poem may have lost some of the meaning. Yet most of the interpretations correspond to what is known of Gullah dialect and offer a sense of what Gullah was like when it was a true dialect. Writers who believe that there is no sharp break between Gullah and general black vernacular may not fully consider the historical Gullahs and their creative means of communication in an isolated setting. While there are obvious similarities between twentieth-century black vernacular and Gullah as recorded in the twentieth century, the geographical isolation in which Gullah was originally created points to a dialect peculiar to the Sea Island region, where Africans made their own language adjustments with minimal accculturative influences.[40] In any case, the adoption of a means of communication common to all the slaves in the area was a significant community-building mechanism, and previous African language orientations played an important role.

In addition to a language barrier, ministers realized that the black pop- 175

and fields where rice was being cultivated. It was generally expected that 175
deprivation of food and shelter would "occasion them to disperse about
the country, and it is hoped will be the means of most of them being
soon taken up."[21]

Discontented slaves engaged in various forms of violence against the
white community in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. In
the city the most common act of resistance was setting fires. Numerous
cases of arson were reported, and in 1797 three slaves were executed and
two banished for attempting to burn Charleston. As historians who recognize
the character of the African-American struggle have noted, the
year 1800 was momentous. Gabriel's aborted uprising in Richmond,
Virginia corresponded in time with the date of Denmark Vesey's purchase
of freedom and Nat Turner's birth. Gabriel's attempt in 1800 may
have inspired two failed South Carolina efforts later that same year. In
September plantation slaves rebelled, killing several whites. Troops were
ordered out but the insurgents held their ground for some time in the
swamp regions before capture. Later in the year another outbreak began
but was quickly dispersed. In 1804 in the Sea Island region south of 175
Charleston, there was "a rumor afloat" that all slaves in the area were 567
planning a revolt. Whites began taking guns to bed. The rumor was
reportedly true and whites were saved by a slave informant just before 669
the outbreak. The leaders were seized, quickly tried, and "ten or a dozen"
condemned to death. Following execution, the slaves' "heads were cut
off, stuck on poles, and set up along the highway, from Purrysburg, the
place of the trial, to Coosawhatchie," the old Beaufort judicial seat. In
1805 news of a conspiracy in the up-country created panic and led to the
death of at least one slave.[22]

Unrest in the Lowcountry continued, and was evident during the War 175
of 1812 as well as afterwards. In this war between Britain and the fledgling
nation, another overture to desert was made to the slaves of the
southeast coast. Many responded and left with the British, 3,000 going
to Nova Scotia. On one of the islands near Charleston, slaves in 1813
readied themselves for an anticipated British attack which would ignite
a black insurrection. The gathering, in anticipation of the British and (533)
prospects of freedom, gave rise to a "freedom hymn." According to an
informant, the hymn and account of its creation was given to him in (539)
1835 by an English abolitionist-missionary, and was compiled by one of

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175 the leaders of the intended insurrection. The slaves held secret meetings
533 on one of the islands near Charleston and the "proceedings were opened
533 and closed by the singing of this "Hymn of Freedom":
● 539

Hail! all hail! ye Afric clan
Hail! ye oppressed, ye Afric band,
Who toil and sweat in Slavery bound;
(Repeated)

And when your health & strength are gone
Are left to hunger & to mourn.
Let *Independence* be your aim,
Ever mindful what 'tis worth.
Pledge your bodies for the prize
Pile them even to the skies!
Chorus
Firm, united let us be,
Resolved on death or liberty
As a band of Patriots joined
Peace & Plenty we shall find.

Look to Heaven with manly trust
And swear by Him that's always just
That no white foe with impious hand
(Repeated)

Shall slave your wives & daughters more
Or rob them of their virtue dear.
Be armed with valor firm & true,
Their hopes are fixed on Heaven & you
That truth & justice will prevail
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Chorus

Arise! Arise! shake off your chains
Your cause is just, so Heaven ordains
To you shall Freedom be proclaimed.
(Repeated)

Raise your arms & bare your breasts,
Almighty God will do the rest.
Blow the clarion! a warlike blast!
Call every Negro from his task!
Wrest the scourge from Buckra's hand,
And drive each tryant from the land.
Chorus

175 never get to heaven. Gullah soldiers sang a song about the black driver
567 during the Civil War. White witnesses thought the song appeared "quite
(533) secular in its character, yet its author called it a 'spiritual' ":

(539) Fust ting my mammy tell me,
O' gwine away!
Tell me bout de nigger-driver,
O' gwine away!
Nigger-driver second debil. . . .

The relationship between the missionary's observation and the "spiritual" further illustrates how Gullahs viewed slave drivers. One driver, "noted as a good Negro, and a Methodist," had heard since his childhood that no driver could ever get to heaven, "and they need not try, for none . . . could see God's face in peace." The distraught man told a Methodist missionary, " 'to that tree every night I want to pray; at last God, for Christ sake, pardoned my sins.' " The black driver became fully convinced that " 'Christ is able to save a driver as well as anybody else.' " And he hoped, said the missionary, to hold out faithfully so that " 'people will see at least one driver in heaven.' "[39]

175 The type of bondage experienced by the Gullahs was related to the Lowcountry's settlement as well as the staple crops produced. The colony of Carolina was settled by West Indian planters who created a system of slavery notorious for maltreatment of black laborers. One individual, a German, traveling through the Carolina Lowcountry after the American Revolution, observed that:

> The condition of the Carolina negro slaves is in general harder and more troubulous . . . wretched food, more work, tedious work, harsh and cynical treatment at the hands of owners and overseers. There is less concern here as to their moral betterment . . . proof is in the fact that they do not multiply . . . numbers are refreshed thru importations.[40]

The continued harshness of the system was maintained. After indigo
175 cultivation, both South Carolina and Georgia became absorbed in cotton
567 culture. Although not as backbreaking as indigo, Sea Island cotton ex-
248 tracted a heavy toll from black workers in many ways. The staple needed
a tremendous amount of labor and laborers, especially after 1820 when
461 the international market value of fine cotton soared. On an average plantation, fifty to sixty days of labor per slave were required to produce one bale of fine Sea Island cotton. The crop required more hoeing than short-

hymns were adopted by the Gullahs and other slaves. Francis Asbury 17
traveled the seacoasts of Georgia and South Carolina frequently. While 797
he gained few white converts, he was impressed with the black response 533
to his preaching. During the Civil War, musicologists and others, fascinated by Gullah songs, noted that what was sometimes called a "Negro song," was of white origin, especially the so-called religious songs. But to these white melodies, the Gullahs added their own "spirit and relish," giving a "peculiar individuality and nationality" to the music. Thus it is pointless and probably inaccurate to insist that whites and blacks did not create sacred music together when they worshipped together. Such was the case at camp meetings and revivals. Still these gatherings were not as common in the Lowcountry as they were elsewhere. Some writers argue that the camp meeting was distinctly a pineland and upcountry institution. Although evidence indicates that a few camp meetings were held in the rice communities—the hinterlands of the Sea Islands—we find no record of its presence on any of the Islands. The influence of the domestic slave trade, black-white cultural borrowing, and diffusion were all factors in the creation and development of African-American music. Nevertheless, a unique continuity in religious songs can be found in the Sea Islands and coastal lowlands. There were indeed two types of religious music among the Gullahs who adopted Christianity: those songs and hymns learned from white religious instructors and mainly Methodist in origin, and those representing the product of the Gullah's own creativity and imagination, generally referred to as spirituals or prayer songs.[64]

The primary influence of Methodist preachers on the development of 175
spirituals was in providing Gullahs with raw material for their songs. 797
From past spiritual traditions these African-Americans inherited a mys- 533
ticism, sense of drama, and creative antecedents that aided them in expressing and interpreting through song the apocalyptic and miraculous elements of biblical narration already rich in symbolic imagery. Also, New Testament biblical lore was not unlike the Gullahs' own oppression and suffering. From the Sea Islands in 1843, A. M. Chreitzberg provides examples of the spontaneous creation of spirituals. In delivering his message, the missionary enforced the concepts of "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." At the conclusion of (539)
the meeting, the group was "much affected" by a "soft female voice" singing:

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Dis berry same Jesus, dis berry same Jesus,
We heares dese people de talk about;
Dis berry same Jesus . . .

● [539] Chreitzberg finished his labors and headed back to Beaufort by boat. Undoubtedly the black boatmen had heard his sermon. It was a dark night and the effect of the scene was heightened by "one of those thundergusts, so frequent in our latitudes." Chreitzberg and his associate sat at the stern of the boat, comfortably "gazing at the clouds." The lightening gleamed in the distance, "with the sullen roll of the distant thunder":

> We were sitting at ease in the stern of the boat, suddenly a sound struck upon our ear, that we can liken to nothing save the shriek of a lost spirit. This we found to be the chorus of a song the boat hands were preparing to sing, the chorus we cannot write; it was something between a groan and the cry,—"have mercy"; and was sung at the end of every line.
>
> (539)
>
> O Lord, O Lord! what shall we do?
> What shall we do, what shall we do?
> What shall we do for a hiding place;
> No hiding place for sinner here.
> We run to de sea—de sea run dry;
> We run to de rock—de rock da sink;
> We run to de tree—de tree ketch fire;
> We run to de grave—de grave bus open;
> We run to de door—de door shut close;
> We wring we hands, we grine we feet,
> We cry O Lord, O Lord, O Lord,
> No hidin' place for sinner here!
>
> The words written, may only serve to excite a smile, but when sung, the effect is directly the reverse; as in the intensity of excitement, one holds his breath to catch every intonation of the voice; he will, in spite of himself, be affected to tears.[65]

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The Gullahs sense of their own human frailty was expressed in their spirituals. Illness, floggings, fatigue from overwork, and the ubiquity of death were features of daily existence. The harsh Sea Island bondage must have contributed to a longing for a better world at best or for another one at the very least. For some slaves an eternal reward would justify a life that was often painful and joyless yet not without hope. Some conscious rationale regarding a future being might ease a portion of the strong sense of injustice felt toward the present, and fill gaps left

175 764 533 burial scene such as the one above prompted the creation of a most poignant Gullah spiritual. It was recorded during the Civil War by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Commander of the First South Carolina Volunteers. He considered it "the most-poetic of all their songs."

(539) I know moon-rise, I know star-rise;
Lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight
To lay dis body down.
I'll walk in de graveyard, I'll walk through de graveyard,
To lay dis body down.
I'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms;
Lay dis body down.
I go to de Judgment in de evinin' ob de day
When I lay dis body down.
And my soul and your soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down.[47]

175 771 797 567 Certainly Gullahs wanted to believe in a bondless futurity, and many accepted assurances of the missionaries, if not their discipline. Undoubtedly, a number of Gullahs felt that their existence on earth offered so little and mortal doom was so certain that nothing was gambled by adopting Christianity. Their imaginations and aspirations were quickened by inspiring parables, stimulating renditions of undeserved agonies of the long-suffering man-god, his earthly demise, and ultimate triumphant rebirth. The parallels were clearly hard to resist.

Thus it might appear that the hopes and expectations of planters such as C. C. Pinckney were realized—that as professors of Christianity, slaves resigned themselves to their circumstances in return for the hope of a heavenly future. Yet it is a mistake to interpret the Gullahs' acceptance of some Christian teachings as a reflection of negative attitudes toward earthly life. Nor did such teachings instill a sense of futility and resignation. Christianity as interpreted by the slaves did not induce them to disavow the present as much as it served to mitigate the inhumane features of their existence as slaves. For the Gullahs, Christianity was a spiritual release from anxieties, frustrations, and animosities, providing a frame of reference to understand their position as bondspeople. In this sense the religion of the slaveholders was diluted, becoming for the slaves a source of strength embodied in their use of Christian ideology as a personification of their will to freedom. Major emphasis of slave religion was not "otherworldly." What Gullahs accepted in Christianity did not

17 567 181 bility of such an accomplishment, an intense love of family and deep attachments to familiar surroundings kept runaways nearby. Perhaps even more than any other slaves in the United States, Gullahs maintained a clan-type kinship community, and in their isolation clung tenaciously to these relationships. This attitude was also expressed toward their plantations. Those Gullahs able to purchase small twenty-acre plots of land during the Port Royal experiment, resisted buying on any plantation other than their "own." They thought "it was as bad as slavery if they had to leave their old homes." Yet as slaves, Gullahs ran away frequently and bad treatment was the leading cause for absence. Treatment was also

17 567 533 ●(539) a recurring theme in Gullah songs, as indicated by this slave worksong related by Sam Polite:

> I wuk in field on Maussa Johnnie Fripp plantation. Sometime we sing w'en we wuk. One song we sing ben go lak dis:
>
> "Go way, Ole Man
> Go way, Ole Man
> W'ere you bin all day
> If you treat me good
> I'll stay 'till de Judgment day,
> But if you treat me bad,
> I'll sho' to run away."[38]

17 567 Not all masters were cruel. For example, the Gullahs represented "Capt. John" Fripp as a kind man. Still, his "whipping post" was within twenty feet of the "drawing-room." The tree, "a sprawling Asia-berry," covered with grey moss, "looked wiered enough." "Capt. John" reportedly never "licked" hard nor struck "in the same place twice." Fripp's houseman, Dick, only recalled getting one "hard" flogging, when he watered the old man's garden with seawater. However, his wife, the cruel one, liked "to stand at the window to see the floggings," administered by "Driver Moody," when "Capt. John" was away. Thomas Chaplin of Tombee Plantation was tough enough, and threatened his slaves a great deal. He was also an insensitive master in regard to selling slaves, unable to believe blacks had the same familial loyalty as white people. He wrote in his Journal, "cowhide was all talk with me." But one must take such a comment skeptically since he frequently had his drivers do the flogging. Chaplin was not remembered by his slaves for excessive cruelty nor for kindness.[39]

Rarely could a Sea Island slave boast, as one did, that their backs "stan

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CHAPTER 8

Elements of the Head and the Heart: Gullah Interpretations of Christianity

> •539 782 Do not pass we by, My Jesus, as you go on de road from Jericho to de new Jerusalem, but tarry at de door and speak de word of hope to we heart and blow de breeze of blessing upon us. Almighty and eternal Father, we de prisoners of Hope, turn to de stronghold and begs oona (you) fur give we de long look and de over-coming patience dat we could have 'couragement fur go forward and see de truth dat will make us free. Do God, if it so please you, Massa Jesus, Gib me de long look like Moses, so I could see into de Promised Land from de mount, if my weary feet ain't neber guine to walk in de New Jerusalem with my people. . . .*
>
> "Let me lib wid de musket in one hand an' de Bible in de oder,—dat if I die at de muzzel ob de musket, die in de water, die on de land. I may know I hab de bressed Jesus in my hand, an' hab no fear."
> "I hab lef' my wife in de land o' bondage; my little ones dey say eb'ry night, whar is my fader? But when I die, when de bressed mornin' rises, when I shall stan' in de glory, wid one foot on de water an' one foot on de land, den, O Lord, I shall see my wife and' my little chil'en once more."**

793 Sam Polite lived to become senior elder on the Benjamin Fripp plantation. Polite did not know his age, but had "ben a man fore 'gun shoot'" (Battle of Port Royal, November 1861), and became the most respected and sagacious elder on St. Helena Island. Those who knew and observed

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*Prayer of Sam Polite, "The Long Look," n.d., misc. corr., Penn School Papers, SHC.

**Gullah soldier's prayer, in Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *Army Life in a Black Regiment* (New York: Collier Books, 1962, repr. from 1870 ed.), 48.

[p. 259]

793 him for many years insisted that his "wisdom" and "vision" were "God's
free gift" for a service of faith and hope that "Prophet" Polite had rendered
his people. In old age, as a free man, he addressed the Praise
House congregation probably the same way he did on other occasions
throughout the years after slavery. The words of Sam Polite demon-
793 strates that the Gullahs, in freedom as in bondage, viewed their religion
•539 as a special gift with a unique essence:

> 771 God done gib de white folks a heap of things, but he ain't forgotten us 'cause He gib us Religion and we have a right to show it out to all de world. De Buckra [white people], deys got de knowing of the whys and hows of religion, but dey ain't never got de feel of it yet. I think God ain't have much respect for no kind of religion without de feeling. De Book say, 'They that worship me must worship me in spirit and in truth.' There might be some truth in deys-all religion, but there ain't much spirit in a religion that's all in de head.[1]

771 The Gullahs' capacity to maintain psychological and spiritual autonomy in the face of degrading implications of their historical circumstances was usually attributed to their faith. The ostensible basis of this faith was Christianity. Certainly one source of Gullah religion and spirituality is found in Christian example, enabling them to see their enslavement in heroic terms. Yet Gullah roots sprang from an African world view that emphasized affirmation and celebration of human life, with religion representing the highest expression of that existence. Additionally, their African heritage familiarized Gullahs with the power and supremacy of a
collective spirit over individual experience. Thus, while planters valued
[177] religious instruction as a means of manipulating the actions and thinking
of Gullahs, the slaves' discretionary adoption and adaptation of certain
[797] features of Christianity was a way of articulating and manifesting their
common oppression in terms significant for them and also either acceptable or esoteric to slaveholders and missionaries.

175 Most Gullahs cared little about didactic features fundamental to Chris-
797 tianity. And while their exposure to the religion was primarily superficial,
their acceptance and reinterpretation was essentially practical, rein-
[177] forcing older traditions. Their limited understanding of Protestantism
[178] was observed by antebellum travelers and Methodist missionaries right
up to the time of civil conflict. Aptitude had nothing to do with the Gullahs' failure to grasp a firmer knowledge of Protestantism. They shrewdly did what was expected of them without actually internalizing

175 771 797 how they were given to Moses, then asked the children who wrote the Ten Commandments. She received such answers as "Uncle Sam," "General Saxby" (referring to General Rufus Saxton, Commander of the Department of the South), and "Columbus." On another occasion, a group of students were quizzed by officers in General Sherman's army. The question "Children, who is Jesus Christ?" was at first received with "paralyzed silence." Finally, a small boy loudly ventured, "General Saxby sar." An older boy responsed by giving his classmate "a vigorous thrust in the back" and proclaiming, 'Not so, boy! Him's Massa Linkum."[3] So much for the effectiveness of Methodist catechism and Baptist Sunday School.

Yet the children were heard singing of Jesus constantly. Even at school (533) (539) children consistently sang such "spirituals" as the following:

Patrol around me. Tank God he no ketch me
O Lord, yes my Lord

. . . .

In de mornin' when I rise,
Tell my Jesus Huddy oh, . . .

. . . .

I would not let you go, my Lord,
I would not let you go,

. . . .

I can't stay behin' my Lord,
I can't stay behin'[4]

175 771 779 795 Even adult knowledge of Christianity was severly limited despite their attraction to "things of the spirit." One example was their attitude toward Christmas. Although the Gullahs revered Jesus, few understood the significance of Christmas, the day of Christ's birth. Still it was a joyous season, viewed in slavery primarily as a rare occasion, when fresh meat was allocated, labor ceased for two or three days, and possibly a new suit of clothing was received. Mary Ames taught among the Gullahs on Edisto and Wadmalaw Islands where Methodism was reportedly particularly effective. Yet Ames expressed surprise that the people knew so little of the life of Christ, "not knowing even of his birth." But, she related, "they are all familiar with his sayings." Elizabeth Botume, a Hilton Head teacher, remembered one jubilant Christmastime among the Sea Island "Contrabands," when she was asked to preach:

I replied that there was but one sermon fitting for the occasion, and I read the whole of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, first explaining to them the meaning of

dition to Florida, one of the black preacher's exhortations was reportedly 17
"worthy of a place in 'American Oratory.'" He urged the men to seek 701
the post of danger and fight bravely. "He who is de fust man to get on de boat," he rallied, "and de fust to jump on shore, him, if he fall, will be de fust to get in heaben." Then, as if himself in the midst of battle, and aroused by the occasion, he added fervently:

> 'An' when do battle comes—when you see de Kunn'l put his shoulder to de wheel, and hear de shot and shell flying all around like de rain drops, den remember dat ebery one ob dose shot is a bolt of de Almighty God to send dem rebels to deir eberlasting damnation.[16]

Sacrifices for freedom were not only made by Gullah soldiers, for the 17
war effort was a community enterprise. The men's absence from the 722
plantations placed the burden of breadwinning solely on the women, who shouldered it admirably. Gullah men had at first objected to the women working in the fields because this labor had taken such a heavy toll on female health. But women insisted on working "fur pay," and did so "with a will," sometimes working two tasks in one day. Thus, while the men went off to fight or to work as laborers for the army, field work continued. Women, boys, and girls worked side by side, planting, hoeing, picking, sorting, ginning, and packing the cotton. They also raised vegetables and poultry for consumption and to sell. The women were ambitious and disciplined, laboring with "tireless energy" when working for themselves and their families. Sometimes they even managed to attend newly established schools in order to "catch a lesson." As a way of further supporting loved ones away with the regiment and the army, the women wrote letters. Many of the Northern women's "spare time" was spent writing words of love and encouragement dictated by the freedwomen.[17] It was a period of optimism, when social relations knitted over generations proved tenacious and steady. This was also a time when the faith of the bondspeople seemed to bear fruit.

The subject of freedom was often symbolically and thematically ex- 17
pressed in Gullah spirituals. While these "prayer songs" appear to be a 533
portent of the future in a Christian context, they contain ambiguity that implies otherwise. Double meanings and surrogates abounded, and Gullah spirituals could often be interpreted in several ways. For ex- [539]
ample:

17 Jesus make de blind see.
533 Jesus make de cripple walk,
• (539) Jesus make de deaf to hear.
Walk in, kind Jesus!
No man can hinder me.[18]

175 When Laura Towne heard this impressive spiritual, she believed the refrain
533 "no man can hinder me" meant that "nothing could prevent access
771 to Jesus." Yet Charles Nordhoff, a journalist sent to Port Royal in 1863
to write about Sea Islanders, heard the song and immediately attributed
it to "an aspiration for liberty."[19] Certainly there were elements of truth
in both interpretations—a combination of mystical belief in the miraculous
powers of the Christian God and a deep, sense of freedom—a heritage
from the African past. Higginson heard Gullah soldiers sing the
175 song and noted that they sometimes substituted "hinder me" with "hinder
701 we." But he failed to attach any significance to this, merely stating that
533 it was "more spicy to the ear, and more in keeping with the usual head-over-heels
arrangement of their pronouns." Despite the perception and
usefulness of Higginson's book, it also contains a disturbing air of condescension
175 toward the Gullahs which was typical of some abolitionists.
181 Although he attested to the Gullahs' daring and coolness in combat, thus
affirming their equality with whites in terms of courage, he failed to
701 credit them with having any intellectual complexity in their modes of
533 expression. He recognized Gullah soldiers' physical strength but overlooked
aspects of their character which bespoke of higher emotions, unless
these could be interpreted in a strictly Christian sense. Hence Higginson
viewed the Gullahs' songs as "thoroughly religious," and the
attitudes contained in them as "always the same, and, as a commentary
on the life of the race, . . . infinitely pathetic. Nothing but patience for
this life,—nothing but triumph in the next."[20]

Gullahs were a proud people who did not indulge in self-pity and would have resented being seen in a piteous light by their friend and supporter. Life for the Gullahs was an uphill battle but not without grace and nobility. Higginson sometimes failed to grasp this, despite his close relationship with Gullah soldiers and their families. One can imagine the thoughts of Gullah soldiers as they sang and contemplated that
175 their treasured expectation was becoming a reality. Substitution of "we"
533 for "me," possibly represented feelings of nationalism which had devel-
186 oped over a period of generations when social and cultural traditions

merged under slavery and created one people with common interests, ambitions, beliefs, and sense of oppression. 175 533

The Gullahs' Marseillaise was the exhilarating spiritual "New Jerusalem": (186) [539]

De Talles' tree in Paradise
De Christian calls de Tree ob Life,
an' I hope dat trumpet blow me home
To my new Jerusalem!

Blow Gabriel! Trumpet, blow louder, louder!
An' I hope dat trumpet blow me home
To my New Jerusalem!

Paul and Silas jail-bound
Sing God's praise both night and day,
An' I hope dat trumpet blow me home
To my New Jerusalem![21]

This favorite "shout" song of the Gullahs was triumphant rather than tragic. Thus it was not one of those to be sung with a "heavy heart" or a "troubled speerit." "New Jerusalem" was an uplifting, infectious tune. Its symbolic range could harmonize with a number of situations, circumstances, and experiences. When freedman Maurice, who had been blinded by his master in a fit of rage, sang "New Jerusalem" at the Praise House, his mind turned toward heaven and the prospect of gaining his sight in a future world. But when the freedpeople sang "New Jerusalem" at the Emancipation Jubilee on New Year's Day in 1866, it was their earthly future and enthusiasm for their long-awaited freedom that filled their thoughts and expectations. The tree of life was the tree of liberty, as paradise was a land free of bondage. The meaning behind this spiritual was not lost on Northern teacher Elizabeth Botume: 175 527 533

> The streets of the city were filled with happy freed people. According to their spiritual, they had "fought for liberty," and this was their "New Jerusalem,"of which they so often sang. Even the poorest, and those most scantily clothed, looked as if they already "walked that golden street," and felt "that starry crown" upon their uncovered heads. It was indeed a day of great rejoicing, and one long to be remembered. These people were living their "New Jerusalem."[22]

Spirituals sung during the Civil-War attest to Gullah creativity and further demonstrate that the desire for freedom was as strong a motivation as relgious piety. Songs such as the following grew out of the war years: 175 533 539

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We'll soon be free,
We'll soon be free,
We'll soon be free,
When de Lord will call us home.

My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
'Fore we done suffrin' here?

It won't be long (thrice)
'Fore de Lord will call us home.[23]

[567] Slaves in Georgetown were jailed at the outbreak of the war for singing this spiritual. As a little drummer boy explained to Higginson, "Dey tink *de Lord* mean for say de Yankees." Higginson doubted that the slaves made the same association of which their masters thought them capable. Once again he reveals his nineteenth-century "romantic racialism." But no one could mistake the plaintive meaning in the following song, first heard at Hilton Head Island and said to have been a song "to which the Rebellion had actually given rise":

No more peck o' corn for me,
No more, no more,
No more peck o' corn for me,
Many tousand go.

No more driver's lash for me,
No more, etc.

No more pint o' salt for me,
No more, etc.

No more hundred lash for me,
No more, etc.

No more mistress' call for me,
. . . .
Many tousand go.[24]

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Thus, while God, personified as Jesus, offered Gullahs an explanation for life and provided a model of virtue, as did their African God, this was not an abjuration of human existence. Their religion contained a

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implies that earthly death is the setting of the sun, or the third moment. 000 Death was not the end of life, nor the cemetery a final resting place, but a door *(mwelo)* between two worlds. The fourth moment is midnight on earth when the sun is shining on the world of the dead. Here rebirth takes place. In any case, no matter what the unconscious motivation, what many considered to be a weakness among these bondspeople was actually a source of strength. They overcame a fear of death in light of the reality of its dominant presence among them, and through their realization that they, more so than most people, were often powerless to alter its course. Thus, while Gullahs did not shirk from death, they were 761 sensitive to the degree to which their lives were exploited, and aware 533 that oppression often caused an untimely end to life. The depth of their understanding of their position was sometimes grippingly demonstrated. Teacher William Allen was struck by how much the children sang of pain and death. Little "Margaret" came to the well to draw her pail of water. Putting it on her head, she walked off singing "shall I die—shall I die." She was followed by Tom and Abraham "galloping along on bamboo horses and shouting, 'my body rock 'long feber.' " Charlotte Forten was much affected by one of the hymns which she heard Gullah [539] children singing:

> I wonder where my mudder gone;
>   Sing, O graveyard!
> Graveyard ought to know me;
>   Ring, Jerusalem!
> Grass grow in de graveyard;
>   Sing, O graveyard!
> Graveyard ought to know me;
>   Ring, Jerusalem!

> It is impossible to give any idea of the deep pathos of the refrain,—
> "Sing, O Graveyard."[1]

The pathos is there certainly, but the sense of hope, so characteristic of the Gullahs, is also present in the words "Grass grow in de graveyard." This could indicate that, in the BaKongo tradition, although there was death, there was also life and rebirth. The refrain "Graveyard ought [787] to know me" might refer to the slaves' previous journey to the world of [567] the dead as "seekers." The phrase could also recognize the omnipresence of death among the slaves.

761 Another spiritual expressed a sense of optimism and a superior attitude
533 toward death:

(539) O Massa Death,
He's a very little man,
He goes from door to door;
He kills some souls,
and he woundeth some.
Good Lord remember me;
Good Lord remember me;
Remember me as the years roll round,
Good Lord, remember me.[2]

771 In Christian belief the finality of death was often negated. One of the
761 most appealing aspects of Christianity for Gullahs was the expectation
of a better life after death. This afterlife was not visualized in the African
177 sense, that an individual's status would not differ from one's mortal position.
799 Instead, Gullahs strongly adopted the Christian concept of heaven,
where all "true believers" would sit on "Christ's right side." For obvious
775 reasons, this was one of the tenets of Christianity they most cherished.[3]
567 While their African world view encouraged Gullahs to take a rich, positive
attitude toward life, through Christian influence they expected a
better life as payment for their suffering. As one person expressed it:

> De harder me cross to bear down here de better I go be prepare to tek me place in dat Happy Land where all is 'joicin, an' when I git dere, I want de Lord to say, "Ophelia . . . come an' rest wid de elect ob de Lord!"[4]

There was little in Gullah prayers or songs to indicate they feared the tribunal expected to reward the "faithful" and damn the "sinners." Thus they disregarded that portion of their religious instruction which strenuously emphasized a judgment day where "every theft or falsehood" would be brought to light and held against them. What was more important to the Gullahs was a change in their conditions. Just as Baptist slavemaster Daniel Pope queried Marcus, the Praise House elder, as to whether the Gullahs really believed Christ wanted "black nigger in heben," so were slaves convinced that the "Kingdom of God" would have almost no white subjects. Gullah Christianity was one of recompense. Slaves accepted the Christian doctrine of eternal life but modified it so that heaven was an exclusive place, primarily available to sufferers of the right hue as expressed by a former slave:

Epilogue

539

Slavery chain done broke at last!
Broke at last! Broke at last!
Slavery chain done broke at last!
Gonna praise God till I die!

Way up in that valley,
Pray-in' on my knees,
Tell-in' God a-bout my troubles,
And to help me if He please.

I did tell him how I suffer,
In the dungeon and the chain;
And the days I went with head bowed down,
An' my broken flesh and pain.

I did know Jesus heard me,
'Cause the spirit spoke to me,
An' said, "Rise, my chile, your children
An' you too shall be free."

I done 'p'int one mighty captain
For to marshal all my hosts;
An' to bring my bleeding ones to me,
An' not one shall be lost."

Now no more weary trav'lin',
'Cause my Jesus set me free,
An' there's no more auction block for me
*Since He give me liberty.**

The Thirteenth Amendment, which ended all slavery in the United States, 175
barely slipped through the House of Representatives with the necessary 567
two-thirds vote on January 31, 1865. But for the Gullahs, the "Year of
Jubilo" was January 1, 1863, when Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation
Proclamation declared them "forever free." It was the first truly Happy 175
New Year the Gullahs ever had, and they marked it with a festive oc-
casion organized by General Saxton. The celebration took place in Beau- 541
fort. The multitude consisted of the "First South" Regiment, many "white 567
visitors," superintendants, officers, dignitaries, and the band of the Eighth
Maine. From the Islands and surrounding mainland came the now for-

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* Quoted from Leon Litwack, *Been in the Storm So Long: The Aftermath of Slavery* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1979), 167.

APPENDIX D

The Deity

776 [533] The Gullahs' concept of the deity was not that of a God of wrath, but one of love and mercy. In Gullah music, phrases such as "Kind Jesus," or "In the mornin' when I rise, tell my Jesus Huddy ho," indicate that for these slaves Christ was a warm personal friend, as well as a fellow sufferer. Similarly, the Gullahs' prayers also express how they viewed 776 782 their relationship with God. Prayer was considered actual communication with Jesus, and He was expected to listen and hopefully answer the appeal in some way or another. In such verbal expressions the supplicator reveals inner ideas of the deity. In a study done among the Gullahs in the 1930s, it was observed that by far the most prominent attribute of the deity in prayers was merciful, being mentioned 189 times as opposed to a total of 119 times for all the other attributes ranging from loving to glorious. No description suggesting wrath or vengeance was among the characteristics attributed to the deity.[1] In the following prayer, recorded during the Civil War, one is able to observe the Gullahs' poetic imagery, spirituality, sense of community, and their attitude toward the deity:

Aunt Jane's Prayer

782 539 776 Der Maussuh Jesus, we all uns beg Ooner (you) come make us a call dis yere day. We is nuttin' but poor Etiopian women and people ain't t'ink much 'bout we. We ain't trust ask any of dem great high people for come to we church, but do' you is de one great Maussuh, great too much dan Maussuh Linkum, you ain't shame to care for we African people.

Come to we, dear Maussuh Jesus. De sun, he hot too much, de road am dat long and boggy (sandy) and we ain't got no buggy, for send and fetch Ooner. But Maussuh, yo' 'member how yo' walked dat hard walk up Calvary and ain't

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weary but t'ink about we all dat way. We know you ain't weary for to come to we. We pick out de torns, de prickles, de brier, de backslidin' and de quarrel and de sin out of yo' path so dey shan't hur Ooner pierce feet no mo'.

Come to we, dear Maussuh Jesus. We all luns ain't got no good cool water for give yo' when yo' t'irsty. You know, Maussuh, de drought so long, and de well so low, ain't nuttin' but mud to drink. But we gine to take de 'munion cup and fill it wid de tear ob repentence and love clean out ob we heart. Dat all we hab to gib yo', good Maussuh.

An' Maussuh Jesus, you say you gwine stand to de door and knock. But you ain't gwine stand at we door, Maussuh, and knock. We sets de door plum open for yo' and watch up de road for see you.

Sisters (turning to the other women in the church), what for you'all ain't open de door so Maussuh know He welcome? (One woman rose quietly from her knees and set the church door wide.)

Come Maussuh Jesus come! We know you is near, we heart is all just tremble, tremble, we so glad for hab yo' here. And Maussuh, we church ain't good 'nuff for yo' to sit down in, but stop by de door jes' one minute, dear Maussuh Jesus, and whisper one word to we heart—one good word—we do listen—Maussuh.[2]

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988

NN23 Sea Islanders NN23

South Carolina

000 had been buried in jars. It was said that these jars also had human bones either beside them or under them, "and tradition has it that the slave-owners who are believed to have been strong in magic customarily killed the most evil slave on a plantation that his spirit might keep watch over the jars. If the owner returned, the spirit of the slave, as a 'sold baka,' remained to wreak vengeance upon anyone who dared disturb his charge." Nassau, *Fetishism in West Africa*, 71; Melville J. Herskovits, *Life in a Haitian Valley* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1937), 242–43.

A "Ghost" Story

775 A certain negro church in the country was noted for its strange procedures during the late hours of the night. It was said that at one time a
• 539 man was driving down the road about midnight, and as he approached the church he saw to his surprise that it was all lit up and the benches filled with people. Just as he drove up the lights went out, and all the people came out, crossed the road in front of him, and went into the cemetery which was just opposite the church on the other side of the road.

Another man was passing the church one night. Just as he got between the church and the cemetery, a ghost came out, caught his horse by the bit and stopped him.

These and similar stories were repeatedly heard throughout the neighborhood, so a young Negro man was not surprised when passing by the church one night to hear voices in the cemetery.

One would say, "You take this one; I take that one."

Then the other, "I take this one; you take that one."

So on they went over and over. The young Negro ran across the field to the Negro preacher's house. After waking the aged preacher, the young man told him "de good Lord an' de devil are in de cemetery a'dividin' up de people." He insisted that the old man go with him to the cemetery to see about it. Reluctantly, the old man consented.

Sure enough as they reached the gate, they heard, "You take this one; I take that one." "I take this one; you take that one." After this was repeated several times, one voice was heard to say, "Well, is that all?" the answer came, "Yes, all except those two at the gate."

That was enough for the two listening ones. The young Negro tells that the old preacher got away from there so fast that he, who was also running with all his strength—couldn't keep him in sight. 539• [775] [226]

At least this story had its explanation. The next day the old preacher and the young man were told that two Negroes after a fishing trip had stopped under a tree in the cemetery to divide their fish. One had a sack full of fish. The other had only two which he had dropped on the ground as he opened the gate of the cemetery.

Truss Gawd

"Plat Eye? Yas'm. De ole folks is talk about Plat Eye. Dey say dey takes shape ob all kind de critter—dawg, cat, hawg, mule, varmint—and I is hear tell ob Plat Eye taking form of gator. I ain see dem scusing one leetle time. You know dat leetle swampy place hind de Parsenage? Dem does call dat Parsenage Branch. Well, one time I hab meh bloom on me en wuz clamming dem days, en de tide been berry late in de ebenin. Hit wuz dusky dark when I hit de Parsenage Lane—light dusky dark. I wuzn't feared none tall. You see, ez I say, I hab meh bloom on me in dem days. En I pass de Cap'n barn en stable. Dere he wuz wid Allan son milkin. En I say: "Good even, Cap'n Bill!' En he gin me back meh word. En I bawg t'ru dat deep white san en I passes de graveyard entrance en I leabes de [gate] open en enters dem dark woods whey de moss wabe low en bresh in you face. En I bin think about Plat Eye. De mind come ter me it wuz good time ter meet em. 539 776 825

"Den I bresh dem weepin moss aside en I trabble de wet mud in meh bare feets en meh shoe bein tie ter meh girdle string. En, Miss Jin, when I bin come ter de foot lawg I could see same ez I see yo now. I could see de foot lawg—dat same old cypress what been dere now. He blow in dat las big September gale. En I bin see Mr. Bull Frawg hit de water—ker plunk! En a cooter slide offen de lawg at meh feets. En, Miss Jin, clare ter Gawd, I bin fer look up at dat cooter den I turn meh eye up en dere wuz a cat—black cat wid he eye lak balls ob fire en he back all arch up en he tail twissin en er switchin en he hair stan on end. He move backward front ob me cross dat cypress lawg. En he bin big. He bin large es meh leetle yearlin ox. En I talk ter em en try fer draw close. En I say ter em; 'I ain fer fear nuttin!'

"En I'se try fer sing: 'He carry me t'ru many ob danger. Because he fust lub me. He guard gainst hant en Plat Eye. Because he fust lub me!'

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

• 539 "En dat Plat Eye ain gib me back meh word. He mobe forward en he
776 tail swish en swish same lak big moccasin tail when he lash de rushes. En de sound come to me; 'Child ob Gawd, doan you show no fear.'

825 "En I is brace up. En meh short-handle leetle clamrake been in meh
(533) hand en I sing:

'Gawd will take care ob me.
Walkin t'ru many ob dangers,
Gawd will take care ob me.'

"En den de min come ter me; 'De Lawd heps dem what heps demsef.' Den I raise up meh rake en I come right cross dat critter hed. Ef dat had bin real cat, I'd er pin him ter dat lawg. My rake bin bury deep en de lawg hold em. En I clare ter Gawd, Miss Jin, he up en prance right onder meh feets, dem eyes burnin holes in me en he tail swish-swish lak ole Sooky tail when de flies bad. En meh ire bin raise. I fer struggle wid meh rake en de lawg loose em he grip en I fer pray: 'Gib Addie Strength, O Gawd!'

"En down I come straight t'ru dat critter middle. He stummick ball up same lak de leetle puffer toad-fish. But dat critter ain feel meh lick. En I ressel lak Jacob wid de angel. I bin strong en hab meh bloom on me. It ain 'vail nuttin.

"No, man! Mr. Plat Eye jest es peart en frisky ez fore he bin hit. En I buse em en I cuss em en I say: 'You debbil! Clare meh path!'

"En ef dat critter didn't paw de air en jest raise up dat big bamboo vine, en meh fer hit em ebery jump! So, Miss Jin, I tink: 'Sinner leble dat lawg.' Meh mind come ter me: 'Child ob Gawd, trabbel de woods path!'

"En I turn back en meh haste. En I hit dat path. En I ain bin tarry en jest ez I wuz gibbin Gawd he praise fer deliver me, dere dat cat! Dis time he big ez meh middle-size ox, en he eye bin blaze! En I lam en I lam. En dat rake handle bin wire en bin nail on. En jest ez I mek meh las lam, dat critter raise up fore meh eyes, en dis time he bin big ez cousin Andrew full-grown ox. En he vanish up dat ole boxed pine ez you quits de woods. Yas'm. I ain bleeve in Plat Eye twill den, but I minds meh step since dem days.

"En when I trabbles de deep woods whey de moss wabe low en Mr. Cooter lib en Mr. Moccasin crawl in de firefly flicker—meh packet fer load.

"Yas'm. I'm ready fer em. Gunpowder en sulphur. Dey is say Plat 539
Eye can't stan dem smell mix. No'm. Dey ain fer trubble me sense dat 776
one time. Uncle Murphy he witch doctor, en he bin tell me how fer 825
fend em off. Dat man full ob knowledge. He must hap Gawd mind in 789
em. So I totes meh powder en sulphur en I carries stick in meh han en
puts meh truss in Gawd."

[p. 354 is blank]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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South Carolina
Johns Island

Mrs. Bertha Smith and
the Moving Star Hall congregation

LAY DOWN BODY

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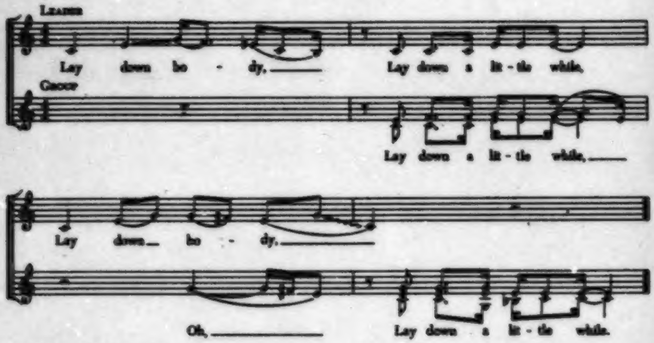
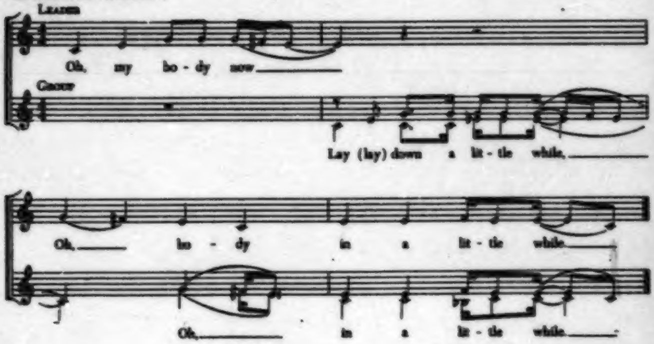

LEADER
Lay down bo - dy,
Lay down a lit - tle while,
GROUP
Lay down a lit - tle while,
Lay down bo - dy,
Oh,
Lay down a lit - tle while.

ALTERNATE VERSION I


LEADER
Oh, my bo - dy now
GROUP
Lay (lay) down a lit - tle while,
Oh, bo - dy in a lit - tle while
Oh, in a lit - tle while

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1980) 1989
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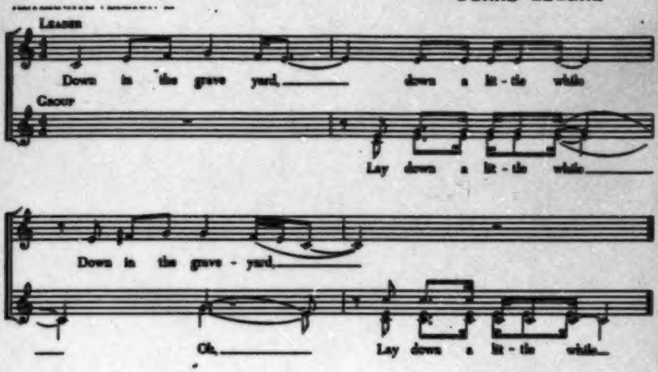
LEADER
Down in the grave yard,
down a lit-tle while
GROUP
Lay down a lit-tle while
Down in the grave-yard,
Oh,
Lay down a lit-tle while

LEADER: I know you tired,
GROUP: Lay down a little while,
LEADER: I know you tired,
GROUP: Lay down a little while.

Come from a distance . . . etc.

Oh body now . . . etc.

Ain't you had a hard time? . . . etc.

Last December . . . etc.

Tedious was my journey . . . etc.

Rocky was my road, Lord . . . etc.

Ain't you got somebody gone? . . . etc.

I got somebody gone . . . etc.

Oh my body now . . . etc.

Just keep a-rollin' . . . etc.

Body, ain't you tired? . . . etc.

Body, ain't you lonesome? . . . etc.

Body, ain't you weary? . . . etc.

Lay down body,
Lay down a little while,
Lay down body,
Lay down a little while.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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South Carolina
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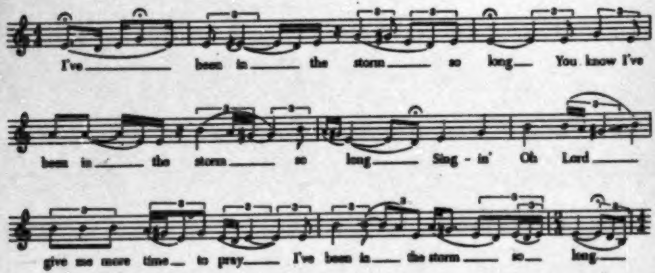
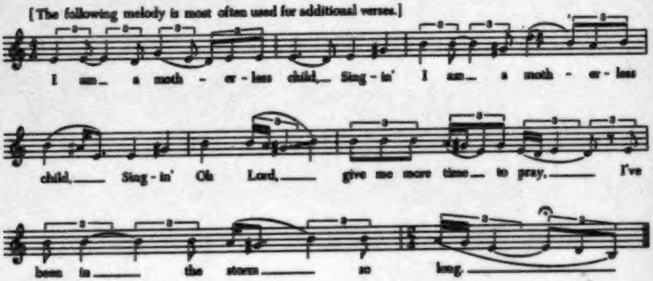
Mrs. Mary Pinckney

BEEN IN THE STORM SO LONG



I've ___ been in ___ the storm ___ so long ___ You know I've
been in ___ the storm ___ so long ___ Sing - in' Oh Lord ___
give me more time ___ to pray ___ I've been in ___ the storm ___ so ___ long ___

[The following melody is most often used for additional verses.]



I am ___ a moth - er - less child, ___ Sing - in' I am ___ a moth - er - less
child, ___ Sing - in' Oh Lord, ___ give me more time ___ to pray, ___ I've
been in ___ the storm ___ so long. ___

This is a needy time,
This is a needy time,
Singin' Oh Lord, give me more time to pray,
I've been in the storm so long.

Lord, I need you now . . . etc.

Lord, I need your prayer . . . etc.

Stop this wicked race . . . etc.

Stop all my wicked ways . . . etc.

Somebody need you now . . . etc.

My neighbors need you now . . . etc.

My children need you now . . . etc.

Just look what a shape I'm in,
Just look what a shape I'm in,
Cryin' Oh Lord, give me more time to pray,
I've been in the storm so long.

4: Carawan & Carawan   B,Z-5 (1959-1988)   1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
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Johns Island

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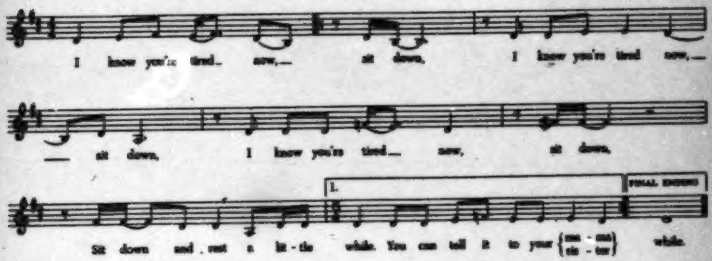
The Moving Star Hall congregation

I KNOW YOU'RE TIRED


I know you're tired now, sit down, I know you're tired now,
sit down, I know you're tired now, sit down,
1.
FINAL ENDING
Sit down and rest a lit-tle while. You can tell it to your (ma-ma / sis-ter) while.

You can tell it to your mama, sit down,
sister,
You can tell it to your mama, sit down,
sister,
You can tell it to your mama, sit down,
sister,
Sit down and rest a little while.

You come from a distance, sit down . . . etc.

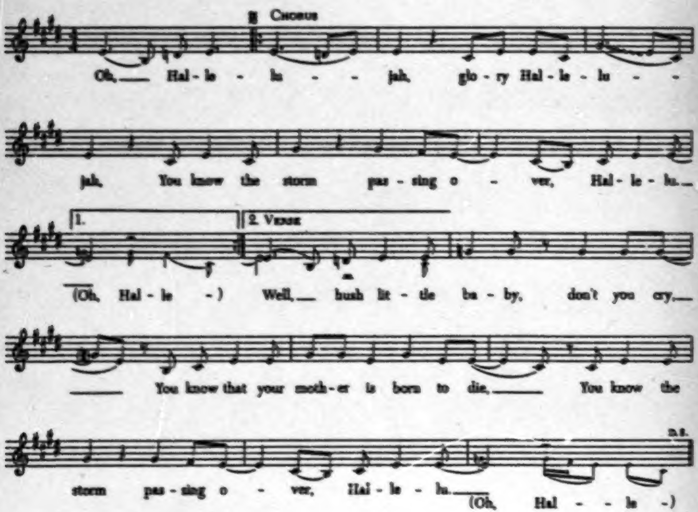
I know you weary, sit down . . . etc.

Oh sit down servant, sit down . . . etc.

I know you're tired now, sit down,
I know you're tired now, sit down,
I know you're tired now, sit down,
Sit down and rest a little while.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mrs. Bertha Smith and
533 *the Moving Star Hall congregation*
•539 **THE STORM IS PASSING OVER**


Chorus
Oh, Hal-le-lu-jah, glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah, You know the storm pas-sing o-ver, Hal-le-lu.
1.
(Oh, Hal-le-)
2. Verse
Well, hush lit-tle ba-by, don't you cry, You know that your moth-er is born to die, You know the storm pas-sing o-ver, Hal-le-lu.
(Oh, Hal-le-)
D.S.

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground,
You know the storm is passing over,
Hallelu.

(Chorus–2 times)

Some say Peter, some say Paul,
Ain't but one God for we all,
You know the storm is passing over,
Hallelu.

The tallest tree in Paradise
Christians call the tree of life,
You know the storm is passing over,
Hallelu.

(Chorus–2 times)

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mrs. Janie Hunter

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK HIGHER AND HIGH*

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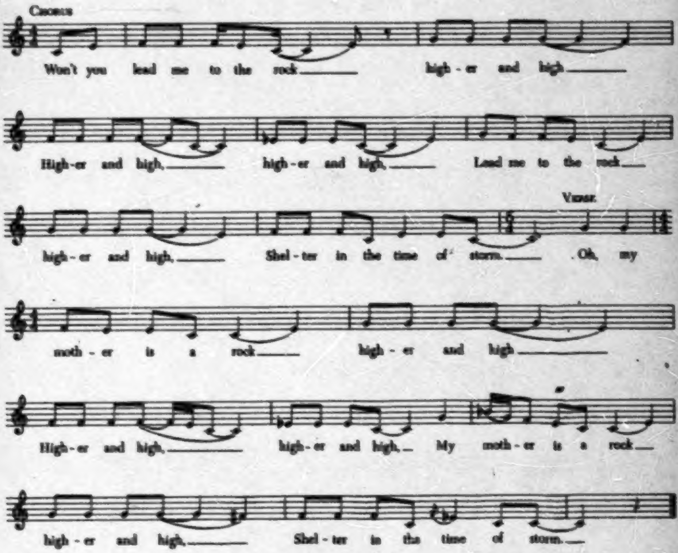
Chorus
Won't you lead me to the rock___ high - er and high___
High - er and high,___ high - er and high,___ Lead me to the rock___
high - er and high,___ Shel - ter in the time of storm.___
Verse
Oh, my
moth - er is a rock___ high - er and high___
High - er and high,___ high - er and high,__ My moth - er is a rock___
high - er and high,___ Shel - ter in the time of storm.___

---

*Also sung elsewhere in the South "Lead Me to the Rock Higher Than I."

(Chorus)

Won't you lead me to the rock higher and high,
Higher and high, higher and high,
Won't you lead me to the rock higher and high,
Shelter in the time of storm.

Oh King Jesus is a rock higher and high,
Higher and high, higher and high,
Oh King Jesus is a rock higher and high,
Shelter in the time of storm.

(Chorus)

Oh my God is a rock higher and high,
Higher and high, higher and high,
Oh my God is a rock higher and high,
Shelter in the time of storm.

Variant of verse:
Oh my God is a rock in a weary land,
Weary land, weary land,
God is a rock in a weary land,
Shelter in a time of storm.

Mr. John Smalls

EVERYBODY HAS A TURN

794 796 In the meeting, Brother Joe Deas, he are the oldest person in there, we takes him for the leading man. We put him in the front to take the text. Then take myself, I follow. Then whosoever I wanted to assist—Eli Smith or any other leader. And we go on that way. Everybody has a turn.

We have prayer service the first Sunday night in the month; and the second Sunday night let the brothers preach; then the third Sunday night we let the sisters testify; then we go right back on the fourth Sunday night the brothers will preach again. We used to had it just how it come. We feel like prayer meeting tonight, we have that. But later days, we decided we would mark it out, that every person would know where he going.

That way we trying to do it now. Brother Deas takes the text, when is preaching night, and the boys supposed to preach from that text he give you. You can go preach anywhere you want to preach, but you come right back to that same text.

(533) Any individual, soon as the man finish preach, if you wanted to raise a song, you raise it. And another way, anytime we call someone up to preach, if anybody want to sing for you, can sing you up there. Then one can sing you down. Anybody. They can't sing long as you're talking; wait 'til you finish talk.

● 539 796 *Mr. John Smalls*

TURN THESE BIG FISH LOOSE

Now friends, we still moving on.
I'm not going to linger with you
'Cause I want to turn these big fish loose.

Brother Deas will come and set the foundation,
The road we going to travel by,
That all of you could know the way to go.

Mr. Joe Deas

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TONIGHT YOU GOT A BLESSED CHANCE

I thank you for this great privilege I have before you.
You know from last January '64, I didn't have to been here.
My face could have been under the clay.
But at this same particular hour I have a chance
To rub shoulder to shoulder with you,
I can speak language to language,
I can look face to face.
It is a great joy.

Now we started on a new task, started a new race.
From the twenty-fifth morning we been running,
We been wrastling to behold this very hour of the night.
How many haven't lived to been able to see the day?
Some gone by car,
Some pass away with fire,
Some gone by water.

All part of the world is stirred up now.
Tonight you got a blessed chance to go to the house of God.
Some want to come out tonight and can't come,
And some can come that wouldn't come.
But the day will come.
The day will come.

Mrs. Janie Hunter

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YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF

You can feel yourself in that hall. You have a chance to explain yourself —anybody who want to. But in church on Sunday, we just have one preacher talk. And you might get a chance to raise a song or pick out one person to make a few remarks. But to that hall, everybody could have they way, tell your own story. That's the difference it makes.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mr. John Smalls

● 539 796 GOOD MORNING WARRIORS

Good morning Warriors!
How y'all feel?
I'm feeling special alive.

I just rise to tell you all my aim
And whole heart's desire.
My desire is to go the whole way.
I give thanks for being brought
Not from just last December
But from an infant birth.

I can say, "Are we yet alive
To see each other's face."
Thank God for His redeeming grace.

Since last January
Rocky was my road,
Tedious was my journey.
What troubles have I seen,
What conflicts have I passed.

If I had ten thousand tongues
It wouldn't be enough
To give thanks to Thee
Who took my feet out of the miry clay
And put them on a solid rock.

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[p. 80]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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South Carolina
Johns Island

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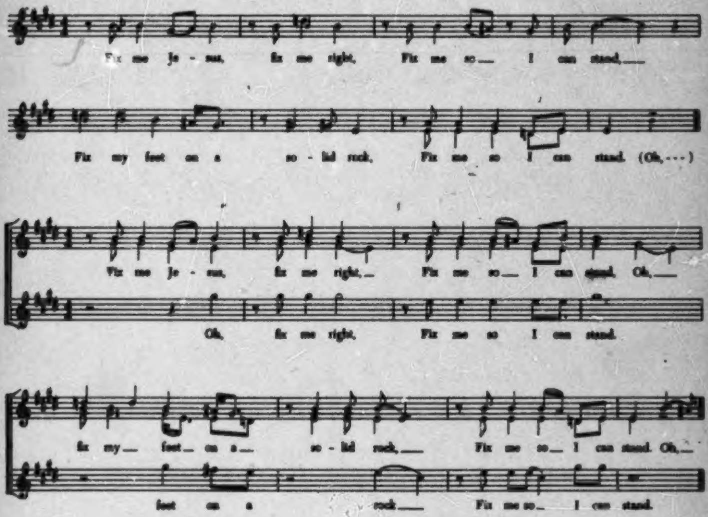
Mrs. Mary Pinckney and the Moving Star Hall congregation

FIX ME JESUS


Fix me Je - sus, fix me right, Fix me so — I can stand, —
Fix my feet on a so - lid rock, Fix me so I can stand. (Oh, - - -)
Fix me Je - sus, fix me right, — Fix me so — I can stand. Oh, —
Oh, fix me right, Fix me so I can stand.
fix my — feet — on a — so - lid rock, — Fix me so — I can stand. Oh, —
feet on a rock — Fix me so — I can stand.

My tongue tired and I can't speak plain,
Fix me so I can stand,
Fix my feet on a solid rock,
Fix me so I can stand.

Fix my home, Lord, fix it right . . . etc.

Fix my family, Lord, fix them right . . . etc.

Fix my neighbor, fix them right . . . etc.

Fix me warrior, fix me right . . . etc.

Fix me Jesus, fix me right,
Fix me so I can stand,
Fix my feet on a solid rock,
Fix me so I can stand.

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Mr. Benjamin Bligen

796

A SERMON: LET NOT THEM THAT EAT DESPISE

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I'm not gonna tarry before you, Warriors. I'm glad to be here to mingle my voice among my sisters and brothers. I hope and trust that if this sermon don't do you any good, I hope it won't do you no harm.

You know you can go from one part of the Bible to the other. God say we should love one another. Let not them that eat despise them that eat not. Let us remember one another. Don't let us be like Dives now. Let us try to be just as Lazarus. Dives despised the poor. Lazarus went and ask just for a crumb that fall from the table, and before Dives had the passion on him to give, he call the dog on him. But the poor beast have compassion and lick Lazarus.

Time going pass and go on. Time come along when the poor man die. He went on home to God and been at rest. Rich man Dives die, and his home was in Hell. When he lift up his eye in Hell and saw Lazarus in Heaven, he began to memorize. He know he didn't do right, but he cries, "Oh Father, let Lazarus come and dip his finger in the water and cool my trials and trouble."

God says, "No. You had all the good times, plenty of money. You didn't need Lazarus at that time. You need him now, but it too late."

Dives say, "I got five brother. Just give me a chance that I may go back and tell them to get their heart right, that they may shun this torment place I'm in."

And He say, "No. I got Moses and I got the prophets; let them hear what they say. If they don't believe the prophets, they won't believe you, Dives."

Pray for me, Warriors. Let us sing like we singing for the last time. Let us pray like we are praying for the last time. Take no thought for tomorrow, for tomorrow the sun may shine on your grave. Jesus told us to dig deep and lay your foundation on a solid rock, that when the storm of life blow against you, you're gonna find your Father rock. If you dwell upon Him, everythin' will be all right. The world can't do you no harm.

4: Carawan & Carawan   B,Z-5 (1959-1988)   1989
NN23   Sea Islanders   NN23
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Mrs. Bertha Smith

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I DON'T KNOW HOW FAR I'M GOING

Good morning, Warriors,
I'm sitting down right now,
I feel like singing and shouting, Jesus,
But I got to be very careful.
I don't know how far in '65 I'm going,
For my heart pump me from one side to the other,
And then it hurt me from one side to the other.
I don't know when my awful day will surely come
And then my appointed hour.

I can say this new brand morning
In another January,
"Are we yet alive to see each other's face."
Oh glory, and praise Jesus,
Give us of His dying and redeeming grace.
I know from last January,
Many days have I looked up on the highway
Wondering which way I must go.
Lord, you know I thank you for this hour of
The morning,
For I know it's none of my goodness,
I know if justice had plumb the line
All my daily travels would have cut off
And then never no more return.

If I shall cut off from God
I don't want to have no gathering to do.
I want to live so that I shall pass from
Life unto death.
I don't know if I going to be in my bed,
And then I don't know if I going to be on the highway.
I know this hour of the morning
I got peace with everybody,
And then I got peace
With all my neighbors' children.
I can say this hour of the morning,
I am just what I am.

Thank you, Jesus,
I don't know how far I'm going,
Got a pain racking the body right now.
And then I got to be very careful, Jesus.
I ask you all to pray for me
So I may be able to run on.

4: Carawan & Carawan   B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mrs. Janie Hunter and the Moving Star Hall congregation

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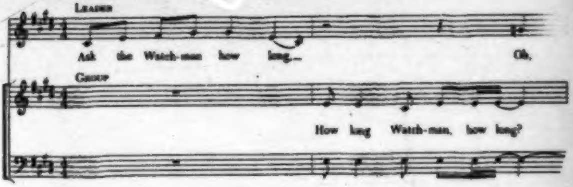
ASK THE WATCHMAN HOW LONG


Leader
Ask the Watch-man how long...
Oh,
Group
How long Watch-man, how long?

Leader: Oh ask my brother how long,
Group: How long Watchman, how long?

In sixty-four how long? . . . etc.
Well, ask my daughter how long . . . etc.
Well, ask my preacher how long . . . etc.

Oh all my neighbors, how long? . . . etc.

Oh before the roll call . . . etc.
Oh just a few more risings . . . etc.
Oh ask my leader how long . . . etc.

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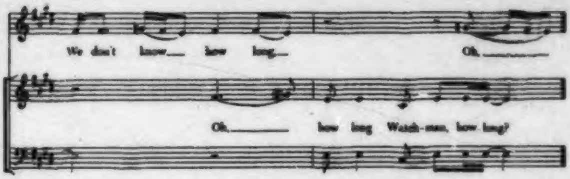
We don't know how long
Oh
Oh, how long Watch-man, how long?

Well, all my neighbors how long? . . . etc.

Oh soon it will be over . . . etc.
Watchman, how long? . . . etc.
You know how long, how long . . . etc.
Ask my friends how long . . . etc.

Brother Jenkins, how long? . . . etc.

Oh, how long, how long,
How long Watchman, how long?
How long, how long,
How long Watchman, how long?

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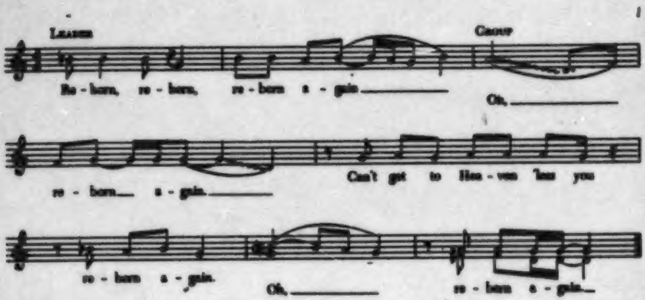
Mr. Benjamin Bligen and the Moving Star Hall congregation

REBORN AGAIN



Leader: Won't you reborn Member, won't you reborn again,
Group: Oh, reborn again.
Leader: Well, you must keep a-rollin', got to reborn again,
Group: Oh, reborn again.

Oh, reborn warriors, won't you reborn again,
Oh, reborn again.
Yes you can't get to Heaven 'less you reborn again,
Oh, reborn again.

Oh, goin' to the river, gonna take my walk,
Oh, reborn again.
Meet Jesus mother, gonna stand and talk,
Oh, reborn again.

Just let me put on my travelin' shoes,
Oh, reborn again.
I'm goin' to Heaven, gonna carry the news,
Oh, reborn again.

Let me tell you the natural fact,
Oh, reborn again.
Can't get to Heaven, ain't comin' back,
Oh, reborn again.

When I get to Heaven, gonna sing and shout,
Oh, reborn again.
There ain't nobody there gonna turn me out,
Oh, reborn again.

When I get to Heaven, gonna sit right down,
Oh, reborn again.
Ask Jesus mother for my starry crown,
Oh, reborn again.

Oh Satan is mad and I'm so glad,
Oh, reborn again.
Lost the soul he thought he had,
Oh, reborn again.

Oh Satan he walking like a snake in the grass,
Oh, reborn again.
He always walk in a Christian path,
Oh, reborn again.

Wonder what Satan keep growlin' about,
Oh, reborn again.
He chained up in Hell and he can't get out,
Oh, reborn again.

Oh one of these mornings and it won't be long,
Oh, reborn again.
I'll see some grapes a-hanging down,
Oh, reborn again.

I pick a grape and I suck the juice,
Oh, reborn again.
Sweetest grape I ever taste,
Oh, reborn again.

Reborn, reborn, reborn again,
Oh, reborn again.
Can't get to Heaven 'less you reborn again,
Oh, reborn again.

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Johns Island

Mr. James Mackey

MORNING

● 539 Here am I again once more, Heavenly Father,
796 The worm of the dust
782 Ready to bow this hour of the morning
On my bruised and bending knee.
Thank you, My Father, for your guardin' angel,
That guard me all night long
Until morning light appear.
And before he went from his watch,
He touch my eyes this morning with a finger of love,
And my eye become open
And behold a brand new Monday morning.
Oh, God, if you so please
Give us that holding out spirit,
That you may own us all
When we done trod across the many street of Charleston.
Oh God, what I say for our neighbors,
And the neighbors' children around in this vicinity,
Oh please, Our Father,
Make them more patient, more acknowledge,
May we love each and one another.
Help us to help each other.
And each other's cross to bear.
And Our Father, if you please,
Remember the President of this United States,
Oh, remember the officials.
And Our Father, once more I say
For the President of the N.A.A.C.P.,
Throw thy arms of protection around them,
May they achieve victory in whatever they may undertake to do.
Lead them, Our Father,
Through the unfriendly world where there's no friendly grace.
We know we must fight to increase our courage
That we may be able to endure the pain.
I ask you to please remember mankind far away,
Whatever his town may be.
Make him realize, that awful day will surely come.
And then have mercy, My Father,
When I done walk the last mile of the way,
Done all that you 'signed my hand to do,
When I shall come down off the stage of action,
Must surrender under the black banner of Death,
Ask you, Jesus, give me a resting place
Somewhere in your Kingdom
Which Job declare
The wicked cease from troubling.
Amen.

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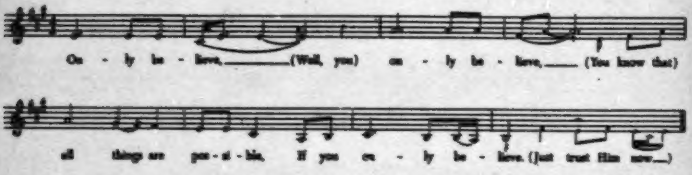
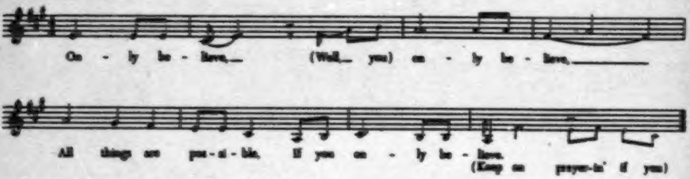
Mrs. Ruth Bligen

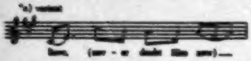
ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE IF YOU ONLY BELIEVE


On - ly be - lieve,___ (Well, you) on - ly be - lieve,___ (You know that)
all things are pos - si - ble, If you on - ly be - lieve. (Just trust Him now___)

ALTERNATE VERSION


On - ly be - lieve,___ (Well,___ you) on - ly be - lieve,___
All things are pos - si - ble, If you on - ly be - lieve.
(Keep on pray-er-in' if you)

*a) variant


lieve, (nev - er doubt Him now)___

Only believe, (well, you) only believe,
(You know that) all things are possible,
If you only believe.

(Just trust Him now) only believe, (well, you) only believe,
All things are possible,
If you only believe.

(Keep on prayerin', if you) only believe, only believe,
All things are possible,
If you only believe.

(Tell the warriors, if you) only believe, only believe,
All things are possible,
If you only believe.

Only believe (never doubt Him now), only believe,
(You know that) all things are possible,
If you only believe.

(He'll be your mother, / father, if you) only believe, only believe,
All things are possible,
If you only believe.

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JACK AND MARY AND THE DEVIL

•539.

This is a old story. Very old. Way back in the time I heard my old parents talk about. Slavery time. Time when the Yankee beat the Rebel. They said it was a true-life story of Jack and Mary.

Jack and Mary was brother and sister. Mary was old enough to keep company, so a young man come to Mary mother house one day, and ask Mary mother could he keep Mary company. Mother ask Mary, "Do you love him?" And she said yes. So mother tell him, "Yes, I don't mind."

So after a while Mary mother tell this young man that he could take her out. But Mary didn't know who this young man was; this young man was the Devil. He had horse feet and he had horn on his head, but he had all of 'em cover.

Jack heard his mother tell Mary she could go, so he went and say, "Mama, could I go with my sister?"

She say, "I don't mind if Mary don't mind." But Mary tell Jack, "No, I don't want you to go with me; you is too young."

The old Devil had a high-top buggy and horse. And Jack had a horse. Well Jack was a very wise boy, so he study a plan, and full his pocket with corn. Then Jack went on ahead, and he get in a store and turn into a gold ring. All that time Mary and her boyfriend get in the cart and began traveling. When they get to the store Mary said, "Oh, I love that ring."

The old Devil--young boyfriend--say, "Jump out and price it."

The man say, "Nine thousand dollar."

Devil say, "Well that just my pocket change." So he got it. All that time Mary didn't know she brother turn to a ring in the store, and that's the very ring Mary have love. She put her brother on her finger and didn't know. And all that time they travel until they get to this young man home. And when they go in, oh he had a beautiful home.

Then when time come to eat she ask what they are going have for supper. He say, "Oh, pull out one of them drawer and cook one them dead man in there."

And then Mary began to get trouble in mind. She realize she was down in Hell. She said, "Lord, when my brother have want to come with me, I should of saw right and let him come."

And then, Jack disappear off Mary finger, say, "Oh Sister, when I ask to come with you, you run me back, but how now?" And then Mary was so happy. Then when time come for go to bed that old Devil put her to bed and fall on the floor and start for sleep. Mary knew that Jack was on her finger. As soon as the old boy got fast asleep, Mary and Jack began to travel.

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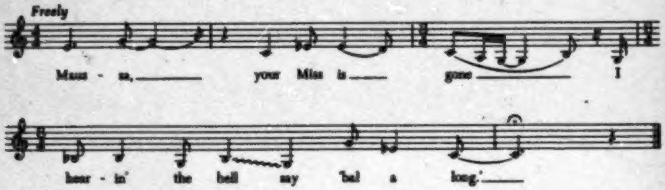
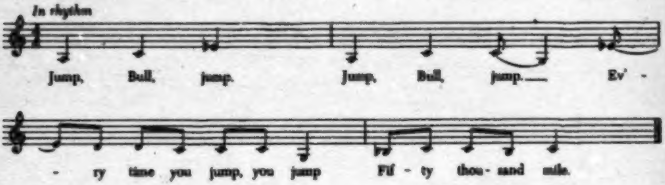
Well the old Devil had a rooster; he was a teller. And as they began to travel, old Rooster get in the Devil face and spur 'em. Say:


Freely
Mas - sa, your Miss is gone I
hear - in' the bell say 'bai a long.'

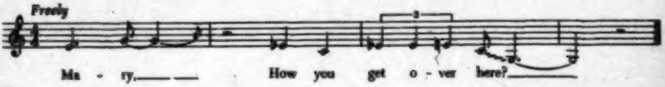
Devil say, "How long gone?"

Say, "Long time."

Then he tell the rooster, "Go down yonder and get my old bull that jump fifty mile away." And the Devil get on the old bull back, say:


In rhythm
Jump, Bull, jump. Jump, Bull, jump. Ev' -
- ry time you jump, you jump Fif - ty thou - sand mile.

Well, he made one jump, he jump right by Jack and Mary, and Jack drop one grain corn, and it turn a ocean of water. And all that time it take for that water to dry up, Jack and sister was far away. Then the Devil made a loud cry, saying:


Freely
Ma - ry, How you get o - ver here?

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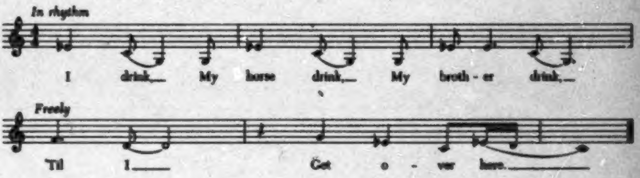
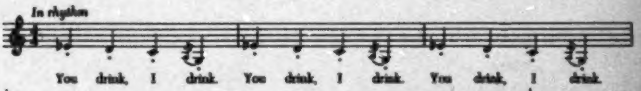
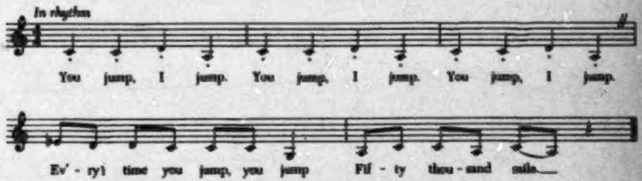
Mary say:


In rhythm
I drink, My horse drink, My broth-er drink,
Freely
'Til I Get o-ver here.

Old Bull say:


In rhythm
You drink, I drink. You drink, I drink. You drink, I drink.

He drink, and bust the bull belly loose, and when he think the bull was going fifty thousand mile an hour, the bull couldn't make but five mile an hour. And old Devil take some string and tie the old bull belly up. And all that time Jack and Mary was far away. Then he get on the old bull back and say:


In rhythm
You jump, I jump. You jump, I jump. You jump, I jump.
Ev'-ry time you jump, you jump Fif-ty thou-sand mile.

And jump right by Mary and Jack. Then Jack drop another grain of corn, and it turn a whole mountain, 'cross and 'cross the world. Old Devil say:

"Mary,
How you get
Over here?"

Mary say:

• 539

"I climb,
My brother climb,
My horse climb,
'Till I get
Over here."

Bull say:

"You climb, I climb,
You climb, I climb,
Every time you climb,
You slide back down."

Now he couldn't climb. Every time the bull climb to catch Mary and Jack, he slide back down. And when he did climb the old mountain down, then Jack and Mary was across a bridge another three miles away, and he was about getting given up in mind. He say:

"Mary, tell me how you
Get over here?"

Mary say:

"I root, my brother root,
My horse root,
'Till I get over here."

Bull say:

"You root, I root,
You root, I root,
You root, I root."

Then old Devil and old Bull root beneath the pine tree, and that pine tree fall 'cross the bridge, the bridge bend, and that's the way that story end.

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Mr. Benjamin Bligen

THE RABBIT AND THE WOLF AT THE DANCE

• 539

The Rabbit and the Wolf been going to a dance one night, and the Rabbit tricky, you know. The Rabbit was in love with the Wolf girlfriend, and the Rabbit want to get close to she. So after they went to a joint, and the music start to play, Rabbit ask Wolf girlfriend to dance. It was a fast dancing record, but Rabbit walk up and tell Wolf, "Wolf, this music call for close dance." He tell Wolf that music call for close dance that he would get a chance to talk with the Wolf girlfriend. Well, the Wolf see him dancing close with the girlfriend, Wolf wouldn't take it for no harm. That was cut and dry, see. Cut and dry.

Mrs. Janie Hunter

THE RABBIT AND THE PARTRIDGE

Everybody think that a rabbit have the most sense, but one day the Partridge outsensed the Rabbit. This day the Partridge went out on a walk, come back home with his head under his wing. On the way back he stopped at Bunny Rabbit's house and say, "Oh Rabbit, how you like my head?" And all the time he had he head under he wing.

Rabbit say, "I like it fine; where *is* your head?"

Partridge say, "You old fool Rabbit, you ain't got no sense. I leave my head home for my wife shave."

The Rabbit take off and went home to his wife, say, "Old Gal, I got a job for you. Come on and chop my head off. I want you to give me a haircut."

She say, "Oh Rabbit, no! I not supposed to cut your head off. If I cut your head off you'll die."

Rabbit say, "No I won't die either, 'cause the Partridge cut he head off, leave 'em home for he wife to shave. I don't see why I can't cut mine off."

So he argue and argue until he make his wife get the knife, and the wife chop the old Bunny head off. And then the Bunny die. The old lady cry. Then she skin the rabbit and eat him.

The old lady went to the Partridge and say, "Partridge, why you did that?" Say, "Why you take your head under your wing and fool the Bunny that you leave your head home for your wife to shave, when you know it wasn't true?"

Partridge say, "Well, you ain't no fool, and if you'll only keep that up, we sure will get along." After that the Partridge have two wives—have his wife and then the Bunny's wife.

BARNEY McCABE

538 We learn some these stories from my uncle, Harry Williams. He was kind of rough, but he really could tell some stories.

● 539 Once upon a time it was a twin sister and brother. The sister name was Mary and the brother name was Jack. One day they decided to go on a long traveling. But Jack was a wise child and he told Mary to go in the house and ask Mother could we go. Her mother say, "Yes, you could go, but take care." So Jack say, "Wait a minute, Sister," and went to the barn and get four grain of corn. And Mary said to Jack, "What you gonna do with that corn?" Jack said, "In a long while, you will see." So he put the corn in his pocket.

Then before he leave home Jack told his mother, say, "Mama, I got three dogs—Barney McCabe, Doodle-le-doo and Soo-Boy. I going to leave a glass of milk on the table. If you see that glass of milk turn to blood, I want you to turn my dogs loose."

So they went on traveling and all the time wondering what was the end going be. Pretty soon it come dark and they begin to get weary. They knocked at an old lady house. The old lady run to the door, say, "Who is it?"

Jack say, "Me, Mama. Could we spend the night here? 'Cause we far from home and we very tired." Old lady say, "Oh yes, come on in."

All that time she was a witch-craft and the children didn't know it. She fed them and put them to bed. She had a knife she call "Tommy Hawk." After she put the children to bed she began to sharpen it up:

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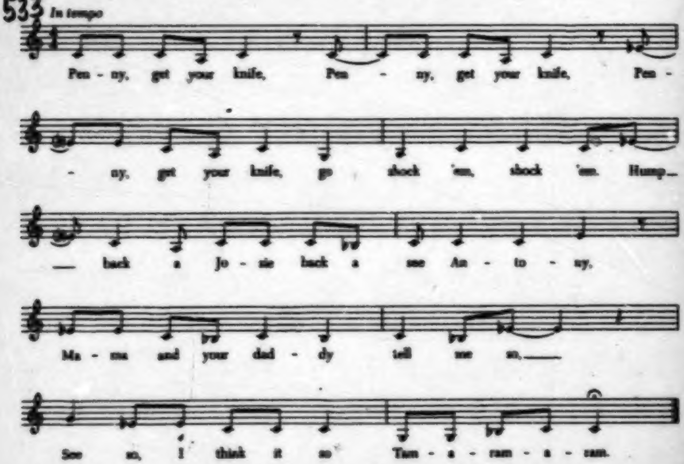
In tempo
Pen - ny, get your knife, Pen - ny, get your knife, Pen - ny, get your knife, go shock 'em, shock 'em. Hump— — back a Jo - sie back a see An - to - ny.
Ma - ma and your dad - dy tell me so,—
See so, I think it so Tam - a - ram - a - ram.

● 539 Children say, "Grandma, what's all that noise? We can't sleep."

She say, "That ain't nothing but your grandma frock-tail switchin' to get your supper hot. You all go back to sleep."

So Jack begin to wonder how they can get out of there. Then he remember the old lady have a room full of pumpkin. Jack takes two pumpkin and put 'em in the bed and cover 'em over, pretend it was he and his sister. Then Jack throw one grain of corn to the window, and it turn into a ladder. Jack and Mary climbed the ladder down and they start traveling for home.

The old lady sharpen her knife faster:

"Penny, get your knife,
Penny, get your knife,
Penny, get your knife, go shock 'em, shock 'em.

Hump back a Josie back a see Antny,
Mama and your daddy tell me so,
See so, I think it so
Tam-e-ram-e-ram."

She didn't hear no noise, so she sneak in the room and chop up the pumpkins in the bed. Then she ran in the kitchen and got a dishpan, and pull back the cover. And when she think she putting the meat in the pan for cook for breakfast, she drop the pumpkin in the pan. And Jack and Mary was long gone.

She get mad, grab Tommy Hawk and flew down on those children. The children drop another grain of corn and it turn a tall pine tree. And Jack and Mary flew up in that tree. The old lady start cut on the tree, say:

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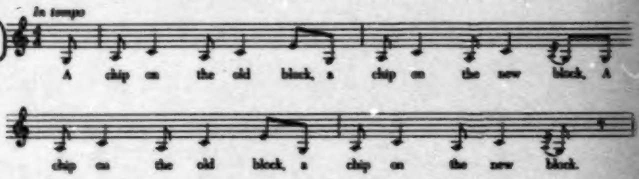
In tempo
A chip on the old block, a chip on the new block, A
chip on the old block, a chip on the new block.

Then Jack drop a grain of corn down from the pine tree, and back home that glass of milk turn to blood. Them dogs begin to holler. Jack's mother (533) ran in the yard and turned the dogs loose. Jack say:

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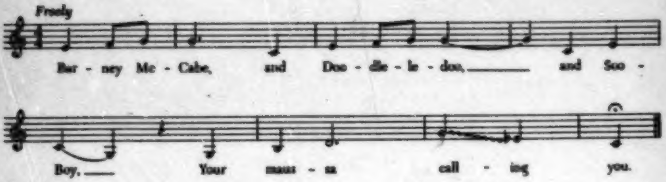
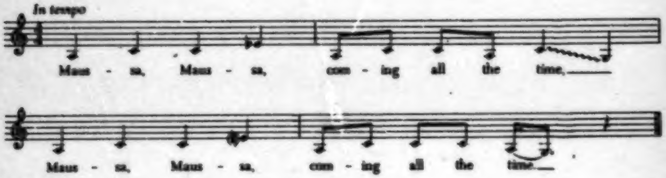

Freely
Bar - ney Mc - Cabe, and Doo - dle - le - doo, and Soo -
Boy, Your maus - sa call - ing you.

Dogs say:


In tempo
Maus - sa, Maus - sa, com - ing all the time,
Maus - sa, Maus - sa, com - ing all the time.

Old witch say:

"A chip on the old block, a chip on the new block,
A chip on the old block, a chip on the new block."

Every time she chip, the tree lean and lean. Jack call:

"Barney McCabe, and Doodle-le-doo, and Soo-Boy,
Your maussa almost gone."

Dogs say:

"Maussa, Maussa, coming all the time,
Maussa, Maussa, coming all the time."

539 Jack drop another corn, the last corn, and it turn a bridge. And then when the old witch pull the ax up for take the last chop and chop Jack and Mary in the head, the dogs ran up. Barney McCabe cut her throat, Doodle-le-doo suck her blood and Soo-Boy drag her on the bridge, the bridge bend and that's the way that story end.

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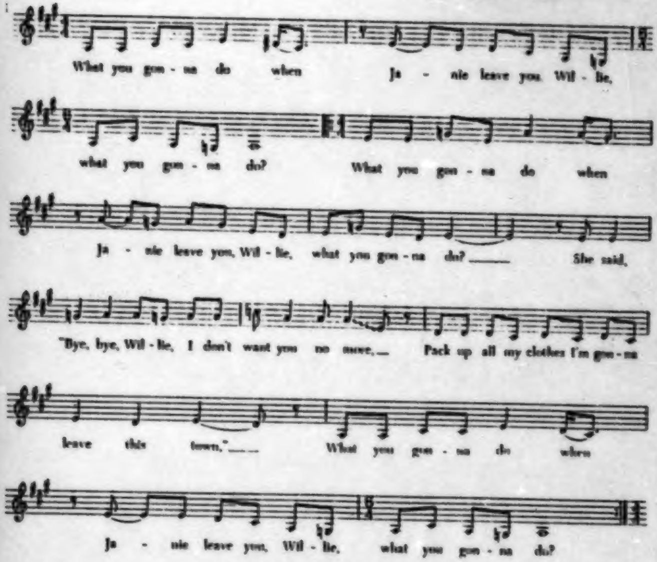
Mr. Joe Hunter

WHAT YOU GONNA DO?


What you gon - na do when Ja - nie leave you Wil - lie,
what you gon - na do? What you gon - na do when
Ja - nie leave you, Wil - lie, what you gon - na do? She said,
"Bye, bye, Wil - lie, I don't want you no more, Pack up all my clothes I'm gon - na
leave this town," What you gon - na do when
Ja - nie leave you, Wil - lie, what you gon - na do?

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What you gonna do when Janie leave you, Willie, what you gonna do?
She said, "Bye bye, baby, I don't want you no more",
Sitting here crying, Janie, please don't go,
What you gonna do when Janie leave you, Willie, what you gonna do?

What you gonna do when Janie leave you, Willie, what you gonna do?
She said, "Bye bye, Willie, I'm putting you down,
Pack up my clothes I'm gonna leave this town",
What you gonna do when Janie leave you, Willie, what you gonna do?

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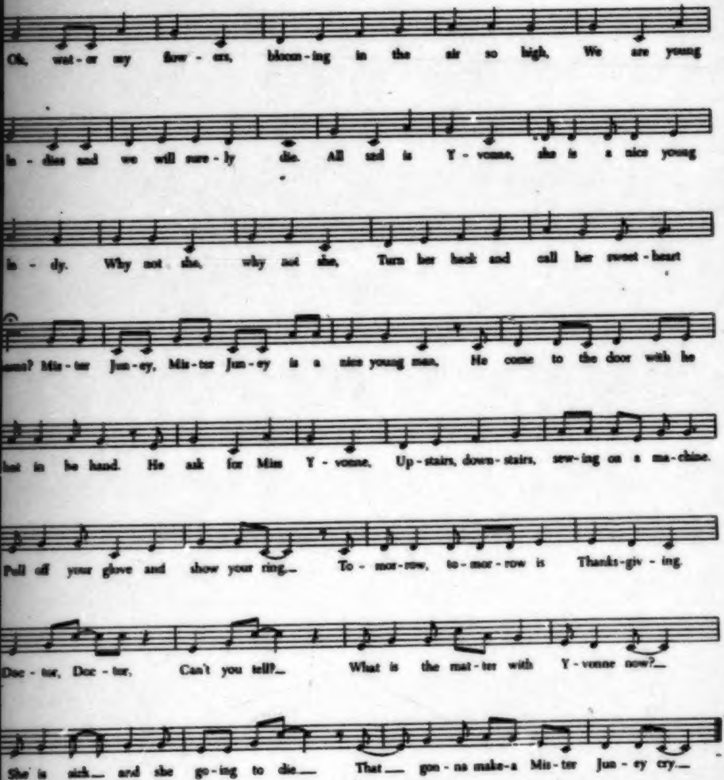
WATER MY FLOWERS


Oh, wat - er my flow - ers, bloom - ing in the air so high, We are young
la - dies and we will sure - ly die. All sad is Y - vonne, she is a nice young
la - dy. Why not she, why not she, Turn her back and call her sweet - heart
ame? Mis - ter Jun - ey, Mis - ter Jun - ey is a nice young man, He come to the door with he
hat in he hand. He ask for Miss Y - vonne. Up - stairs, down - stairs, sew - ing on a ma - chine.
Pull off your glove and show your ring___ To - mor - row, to - mor - row is Thanks - giv - ing.
Doc - tor, Doc - tor, Can't you tell?___ What is the mat - ter with Y - vonne now?___
She is sick___ and she go - ing to die___ That___ gon - na make - a Mis - ter Jun - ey cry___

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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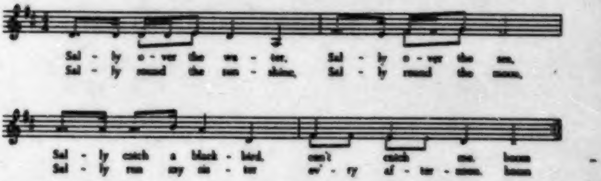
The Hunter and Pinckney children

SALLY ROUND THE SUNSHINE


Sal - ly o - ver the wa - ter, Sal - ly o - ver the sea,
Sal - ly round the sun - shine, Sal - ly round the moon,
Sal - ly catch a black - bird, can't catch me. home -
Sal - ly run my sis - ter ev' - ry af - ter - noon. home

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mrs. Janie Hunter, Mrs. Mary Pinckney, and their children

OLD LADY COME FROM BOOSTER

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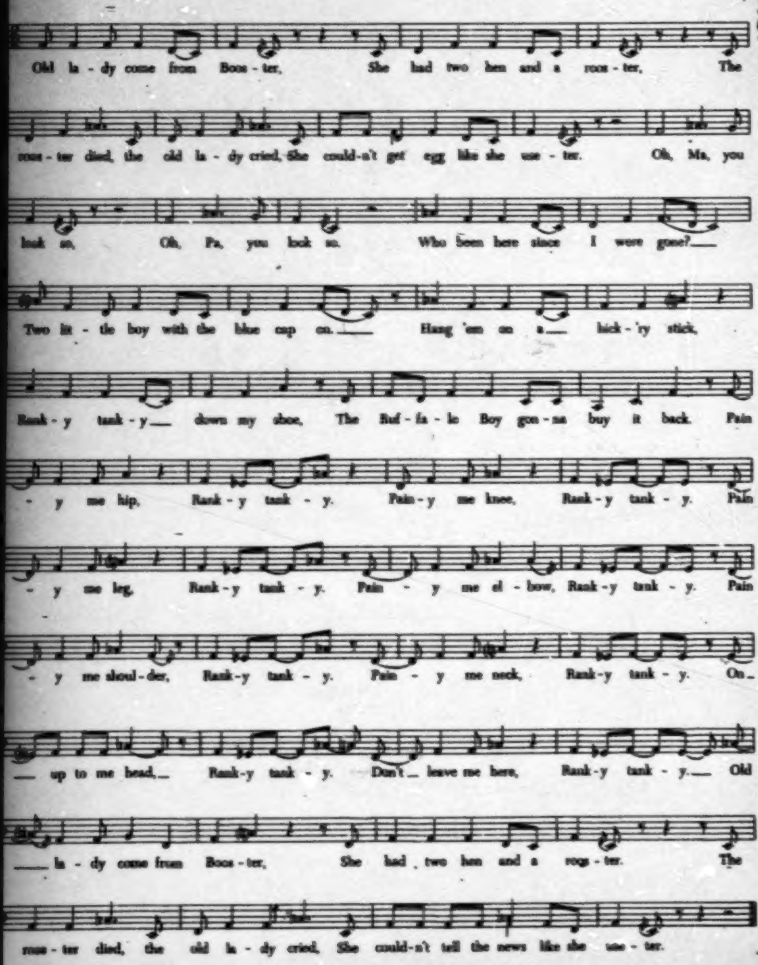
Old la - dy come from Boos - ter, She had two hen and a roos - ter, The
roos - ter died, the old la - dy cried, She could-n't get egg like she use - ter. Oh, Ma, you
look so, Oh, Pa, you look so. Who been here since I were gone?
Two lit - tle boy with the blue cap on. Hang 'em on a hick - 'ry stick,
Rank - y tank - y down my shoe, The Buf - fa - lo Boy gon - na buy it back. Pain
- y me hip, Rank - y tank - y. Pain - y me knee, Rank - y tank - y. Pain
- y me leg, Rank - y tank - y. Pain - y me el - bow, Rank - y tank - y. Pain
- y me shoul - der, Rank - y tank - y. Pain - y me neck, Rank - y tank - y. On
up to me head, Rank - y tank - y. Don't leave me here, Rank - y tank - y. Old
la - dy come from Boos - ter, She had two hen and a roos - ter. The
roos - ter died, the old la - dy cried, She could-n't tell the news like she use - ter.

4: Carawan & Carawan   B,Z-5 (1959-1988)   1989
HN23   Sea Islanders   HN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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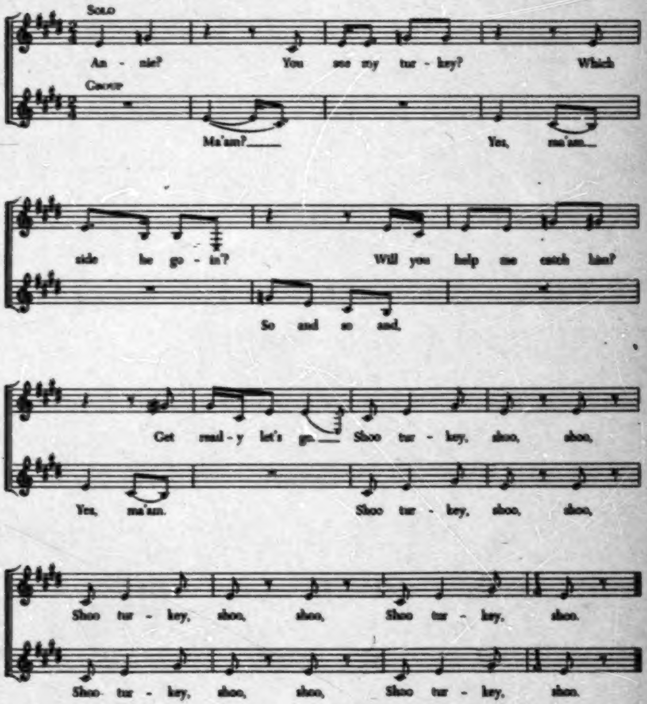
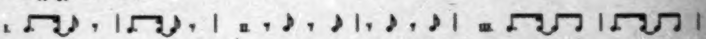
Mrs. Janie Hunter, Mrs. Mary Pinckney,
and their children

SHOO TURKEY SHOO


Solo
An - nie? You see my tur - key? Which
Group
Ma'am? Yes, ma'am.
side he go - in? Will you help me catch him?
So and so and.
Get read - y let's go. Shoo tur - key, shoo, shoo,
Yes, ma'am. Shoo tur - key, shoo, shoo,
Shoo tur - key, shoo, shoo, Shoo tur - key, shoo.
Shoo tur - key, shoo, shoo, Shoo tur - key, shoo.

Clapping pattern when used



4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mr. Benjamin Bligen and the Moving Star Hall congregation

TALKIN' 'BOUT A GOOD TIME

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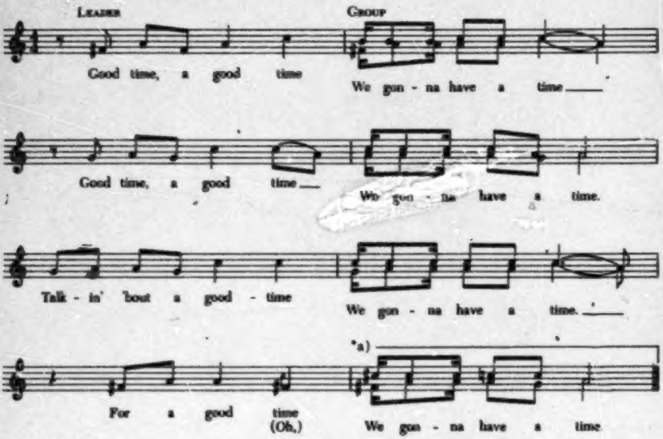
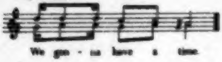

Leader
Group
Good time, a good time
We gon - na have a time
Good time, a good time
We gon - na have a time.
Talk - in' 'bout a good - time
We gon - na have a time.
*a)
For a good time
(Oh,)
We gon - na have a time


*a) variant
We gon - na have a time.

LEADER: Singing for a good time,
GROUP: We gonna have a time,
LEADER: For a good time,
GROUP: We gonna have a time.

Praying for a good time . . . etc.

Let's have a good time . . . etc.

Talkin' 'bout a good time,
We gonna have a time,
For a good time,
We gonna have a time.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Miss Laura Rivers

THAT'S ALL RIGHT

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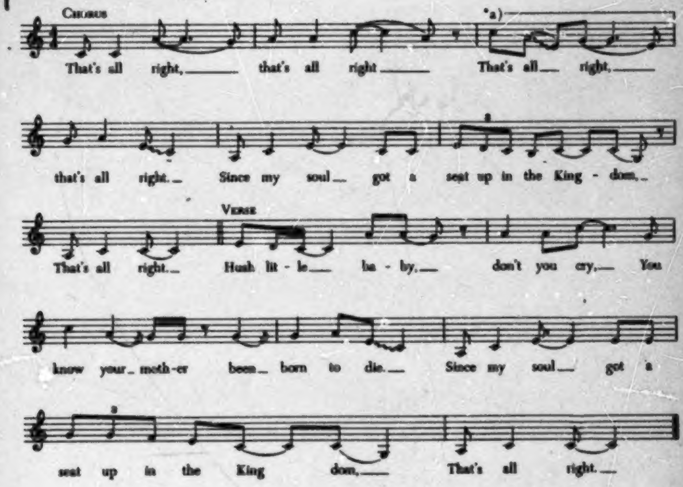
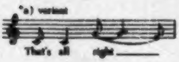

CHORUS
*a)
That's all right, that's all right That's all right,
that's all right. Since my soul got a seat up in the King - dom,
That's all right.
VERSE
Hush lit - le ba - by, don't you cry, You
know your moth-er been born to die. Since my soul got a
seat up in the King dom, That's all right.


*a) variant
That's all right

You go brute me, you go scorn me,
You go scandalize my name.
Since my soul go a seat up in the Kingdom,
That's all right.

(CHORUS)

One of these mornings, it won't be long,
You ask for me and I'll be gone.
Since my soul . . . etc.

Two white horses side by side,
One of those horses Jesus ride.
Since my soul . . . etc.

(CHORUS)

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mrs. Mary Pinckney

DOWN ON ME

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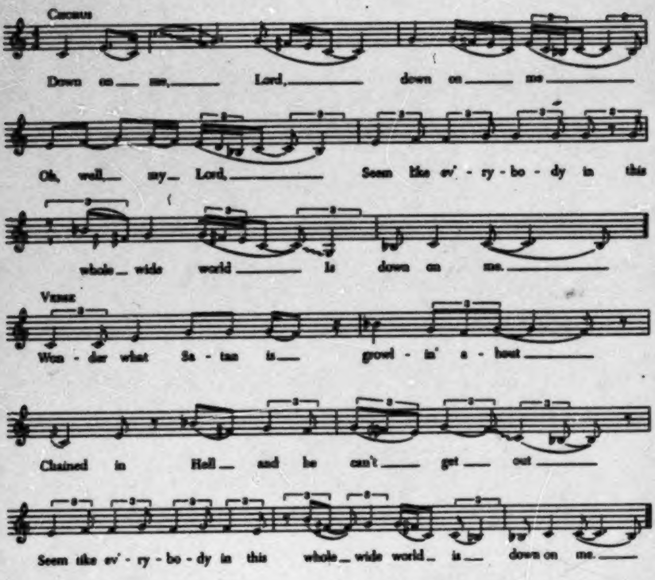
Chorus
Down on me, Lord, down on me
Oh, well, my Lord, Seem like ev' - ry - bo - dy in this
whole wide world Is down on me.
Verse
Won - der what Sa - tan is growl - in' a - bout
Chained in Hell and he can't get out
Seem like ev' - ry - bo - dy in this whole wide world is down on me.

I been buked and I been scorned,
I been talked about sure as you're born.
Seem like everybody in this whole wide world
Is down on me.

When I get to Heaven going to sing and shout,
Nobody there going to put me out.
Seem like everybody in this whole wide world
Is down on me.

You can talk about me just as you please;
The more you talk the more I'll bend my knees.
Seem like everybody in this whole wide world
Is down on me.

One of these days and it won't be long,
You go look for me and I'll be gone.
Seem like everybody in this whole wide world
Is down on me.

(Chorus)
Down on me, Lord, down on me.
Oh, well, my Lord, seem like everybody in this whole wide world
Is down on me.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mrs. Janie Hunter and
the Moving Star Hall congregation

YOU GOT TO MOVE

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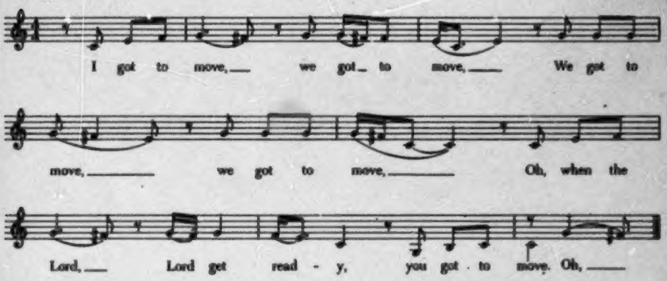
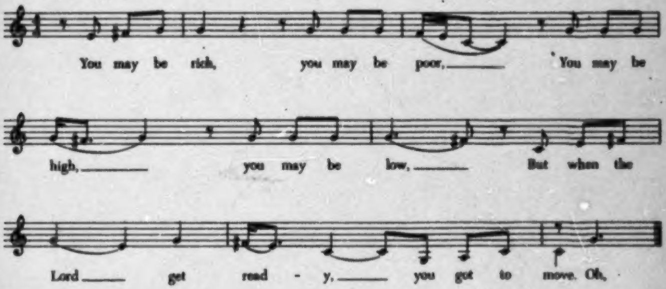

I got to move, we got to move, We got to
move, we got to move, Oh, when the
Lord, Lord get read - y, you got to move. Oh,

ALTERNATE VERSION


You may be rich, you may be poor, You may be
high, you may be low, But when the
Lord get read - y, you got to move. Oh,

My brother move, my brother move,
My brother move, my brother move.
Oh, when the Lord get ready, you got to move.

O sometime I'm up, sometime I'm down,
Sometime I'm almost to the ground.
Oh, when the Lord get ready, you got to move.

Oh we got to move, we got to move,
We got to move, we got to move.
When the Lord, Lord get ready, you got to move.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

The Moving Star Hall congregation

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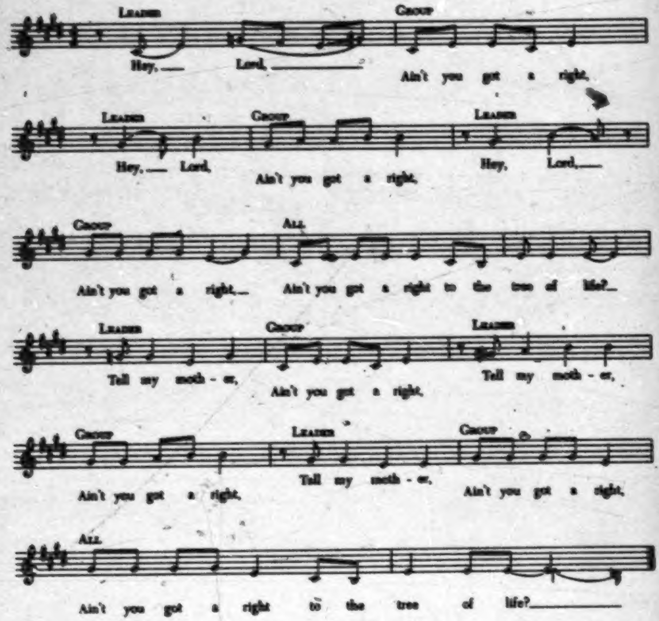
AIN'T YOU GOT A RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE?
• 539


LEADER
Hey, — Lord, —
GROUP
Ain't you got a right,
LEADER
Hey, — Lord,
GROUP
Ain't you got a right,
LEADER
Hey, Lord, —
GROUP
Ain't you got a right, —
ALL
Ain't you got a right to the tree of life? —
LEADER
Tell my moth - er,
GROUP
Ain't you got a right,
LEADER
Tell my moth - er,
GROUP
Ain't you got a right,
LEADER
Tell my moth - er,
GROUP
Ain't you got a right,
ALL
Ain't you got a right to the tree of life? —

LEADER: Tell my father,
  GROUP: Ain't you got a right,
LEADER: Tell my father,
  GROUP: Ain't you got a right,
LEADER: Tell my father,
  GROUP: Ain't you got a right,
ALL: Ain't you got a right to the tree of life?

Tell my children . . . etc.

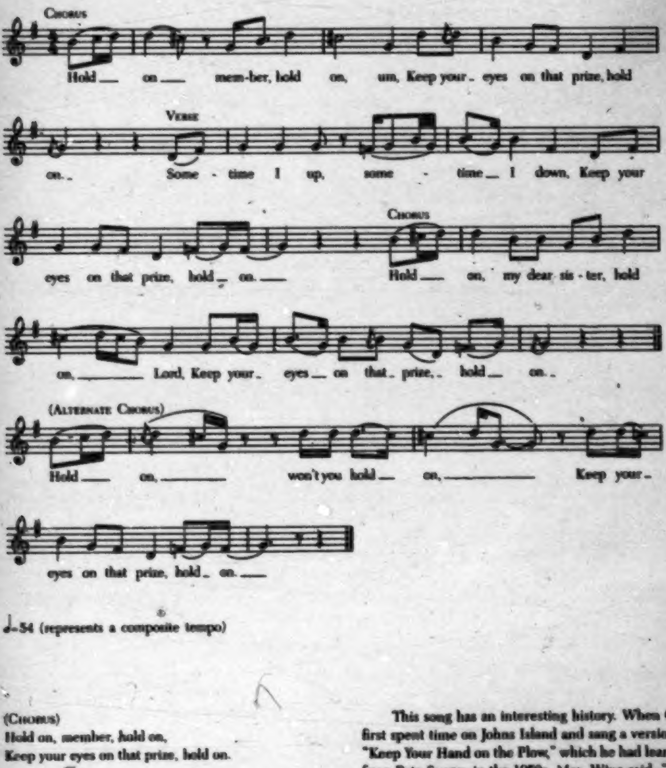
Tell the world . . . etc.

Hey, Lord,
  Ain't you got a right,
Hey, Lord,
  Ain't you got a right;
Hey, Lord,
  Ain't you got a right,
Ain't you got a right to the tree of life?

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mrs. Alice Wine

KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE PRIZE


Chorus
Hold on mem-ber, hold on, um, Keep your eyes on that prize, hold
Verse
on. Some-time I up, some-time I down, Keep your
Chorus
eyes on that prize, hold on. Hold on, my dear sis-ter, hold
on, Lord, Keep your eyes on that prize, hold on.
(Alternate Chorus)
Hold on, won't you hold on, Keep your
eyes on that prize, hold on.

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♩=54 (represents a composite tempo)

(Chorus)
Hold on, member, hold on,
Keep your eyes on that prize, hold on.

(Verse)
Sometime I up, sometime I down,
Keep your eyes on that prize, hold on.

(Chorus)
Hold on, my dear sister, hold on, Lord,
Keep your eyes on that prize, hold on.

[114]

This song has an interesting history. When Guy first spent time on Johns Island and sang a version of "Keep Your Hand on the Plow," which he had learned from Pete Seeger in the 1950s, Mrs. Wine said, "Oh, I know a different echo to that," and sang, "Keep your eyes on the prize." Guy later passed these words on to the young people then involved in the civil rights movement. Those words became the ones sung all across the South as part of the movement.

(668)

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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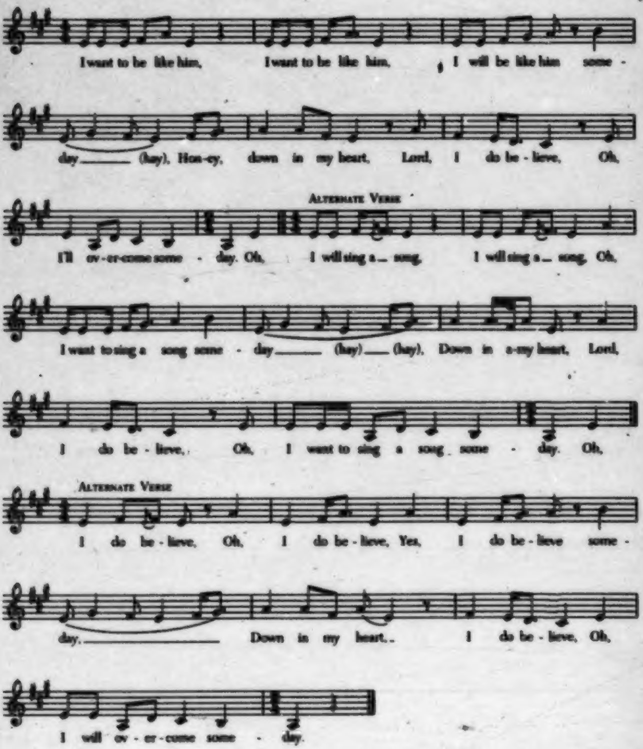
Mrs. Alice Wine

I WILL OVERCOME


I want to be like him, I want to be like him, I will be like him some-
day (hay). Hon-ey, down in my heart, Lord, I do be-lieve, Oh,
I'll ov-er-come some-day. Oh,
Alternate Verse
I will sing a song, I will sing a song, Oh,
I want to sing a song some-day (hay) (hay). Down in a-my heart, Lord,
I do be-lieve, Oh, I want to sing a song some-day. Oh,
Alternate Verse
I do be-lieve, Oh, I do be-lieve, Yes, I do be-lieve some-
day. Down in my heart. I do be-lieve, Oh,
I will ov-er-come some-day.

I want to be like him . . . etc.

I will sing a song . . . etc.

I want to walk like him . . . etc.

I want to pray like him . . . etc.

I'll see the king . . . etc.

Oh, I will overcome, I will overcome, I will overcome someday,
Lordy, down in my heart, I do believe, I will overcome someday.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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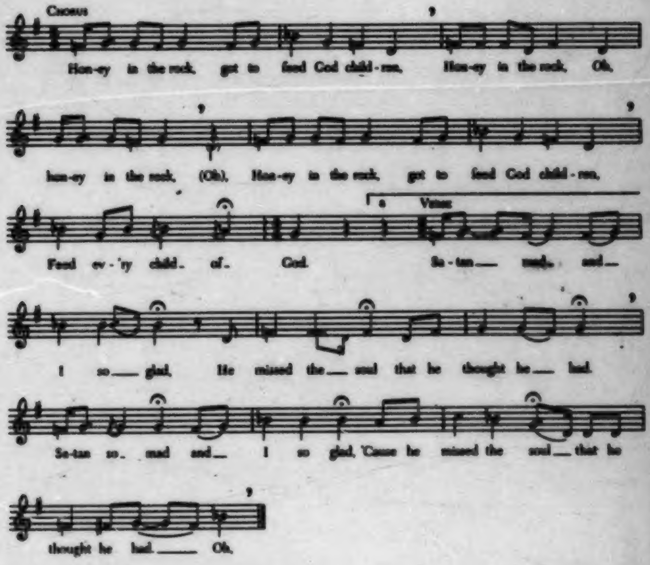
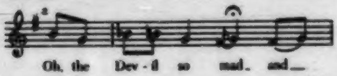
Mrs. Alice Wine

HONEY IN THE ROCK


Chorus
Hon-ey in the rock, got to feed God child-ren, Hon-ey in the rock, Oh,
hon-ey in the rock, (Oh), Hon-ey in the rock, got to feed God child-ren,
Feed ev-'ry child- of- God.
a Verse
Sa-tan— mad- and—
I so— glad, He missed the— soul that he thought he— had.
Sa-tan so- mad and— I so glad, 'Cause he missed the soul— that he
thought he had.—— Oh,

alternate:


Oh, the Dev-il so mad- and—

4: Carawan & Carawan   B,Z-5 (1959-1988)   1989
NN23   Sea Islanders   NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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●539

(Chorus)
Honey in the rock, got to feed God children,
Honey in the rock, honey in the rock,
Honey in the rock, got to feed God children,
Feed every child of God.

Satan mad and I so glad,
He missed the soul that he thought he had.
Oh, the Devil so mad and I so glad,
He missed the soul that he thought he had.

(Chorus)

Oh, 'member, hush little baby don't you cry,
You know that your mother is born to die.
Oh, 'member, hush little baby don't you cry,
You know that your mother is born to die.

(Chorus)

Oh, children, one of these mornings I was walking 'long,
I saw the grapes was a-hanging down,
Lord, I pick a bunch and I suck the juice,
It's the sweetest grape that I ever taste.

(Chorus)
Oh, honey in the rock, got to feed God children,
Honey in the rock, honey in the rock,
Honey in the rock, got to feed God children,
Feed every child of God.

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[p.233]

7: Jackson L-5 (1973-1976) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

● 539 /i bɪne dɹiŋk di βɔre ɛn i gɒt ɹait ɸe ste ie/

* * *

She has partaken of the water
and she has the right to live here.

194 /z/ The voiced alveolar fricative is a reflex of English /z/: [hɔz] 'house', [ɸɹiz] 'freeze'.

4.3. The Texts

128
539 The following texts are included in this study primarily to show the language in context. The selections offer a range of speech styles and topics which manifest many phonological, syntactical, and morphological constructions characteristic of Creole languages. The English version accompanying each transcription obscures many of the Creole patterns. Consequently, an attempt is made to present a word-for-word translation which corresponds with each line of phonetic script. This procedure is more [193] amenable for illustrating underlying Creole constituents such as the complementizer /fə/, the introductory verb /sie/, the future marker /go/ and many constructions other than those specified in this study.

[194] The selected passages reveal specific segmental phonological phenomena such as vowel epenthesis, consonant reduction, assimilation, and various phones corresponding to, or substituted for English phones such as /β/ and /w/: /ɸ/ and /f/: /t/ for initial /ð/ and /θ/; and /ɕ/ and /ʃ/ for /s/. No effort has been made to eliminate false starts, [126] deviant words, or stuttering. Occasionally, it has been extremely difficult to hear certain sequences because of

128 outside interferences in some tapes made with a group or
539 outside in open fields where birds and other natural noises
126 interfered with the clarity of the recording. In such cases the notation (...) is used to indicate that a shorter passage, usually no more than a few words, has been deleted because of unintelligibility.

128 Terminal junctures and pauses have been indicated by a single bar: /

Creaky voice is indicated by a wavy underline: ~

English translations of the preverbal markers and the third person pronominal forms often misrepresent the Creole utterance. The following notations are used to symbolize these forms:

(3 ♂n)	third	person	masculine	nominative
(3 ♀n)	"	"	feminine	"
(3 ønn)	"	"	neuter	"
(3 ♂p)	"	"	masculine	possessive
(3 ♀p)	"	"	feminine	"
(3 ♂p)	"	"	masculine	objective
(3 ♀o)	"	"	feminine	"
(3 øo)	"	"	neuter	"

(PrC)	Present continuative	/də/
(PAC)	Past "	/bɪnə/
(T)	Tense indicator	/bɪn/
(C)	Completive	/dɔŋ/
(E)	Existential	/de/
(Eq)	Equative	/də/
(L)	Locative	/de/

•539

di hɛg hɔə[14]

THE HAG HOUSE

1. ɒɪ wɔəteˑn / ᵑɪ lɪβɪnɪɦɔə bə mɒɪsɛɸ / ɛn ɒɪ wɔz βäɪs ɒɪ wɔz ateˑn
ɪn i hɔ̈s bə mɒɪsɛɸ / dez əd / dɪ ɔldɪtɔpkɔmdɔŋ̣ / ɪʊɸ
*And I was while I was staying in the house by myself, they had,
the, all-the-top-come-down*

2. dɪstɔm tɪọdɪtɔpdɔŋ / bəinɛβə ɪdmi / soizhẽ dɔŋdʒɛzlɛdət / n ɔl dɪ ɔl dɪ
dɪ ɒrə biloo
*The-storm throw-the-top-down. But-(ʒ̃o)-never hit-me.
So-(ʒ̃o)-hang down-just·like-that. And all the, all the the
other board*

3. dɪbood / dɪ βɛɾo bood / junuo ɓaˀ dɪɒpɔɸdɪ hɔə / ˀɒɪt /
*the-board, the weather board, you know 'ba' drop off-the-house.
All-right.*

4. βəˀ ɒɪ wɔz bindɛ[15] / ɛnɛzjunuodedðhəno ɸɪiznɔ̃ / bɔtdɛttɒɪm
*'ba' I was (T) there. And-as-you-know-they-don't-have-no
freeze-now, but-that-time,*

5. jɒnɒdəhəɸɪiz / ɛnβɒɪwɔəteˑndɪhɔə / ɛnɸɪiz / hɒrə ɔl mɛtɪəə /
*yonder-they-had-freeze. And-while-I-was-stay-in-the-house
and-freeze. (I) had-a old mattress,*

6. ɛndɪɸɪiz sitɪk mi dɔ̈ŋ dɔ̈ŋ dɛjəsi / ɛn ɒɪɔ̈d mɒɔ̈lɪ̃ɛɪ /
hĨβɔwɔnkɔmdɛ nβɒɪmɪ n pʊlmiɔp / ɔɸdɪɔl mɛtɪɪə ∦ lɛkdɛt /
aɔ̃ˑm wɔnɔ̈ɪt
*and-the-freeze stick me down down there-you-see. And I-had
my-old-auntie, (ʒ̃n)-was-one-come-back and 'wime' and pull-me-up
off-the-old mattress, like-that. Some one-night*

7. sɔˑm ʙ̃ãɪ ʊi bɪnə liedɔgɛnsɔ̃n bɪn ɔn mʊɪ hied /
some while, I (PAC) lay-down-and-some (T) on my head.

8. ɛn ʊɪ ɔ̃ nuo βə i wɔz / ɛn βen ʊɪ βiekɔp wɔz iʰwɔz ə big kun / bɪn
And, I ain't know what (3ɸ n) was. And when I wake-up, was (3ɸ n) was a big coon (T).

9. ɔnmʊ̃ɪ hied / si / βə βəlɪβɪn lɪβɪn ɔmi / si / ɛn ʌ̃ɸtə dɛ
on-my head, see, was was-living living-on-me, see. And after that

10. ɛnʌ̃ɸtə dɛɔ̃ ʊɪ kɔm ɔut dɪ hɔs / ɛn ʊɪ wɔz / kɔmɔutdɪhɔzʌ̃ɸtəβʊɪl /
ɛn wɔ 'bɪnzɔgdɛ / bʔʊɪbʔʊɪ
and-after-that I come out the house, and I was
come-out-the-house-after-while and-was-(T)-around-there.
But-I-but-I

11. gʊrə gɔn bɛkɪnɛ go-silipɪn dɪ hɔs / jusi / ʊɪ βəhɛnoβiedigo /
ɸə 'silipɪndihɔz / ɛwɔn
got-to gone-back-in-there go-sleep-in the house, you see.
I would-have-nowhere-to-go for sleep-in-the-house. And-one

12. nʊɪt ʊɪ gɔɔnɪnɪ hɔz / ɛn βɛn ʊɪ kɔm ɸə ɸãɪn guɪndɪ hɔs /
night I gone-on-in-the house, and when I come for find,
going-the house.

13. sɔʔm stɛnɔpndɪdodʒəs lɛk dɛi ɔ̃ ʊd no ɦiedɔ̃n ə nɔrɪn lɛkdɛ /
ɛn ʊɪ ɸol ɔ̃dɪɸɹʊɪt sʊɪrə di hɔz / ɛntɔkmʊɪnɪəɸ
some stand-up-in-the-door-just like that-(3ɸ n) aint had no
head-on or nothing like-that. And I fall on-the-right side-of
the house. And-took-my-nerve.

14. ɛnʊɪgoɔnrə di hɔs ɛn kɔl mʊi pɑ̃pɑ̃ / ɛnmʊi pɑ̃pɑ̃ kɔm bɛk /
ɛnlukɪndɪhɔs
And-I-go-under the house and call my papa. And-my-Papa
come back, and-look-in-the-house,

539 *15.* βɪɛɪ lɛrən / ɛn kiɛ dɪ lɛnən bɛk / ɛnəɪ ɛnəɪgɔnaɪɛt bĥɔiɪm /
jəəi / ɛnəɪgɔnĥɔɪnɪm
With-the lantern, and carry the lantern back. And-I
and-I-gone-right behind-(3ᵈ o),

16. ənrədi 'tʃɪmli kɔnə / ... junuodie ɛrɪm klɪə tʃɪmli kɔnə /
under-the chimney corner. ...You-know-they had-them clear
chimney corner.

17. ɛn əɪgɔn βie· bɛʔɔniɸjɔnə / ɛnsilip dĥ nəɪt /
And I-gone way back-underneath-yondor and-sleep that night.

I was living in a house alone. And while I was living alone, the roof was blown off by a storm. And all the weather strippings blew off the house, but none of them hit me. Well, I continued to live there. And, as you know we don't have hard freezes now. But, during the old times past we really had hard freezes. Well, I slept on an old mattress in the house and (one morning I woke up and found that) I was frozen to the mattress. Finally, my old aunt came and pulled me off the old mattress.

Another night, I was lying down and I felt something on my head, but I didn't know what it was. And when I woke up I found a big coon resting on my head.

After that episode, I left the house for awhile, but I had to go back there to sleep because I didn't have anywhere else to go. So another night I entered the house and upon entering, I saw something standing in the door without any head or any resemblance of a head. I lost my nerve and ran under the house and called my father, who came and looked in the house with a lantern and carried it back. He didn't see anything. Well, I followed close behind him and finally decided to rest under the open chimney corner. And that's where I slept that night.

7: Jackson L-5 (1973-1976) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

bɹə ɹɛbɪt[16]

BROTHER RABBIT

●539 1. ə mɛn ɛdə βɛ̈ɪl / ɛndə ɹɛbɪt ɔldətä̃ɪm də dɹɪŋk di wɔɾə /
ʋuţ diə (ə̃) /
A man had a well, and the rabbit all-the-time (PrC)
drink the water out-the,

2. ʋut də̃ mɛn βɛɪl / sɔnɛɸtə βä̃ɪɬ dɪ mɛn pɪt ə tɛɪ biebi
out the man well. So-and-after awhile the man put a tar baby

3. ɔpdɛʰ / ɛn ɛɸɾə i pɪt ə tɛɪ biebi ɔp dɛʰ / di ɹɛbɪt gɔn
up-there. And after (3ḿ n) put a tar baby up there
the rabbit gone

4. ɸə̃ dɹɪŋ̍k / wɔɾə gien / ... sə i tiəl di tɛɪ biebi gud mɔ̈̃nɪn
for drink water again. ...So (3ḿ n) tell the tar baby,
'good morning

5. bəɾəgɛl / gud mɔ̈̃nɪn bəɾəgɛl / ɪɸ ʋɪ tək' dɪs hɛn ɪn
brother-gal'[17] *'good morning brother-gal.' If I take*
this hand and

6. sitɹɔp ju wɔn / juɬ tiək mi mɔnɪn / sə i tək' ɔmɪn /
strap you one, you'll take me morning. So (3ḿ n)
took (3ɸ o) and

7. βɛ̃n ɪn sitɹə̈ɪ kɔm lɛk dɛʰ / bɛm / ...dä̃hɛn fɛsɪn / siə
went and strike (3ɸ o) like that. ...'Bam' that-hand fasten.

8. siə bəligɛl bɹəligɛl / ju kə̃ tiəl mi mɔnɪn / ku kə̃ tiəl mi mɔnɪn /
ju kə̃ tiəl
Say, say, 'Bro-Ligal, Bro-Ligal you can't tell me morning
you can't tell me morning you can't tell

9. mi mɔnɪn / ʊɪ bɛtʃə ɪɸ ʊɪ sitɹæ̃pju wɔn təɪm / aɪ bɛ̃ juɫ tiel mi
me morning. I bet-you it I strap-you one time, I bet you'll tell me

10. mɔnɪŋ / βɛl bɹə ɹæbɹə ɹɛbɪt tə k'əm n bɛm əgɪn / βɛldɛ
morning. Well brother rabbit brother rabbit took (3ɸ o) and 'bam' again. Well-that

11. βəl dɛs ɸɛsɪn / βelo / junuo wɔn tiŋ / ...ɪɸ ʊɪ kɪk' ju wʌn /
Well that's fasten. Well, you know one thing, if I kick you one

12. ʊɪ bɛtʃə bɛtʃə də bɛtʃə juɫ tɛːlmi mɔnɪŋ / tiel bɹə ligɛl
I bet-you, bet-you, (PrC) bet-you you'll tell me morning, tell brother Ligal.

13. iə̃ sie nəm / i tak' də̃ ɸutn / βɔɪmi i lɪkəm iə nɔu /
so so da·da da da dæwɔnɸɛsn / so so gə̃nɪnsie / bɹəligɛl /
bɹəligɛl / ʊɪ tieljumɔnɪŋ / n ɔ̃l ʊɪkætieljumɔnɪn /
jukə̃ kukætiel mi mɔ̃nɪŋ / so i k'ikəmwɔn /
(3^d n) ain't say nothing. (3^d n) took that foot and 'wine' (3^d n) lick (3^d o) here now. So, so, that, that, that, that-one-fasten, so, so gone-and-say 'brother-ligal, brother-ligal I tell-you-morning and all-I-can't-tell-you-morning, you-can't-you can't-tell-tell-me-morning. So (3^d n) kick-(3^d o)-one

14. də̃ɸut ɸɛsn / soə soə æɸrə dɪt / i sie βel o βɛl βel ʊɪ
that-foot fasten. So, so after that, (3^d n) say, 'well oh well I

15. gɔn gɪtʃu nɔu / ʊɪ gɔn gɪcju nɔu / βɛn βɛn i ɦɔ̃ bɛk n βɔɪmi
gone get-you now. I gone get-you now. When, when (3^d n) halt back and 'wine'

539 16. ntek'ɪtdn bɛm / dɑ̃wɔn ɸɛan / so ɔl ɸɛanɔ̃ /
and took (3^{d} n)-head and 'bam' that-one fasten.[18]
So all fasten-now.

17. idʒɛa ãre tiel nɔ / ɛn βɛni lɪkɔp dã tiel lɛk dɛt n i
(3^{d} n)-just had a tail now, and when (3^{d} n) lick-up
that tail like that and (3^{d} n)

18. dɹopəm gien / ɔl fɛan / soe cɛ̃te dɛt ɹe mɛn kõm /
drop-(3^{d} o) again, all fasten. So after that the man come

19. di mɛn kõm sie βɛl aje judə wɔn bɪnə bɪnə dɪɹɔ̃k məː
the man come say 'well aha, you-the one (PAC) (PAC) drink my

20. wɔre ɔl də tɒɪm / sie βãɪ βãju tiŋk ʊɪ βidjudu / βel sie
water all the time. Say, 'why, what-you think I with-you-do?'
Well say

21. ʊɪ gɔn bã ʊɪ gɔn 'tɹ̣o je ɪn də ɸãe / ʊɪ gɔn tɹ̣o /
sie ʊɪgɔntɹojundɪbɹɛəpɛtʃ / jusi /
'I gone "ba", I gone throw you in the fire, I gone throw
say I-gone-throw-you-in-the-briar-batch, you-see.'

22. isie βɛl dõ trodətɹɔmɪ bɹə bɹə ɾɛbɪt / sie tɹɔmɪndɪndɪ /
plistɹɔmindɪndɪ
(3^{d} n)-say well don't throw-(PrC)-throw-me brother brother
rabbit. Say throw-me-in-the-in-the, please-throw-me-in-the

23. ə ndɪbɹəpɛtʃsie / bədõtɹɔmɪndəɸãe /
ah, in-the-briar-patch-say but-don't-throw-me-in-the-fire.

24. jusi / so i də mɛn gɔn 'tokəmin tɹ̣oɪm ɪn di
You-see, so (3^{d} n), the man gone took-(3^{d} o) throw-(3^{d} o) in the

539 25. bre pɛtʃ / so isie u dɪs di plies ʊɪz ɹiezn bɔ̃n / soe soe
briar patch. So (3^{d} n) say, 'Oo, this the place I-was raise-and born. So, so,

26. soe hi gɔ̃n /
So (3^{d} n) gone.

A man owned a well, and a rabbit often drank water from the man's well. So after a time, the man decided to place a tar baby near the well. So when the rabbit went to get another drink of water, he spoke to the tar baby saying, 'Good moring, brother gal.' He spoke again, 'Good morning brother gal. If I take my hand and slap you, maybe then you will tell me "Good morning".' So he slapped the tar baby, 'Bam!' and his hand stuck to him. The rabbit said, 'Brother Ligal, brother Ligal, you refuse to tell me "morning"? I bet if I slap you again, I bet you then you will tell me "morning".' Well, brother rabbit took his other hand and 'Bam!' hit him again. That hand stuck. Well now, he said, 'Brother Ligal, you know something? If I kick you, I bet you, bet you, bet you, you will tell me "morning" then.' The tar baby still didn't say anything. So the rabbit raised his foot and kicked him. His foot stuck.

So he said, 'Brother Ligal, brother Ligal, I said "morning" to you. Now, why can't you say "morning" to me?' So, he kicked him again and his other foot stuck. Finally, he said, 'Well, oh well, I will get you now. So, he reared back and hit him with his head: 'Bam!' his head stuck. The rabbit was stuck firmly to the tar baby now. Everything was stuck except his tail. So, he raised his tail and dropped it, and it stuck.

Finally, the man came and said, 'Well, aha! You are the one who has been drinking my water all the time. Now what do you think I should do with you? I think I will throw you in the fire, or maybe I'll throw you in the briar patch.' The rabbit said, 'Well don't throw me...throw me in the briar patch, but don't throw me in the fire. So the man took the rabbit and threw him in the briar patch. Then the rabbit said, 'Oh, this is the place where I was born and raised. Then he ran.

●539

də bezed ɛn də mɔŋgɪ[19]
THE BUZZARD AND THE MONKEY

1. so də bezedɔnɪsiemtiŋ βrdi mɔŋgɪ / dɪ beze gʌ̃so ʌ̃ŋgɪɪ wɔndie /
So the buzzard-(C)-the-samething with-the monkey.
The-buzzard got-so hungry one-day,

2. hiknolɪt / so hi βɛtudɪ mɔŋgɪmnəmʌ̃ŋ wɔz gud ɸɪɪn jə nou /
(3^{d} n) couldn't-hold-(3ϕ o). So (3∘ n) went-to-the monkey-
(3^{d} n) and-the-monk was good friend you know.

3. i sie bʌmɔŋk / ẽ / ɛβibodi tiŋk mʌ̃ŋkidʒis lɛkokəʔblɛk mʌ̃n ju nou /
kə̣ ɸulɛm
(3^{d} n) say 'brother-monk' — eh — everybody think monky-just-
like-color-Black man you know, could fool-(3^{d} o)

4. beɾi kudn ɸulɛ mɔŋgɪ / a·m / lukjie lɛsgoʔ ju βʌ̃nəgo ɸʌ̃ə ɹɔɪd /
But (3^{d} n) couldn't fool that monkey. Ah — 'look-here,
let's-go, you-want-to-go for-a ride?'

5. isie jie sie ə / ɒɪ dʌ̃ mɔɪn gɔɪ ɸʌ̃ə ɹɔɪd / botʃu· / ɒɪ kẽ ɸlɒɪ
(3^{d} n) say 'yeah', say, ah I don't mind going for a ride.
But-you, I can't fly.

6. ju nɔʊ / ɒɪ õ gaʔnoβi / ɒɪ kẽ sβiŋ / borɒɪ kẽ ɸlɒɪ /
You know, I ain't got no wing. I can swing, but I can't fly.

7. i sie βelnʌ̃ / kʌmɔn aəlʔaəlʔaəlɸ / ɒɪ gaʔ də βiŋ ɒɪl ɸlɒɪ jə /
(3^{d} n) say 'well-now come on I'll, I'll, I'll I got the wing.
I'll fly you.'

8. so də bɛzəd i mʌ̃ŋgɪ dʒʌmp ɔni bezod bɛk / sʌ̃rə sɔkl ɹɔŋ ɛnʃɔʊm
So the buzzard the monkey jump on the buzzard back.
Sort-of circle round and-show-(3^{d} o).

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9. vju ju nou / ɛn bʌzəd sɒrə lɒɪ / sɒrə ʃoʊm ɔ̈ mɛn ɟɔ̈n
view you know. And buzzard start to lie. Start to show-(3ᵈ o) old man John

10. ɸɔ̈m ɹʊisɸɒn / sie si ɔlɛt ɹʊɪs pɔ̈n dɛ / də mɒɪn /
i'dəkɹɔŋ / mɔ̈ŋgɪdəo·l / ɔ̈lɛta·mtieɾəoβadɛ /
farm rice pond. Say 'see all that rice pond there.' '(Eq) mine.' He-duck-around, monkey-(PrC) hold. 'All-that-tata-over-there,'

11. / ɟə mɒɪn / jiea / mɔ·ŋg də ol ɹɛtɔ̈n / so i sie βɛlɛs goəlitl
ɣ̈iə lɪkɛtaɔn
'(Eq) mine.' 'Yeah.' Monkey (PrC) hold right-on. So (3ᵈ n) say 'well-lets go-a-little higher, let-catch-some

12. bɹiz bəmɔŋgɪ / bʌzəd ʃuɾɔp / mɔŋgɪ dəhol /
breeze brother-monkey.' Buzzard shoot-up. Monkey (PrC)-hold.

13. ɛn i gɒɾɔp lɪɾl ɣ̈ɪə / isɒrə ʃɔ̈m dɪ ɸɔ̈n tiŋ /
And (3ᵈ n) got-up little higher, (3ᵈ n)-start-to show (3ᵈ o) different thing,

14. ɛn ʃoʊm dɛ di sɔ̈n n mun / sie siɔ̈l ɪm jɒnə /
and show (3ᵈ o) the sun and moon. Say, 'see-all them yonder',

15. ju nuo ɒɪ gɔrə ɸɐ̈ɪ oβədɛm / soistə isieβəl gɪɾn ɦɔŋgɹɪnɔ /
'you know I got to fight over-them.' So-(3ᵈ n)-start, (3ᵈ n)-say-well getting hungry-now.

16. ɒɪ go dɔ̈k n tɹ̥oi mɔŋgɪ dɒŋzi / so igo ʔəlɪl ɒɪə ɒɪə ɒɪə /
'I go duck and throw-monkey down-see.' So (3ᵈ n)-got a little higher, higher, higher,

17. ɛni sɒrə dɔ̈k / ɛni mɔŋg sɒrə tʃokɔ̈m / isie ɔ̈ mɔŋgi
and (3ᵈ n) start to duck, and monkey start to choke (3ᵈ o). (3ᵈ n)-say, ah, 'Monkey'

•539 18. ɔ̃ ʊɪã duɪn nɔɪn / mɔŋgɪ sie βel lɛsɛrə ɸəsitɹ̣ɛ̃nɔp

ah, 'I ain't doing nothing.' Monkey say, 'well let-start for-straighten-up

19. n ɸlɑɪ ə lɪl ɹaɪt nɔ jugɪɾn əlɪl dɛm hãɪ ɔp ɛɪə / iə

and fly a little right now you-getting a little dam high up in air, hear.'

20. so i gõn lɪl ãɪə / itʃokɔ̃m / ɛisie əmdidimɔ̃ŋkitieldibɔzəd / isie / di bɔzəd tiel dɪ mɔŋgɪ /

So (3^{d} n) gone little higher. (3^{d} n)-choke-(3^{d} o) and-(3^{d} n) say, ah-the-the-monkey-tell-the-buzzard (3^{d} n) say, the buzzard tell the monkey,

21. sie mɔŋgɪ ɹɪlisjohotʰ / ɛn ãɪsɛtju ɸəɸɹi /

say, 'monkey release-your-holt and I-set-you for free.'

22. ɛn di mɔŋgɪ sie βɛl gɒʔ dɛŋ lɛmɪ tiel ju wɒn tiŋ nɔ /

And the monkey say, 'well got dang let me tell you one thing now,

23. ju tiel mi sie ju gɔn ʃo mi də vju / ɛn du dɪs ɛn du dɛt /

you tell me say, you gone show me the view and do this and do that.

24. nɔ ju βie ɔp ɪə / ɑɪ βã tʃu də sitɹ̣ən ɔp ɛn ɸlɑɪ ɹãɪt / tieləm / sie

Now you way up here. I want you to straighten up and fly right.' Tell-(3^{d} o)-say,

25. bɔzəd tiel sieβel βelə ɹɪlis ɹɪlis jo hot nãɪl sɛtʃu ɸɹ̣i / sə lui /

Buzzard tell, say 'well-well-ah-release-release-your holt and I'll set-you free.' So Louie,

.539 26. lui dʒɔdɪn ɹɛt dɛ ɹɛkɔd ju nuo / ɹɛt nɔ βikn siŋ dɛt
Louie Jordon write that record you know. Right now we can sing that.

27. sitɹ̣ɛnɔp ɛn ɸlaː ɹãɪt / ɦuɛndəstɛn βã əm sie nɔ /
'Straighten-up and fly right.' 'Who-understand what I'm say now?'

28. sitɹ̣ɛnɔp ɛn ɸlaː ɹãɪt / sitɹ̣ɛnɔp ɛn ɸlaː ɹãɪt /
dulɔŋ pɛpɔ dõ ju blo jo
'Straighten-up and fly right, straighten-up and fly right, do-long papa don't you blow your

29. tɹ̣ɔmp / ẽ dɛ βãi sie /
trumpet.' Ain't that what (Jɔ́ n) say?

So the buzzard did the same thing to the monkey. The buzzard got so hungry one day that he was unable to restrain himself. So he went to his good friend the monkey. The buzzard, like everyone else, thought the monkey was like a colored or black man, you understand, easily fooled. But he couldn't fool that monkey!

The buzzard said, 'Look, do you want to go for a ride?' The monkey said, 'Yes, I don't mind going for a ride, but you see, I can't fly. I don't have any wings. I can swing, but I can't fly.'

The buzzard said, 'Come with me, I have wings and I will fly you around.'

So the monkey jumped on the buzzard's back. He began to circle around and show him the view, you see. Then the buzzard began to lie. He began to show him old man John's rice farms and other things. He said, 'See all those rice farms: they belong to me.' He ducked, but the monkey held on to him.

The buzzard said, 'You see all of those potatoes: they belong to me too.'

The monkey continued to hold on to him. So he said, Well let's go a little higher and get some more fresh air, brother Monkey.' The buzzard shot up!

539 The monkey still held on.

So he flew higher and higher and began to show him different things. He showed him the sun and moon. He said, 'See all of those; you know I have to fight to maintain my rule over them.'

Then the buzzard began to get hungry. He said to himself, 'I am going to duck and throw this monkey down.'

So he flew still higher, higher, and higher. Then he started to duck. But the monkey choked him. He said, 'Monkey, I am not doing anything.'

The monkey said, 'Well let's straighten up and fly right. You are getting a little dam high up in the air.'

So the buzzard flew even higher. The monkey began to choke him again. So the buzzard said, 'Monkey release your hold and I will set you free.'

The monkey said, 'Well got dang, let me tell you one thing now. You told me you were going to show me the view and do this and do that. Now you have flown all the way up here. I want you to straighten up and fly right.'

The buzzard said, 'Well release your grip and I will set you free.'

Louie Jordan wrote that record you know. Right now we can sing it. [Sings:] 'Straighten up and fly right. Straighten up and fly right. Straighten up and fly right. Do long papa don't blow your trumpet.' Isn't that how it goes?

• 539

di soəl ɛn di spəɪt[24]
THE SOUL AND THE SPIRIT

1. lɪsn mi gud nɔu / βɛn ju daɪ nɪs wə̃l / jusi / dɪ dɪ dɪ so·əl
Listen me good now: when you die in-this world, you see,
the-the-the-soul

2. əβə mæ̃n go ɦom du di kɪŋdəm ə gɔd / bɔt juə speit
of-a man go home to the kingdom of God, but your spirit

3. stɪls iə ɔn ɔʔt / ɛn ɪɸ ju βədɪ dɛβəl ɪn ɒl juə diez /
still's here on earth. And if you was-the devil in all
your days

4. juə speit / ǣtə jo died / joə speit kə du di siem tiŋ / juə speit
your spirit, after you dead, your spirit can do the same thing.
Your spirit

5. juə soəl ə̃p dɛ / bɔt juə speit dɛ ɹɛʔ dɔŋ də iə βɪd
Your soul up there, but your spirit (L) right down (L) here with

6. di bəri / ɛn dæ̃s də wɔn gɔ gɔ du də ɸɛk tu ju / ju si nɔ nɔ
das das βɒɪ ɒɪ sie dɪs nɔ / ə lɒs ə̃ pipl̩
the body. And that's the one gone gone do the effect to you.
You see now now that's that's why I say this now.
A lot of people

7. dõn biliɸ / sie sie sieiz no guos / iz guos dɛə / bɔt nɔ sensɪ
don't believe. Say say say-is no ghost. Is ghost there.
But now since

8. di ʔǣromobil n tiŋ kɔm / n gɪt dɪ həɪβie nɔ / jusidiz diz tiŋ
the automobile and thing come and get the highway now.
You-see-these these thing

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9. kăɪnə tɛk tu wud / ăɪ mɛmbə wɔnăɪt / βi βi bɪn ɔut
kind-of take to wood. I member one-night we we (T) out

10. n di ɹɛβə / wɔʰɔnʔ wɔ wɔtʃɛkɪn ʃiβɪms / ɛnəβɛn ɒɪ luk / wɔ ə̆
in the river, was-hunt - was was-catching shrimps.
And-ah-when I look, was a

11. mɪn mi ɸə̆s kə̆zn ɹɛɾɔpdil / βi bɪn ɪn kɹɪk / ɛn βɛn ɒɪ luk bɛk
me-and me first cousin, right-up-the-hill, we (T) in crick.
And when-I look back

12. bəʔɒɪn βi / i wə̆z ə kɔɸɔm bɪn bəhəɪn βi / dɛ nătʃəl
behind we, (3 ɸ n) was a coffin (T) behind we. The natural

13. bɔn kɔɸɔm gɛl ʃəin dɔŋ dɪ kɹik /
born coffin gal shine down the crick.

14. ɛn βɛn βɛn i gɛt ɔpə kloə tu βi ɸă ju tu da kă·jə̆na / i tɛkʾ
And when when (3 ɗ n) got up-a close to we far you to the
car-yonder, (3 ɗ n) take

15. daʔma·ʃ / ɛn daʔ maʃ bɪnə lie dɔŋ dis / lie dɔŋ dʒɪə lɛk dăt /
that-marsh. And that marsh (PAC) lay-down just, lay-down
just like that.

16. ɛn ɒɪ bɪnə sɪɾɔŋ ɛn ɒɪ ə̃ nə̆ ɒɪ bɪnə ɪnəsi / si ... /
And I (PAC) sit-down and I ain't know I (PAC)
in-a-seat. See...

17. jiɛ / də nɛ·tʃəl kɔɸɪn / də nɛ·tʃəl kɔɸɪn kɔmɪn dɔŋdiɹɪβə / siβɪm
yeah the-natural coffin, the-natural coffin coming
down-the-river, swim

18. dəsəspɛɪt nɔu / jiə / kɔmɪn dɔŋ də ɹɪβə / ɛn βɛn / ʔɒ̰ʔə βi / dɪsbɔi
That's-a-spirit now. Yeah. Coming down the river.
And when After we, this-boy

539 **19.** tɔk βiɾɔm / hidis / ɕɪϕ wɔn svid oβɔndə mäʃ jusi / ɛn hi sitɛt
talk with-(3♀ o), (3♂ n)-just shave one side over-in-the marsh, you-see. And (3♂ n) start

20. tʊ lie da maʃ dɔŋ / ɛn lɛϕ da maʃɛn gönɔpnɪiedʒ ədawʊd / ɛn laʔ da wʊd
to lay that marsh down, and left that marsh-and gone-up-in-the-edge of-that-wood, and lord that wood

21. bɪn bɐut ϕɔ ϕɔm βi·z də kɜɪk / ɛn ju kədə jɛɾi ɔu i kieɔntɔpida ɪn da wʊd /
(T) about far from we-as the crick. And you could-have heard how he carry-on-top-of-that, in that wood.

22. βiel nɔdiztinɪzdɛ nɔ /
Well now-those-thing-is-there now

23. nɔ ɛβibodi ʞɛ̃ ɕɔ̈əm / bɔt ju gɒt ϕiłɪn ju ʔkɡ ɕɔ̈əm / βiel ɒɪ ɐ̈d wɔn dɔɾə ... no
No everybody can't see-them. But you got feeling you can see-them. Well I had one daughter, ... no,

24. ɒɪ ɦɐ̈č wɔn dɔɾə / ɪnnu jɔk ɹɐ̈it nɔu / n hi kuɾə stɛnɛni iβinɪn / ɛn ʃuə ju /
I had one daughter in-New York right now, and (3♀ n) could stand-any evening and show you

25. n ʃuə ju dɪ dɪ də pɜən / ŋgə ʃö ju tuətɹ̣i pɜən / ɕɔᵊm ɹɛit ɕjɔndə
and show you the, the the person, and could show you two-three person, 'See (3♂ o) right yonder,

26. dɛ̈dɪ də stɛnɔp / ɛn ɒɪ kudn ʃɔɔm ϕə ɕieβ mɒɪ doɪŋ lɒɪϕ
daddy, (PrC) stand-up,' and I couldn't see (3♂ o) for save my dying life,

539 27. ɛndʌ̈ gjɛl bɪn dʌ̈ βie bɪn dʌ̈ βie til / dɛ̈m tɪŋ justə ɸɹɒɪdəm / ɛn dɛn ɒɪ kiɛm tu dɪ ... ɒɪ kiɛm
and-that gal (T) that-way, (T) that way til them thing use-to frighten (3♀ o) and then I carry (3♀ o) to-the, I carry-(3♀ o)

28. tə de ɦɒsipɪɾɪ / ɛn βɒ nɛ̈m pipl du βiɾəm nɛ / ɒɪ dɔ̈ no /
to the hospital. And what them people do with-(3♀ o) there, I don't know.

29. bɔ ɸʌ̈m ɔpdʌ̈ tɒɪm ɪn ɔpnɔ / ʃi neβə dɪ si nɔn nɔmo / ...
But from up-that time and up-now, (3♀ n) never did see none no-more. ...

30. hi mɔs bi bɔ̈n βɪd sʌmp ɸə ʃɔəm /
(3♀ n) must be born with something for see (3ɸ o)[28]

31. ɸə si ʃi kuɾə ʃɔəm ple·en / juno / iˀ i ʃɔəm nɛ·tʃəl juno /
For see (3♀ n) could see-them (it) plain, you-know (3♀ n), (3♀ n) see-them (it) natural, you-know.

32. didɪs də sitanɔpdʰɛi ʃʌ̈m / jie ɛndɛnʌm / βiel ə o əlɒtsa pʰipl ə
Just-just (PrC) stan-up-there-(3♀ n) see-them. Yeah. And-then-ah, well, oh, a-lot-of people, a

33. əholɒ·tsa pʰipl jugoβɪdnɔ kɛ̃ ʃʌ̈m / kɛ ˈʃʌ̈mɛn tʰɛ / ju ˈtʰuə /
a-whole-lot-of people you-go-with now can see-them, can see-them-and tell you too!

34. si si dʌ pɜsn jɒna / jieə ... jieə ... / dʌs ɹɛ̈it / jiə ju kʊ
see, see that person yonder. Yeah ... yeah ... that's right ... Yeah, you could

35. ɸɪlɒm / jiɔ ... mʌ̃ˀ / dʌs di ol dɛβəl / βiel nɔnɔ ... ju no
feel (3♂ o) Yeah ... mah ... That's the old devil. Well now-now ... you know

36. βɔɪ ʊɪ tɔk bɔˀ sə̃mtɐɪm yu go bəjəsɛɸ / ɪɸ ju dis wɔk /
Why I talk but sometime you go by-yourself. If you just walk

37. n sə̃mtɐɪm ju ɸɪl 'timəɹɪdʒ / sə̃mtɐɪ ju ɸil lɐka jʊ ɦiə /
and-sometime you feel timeridge, sometime you feel like your

38. luklɐi / ju ɸil / ju gɪt 'timə,ɹɪdʒ ... / das ɹɐit /
look-like you feel you get timeridge ... that's right

39. βiel ju si ə / juəspɐɪt hɪt da iβəl ɸɛlə / ɛn juə spɐɪt
Well you-see your-spirit hit that evil follow. And
your spirit

40. kɔm bɛk tuju /
come back to-you

41. dʒɪs lʌk ə βɛn ju go ɪn bed dɪ nɐit ɸo silip βɛnjugoɪnbedinɐit /
ɸə tiek ə ɹɛs /
Just like a when you go in bed the night to sleep,
when-you-go-in-bed-the-night for take a rest.

42. βel də spɐit lɛɸ dɪ bɐɾɪ / si θɛn juə spɐit lɛɸ dɪ bɐɾɪ / juə
Well the spirit left the body. See when your spirit left
the body your

43. spɐit go ɪn dɪɸə̃n pə̃t ə dɪs kɔntɹ̩i / ɔloβə / ɛn dɛn sɔmtä̃ɪm
spirit go in different part of this country. All-over.
And then sometime

44. βen də ɦɪt də̃ iβəl spɐit / βen ju siəm ɹɔn / kɔm bɛk də ju
when (PrC) hit that evil spirit, when you see (3ɸ o) run,
come back to you

45. ɛn mɛʒ ju skiə njoə bed / sɔmtɐɪm ju mä̃ˀ ɦɔlə sɐirəsə̃mlɛkdɛt /
si juə spɐit kɔm
and make you scare in-your bed. Sometime you may holler
beside-some-like-that. See your spirit come

●539 46. bɛk nju ɸɹãin / no ju kẽ silip si / ɛn dɛn ju ʞẽ ßiekɔ̃p / dispeit dõ
back an-you frighten. No, you can't sleep, see, and then you can't wake-up. The-spirit don't

47. kõm bɛk tu ju / nɔ ɪɸ də speit dõ kəm bɛk tu ju / ju nuo ju
come back to you. Now if the spirit don't come back to you, you know you

48. dɛ / ɪn ɔrə wəd / ju ẽ die oɸə hɪə / nɔdǣ tɹ̣uɸ / nɔ /
there. In other word, you ain't there over here. Now-that truth, now

49. nɔ dæ̃s tɹ̣uɸ / ju gɪt dɪ beɪbl ɛn ju ɹiɛəm / dæ̃s tɹ̣uɸ /
Now that's truth. You get the Bible and you read (3ɸ o). That's truth.

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775 Listen well now, when you die, you see the soul of a man goes home to the Kingdom of God. But, your spirit remains here on earth. And if you were an evil-doer all of your life, then after you die, your spirit can continue doing the same kind of evil. Your soul is in heaven, but your spirit remains here on Earth with the body and that's the one that will harm you.

You see, I speak of this now because a great many people don't believe. They say that ghosts do not exist. But, they do exist. But now, since the automobile and other transportation overruns the highways, these spirits have sought refuge in the woods.

I remember one night we, my first cousin who lives up on the hill and I, were out in the river catching shrimp. And when we looked behind us, we saw a coffin, a natural coffin, Miss, shining down the crick. And when it came as close to us as the distance between you and that car, it disappeared into the marsh. The marsh separated from the burden and layed open. And I found myself sitting down without knowing when I became seated... Yes, it was a natural coffin swimming down the river. Now that was a spirit coming down the river. Well, after (my cousin) spoke with it, it turned sharply to one side, flattened the marsh and went up in the woods' edge only a distance as

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far as from us to the crick, and Lord you could hear the confusion as it 'carried on' in those woods. Well, these things do exist.... No, everybody can't see them. But if you are sensitive you can feel them. I have a daughter in New York today, and she could on any evening, show you one ghost or two or three ghosts. 'See it standing right there, daddy!' But I couldn't see it to save my dying life. But she had always been frightened by ghosts. Finally, I took her to the hospital and I don't know what the hospital personnel did to her, but since that time she never has seen any more.... She must have been born with something to be able to see them because she could stand and see them plainly and naturally. Yes, well, a great many people, a great many people that one associates with now can see them.. They can see them and point them out to you. 'See that person over there.' Yes.... Yes.... That's the old devil. Well now, you know that I often exaggerate, but sometimes you walk alone, and if you feel a tremor as if your hair feels strangely on edge...that's right. Well, you see (774) your spirit has touched that evil spirit and your spirit has come back to your body.

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[513]
For example, when you go to bed at night to sleep, to rest, the spirit leaves the body and when it leaves it goes in different parts of this country, all over the world. Sometimes when it comes in contact with an evil spirit, it runs back and scares you. You see, your spirit comes back and frightens you and you can neither sleep nor wake up. But if the spirit doesn't return to the body, you know that you are in heaven. In other words, you are not in the body here on earth. Now that's the truth. You get your Bible and read it. That is the truth.

19 speakers other than those consulted for the pronominal count. Similarly, *he own* and *she own* are often heard and were recorded by Turner (1949) and Cunningham (1970).

193 128 11. The neuter possessive pronouns are excluded from this analysis because they occurred too infrequently in the data. Nichols (1976) also notes the infrequency with which they appeared in her study.

19 12. Hancock's word list supplies most of the means for comparison of words in the Atlantic creoles unless specified otherwise. (Hancock 1970:7-72).

194 13. The selection of a rounded or unrounded variant of /ɐ/ has not yet been associated with factors of style, sex, age or other variables.

539 776 775 14. *Hag* has an unusual meaning for the Islanders. It can mean a person, man or woman, dead or alive. For this narrative, it is used to refer to a haunted house—a house inhabited by spirits or one living person with unusual powers.

115 193 539 15. This consultant's speech exemplifies the system of rule changes discussed earlier. He consistently uses the English past tense marker along with the Creole *was bin*. The fact that *was* is FOLLOWED by *bin* is an indication that the Creole form is the self-correction and that the speaker relies more heavily on the Creole form to make himself understood.

000 himself understood.

539 (538) 16. The speaker repeats words and whole phrases for narrative effect.

17. *The Tar Baby* was told to the speaker in the manner in which he retold it, and he does not know why the tar baby is called *Brother Ligal*. In fact, he seemed surprised that I asked, though no version that I had heard before mentioned the tar baby by name.

[538] [193] 18. The narrator consistently used *that one* to refer to the rabbit's limbs and head. He apparently repeats the phrase to avoid using the pronoun *it*, which is not yet an established vocabulary item in Gullah.

[538] [171] 19. *The Buzzard and the Monkey* is in the genre of the Ananse and other animal tales told on the Sea Islands and throughout the Caribbean. The monkey personifies the Black man who is THOUGHT to be naïf and unsophisticated by the socially mischievous Buzzard. The Buzzard is the trickster and personifies anyone who must be taught a lesson on Black ingenuity.

538 193 20. Gullah contains few consonant clusters, and speakers maintain the CVCV pattern by epenthesis or by deleting consonants; this pattern also occurs in Jamaican Creole:

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1. *snake*	[sinick]	$\emptyset \to V / C \_\_ C$
2. *program*	[pogɛm]	$r \to \emptyset / C \_\_$
	[pogəm]	neutralization

[197]

21. The verb *say* is formulaic and appears after communicative verbs to introduce objective clauses or direct quotations. This practice is paralleled in Twi, Ewe, Mende and Igbo (Turner 1949:211). Similar constructions occur in Jamaican Creole, Tamil, Bengal, and Marathi.

22. /nə/ is a negative resulting from the assimilation of /no/ and /də/, a form of the verb 'to be'. Before negative transformation, the sentence would read /ɪm də lɔɪ/ 'he is lying.' After negative placement and assimilation, the sentence reads /ɪm nə lɔɪ/ 'he is not lying.'

23. /unə/ is a pronoun form marking second person in Gullah. It has an identical parallel in Igbo U, NU, (Turner 1949:227).

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24. This speaker is deeply religious. The tripartite division of body, soul and spirit is unparalleled in European religions. I was informed by an Igbo consultant that this concept is widespread in West Africa. According to this Gullah speaker, the spirit remains on earth with the body after death, but the soul progresses home to the kingdom of God. Depending on the deceased person's lifestyle, the earthly spirit may be good or evil. In life, the spirit leaves the body periodically to roam and wander

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539 774 while one sleeps. If the living spirit comes in contact with an evil spirit, living or dead, while outside of its sleeping body, it will race to return to protect the body. When it returns to the body the person wakes up frightened [761] as a result of the spirit's experience. If the spirit fails to return to the body, the person dies in sleep.

539 775 845 25. When children are born with a caul over their faces, they are thought to be able to see ghosts. This concept is also widespread in inland Black communities. To eliminate the problem at birth, the caul is chopped, cooked and fed to the infant so that it returns to the spirit within the body. It is thought by the islanders that the spirit alone should possess the visionary power.

538 26. Line 18: the phrase *dark the light* is understood by Gullah speakers to mean 'the sun had set', or 'the sun was shrouded by clouds'. Reference is made to the sun in line 26, *The heavier de was getting*, which means the sun was getting lower and lower in the sky.

538 551 27. Line 19: *Yatta* is the African name given to his mother at birth. *Lisa* is her English name, which she used only in business affairs. Turner (1949:40) notes that most Gullah speakers use two kinds of given names: one English, called their true name and used in outside comminications, and the other a pet or basket name, used among friends and relatives. The practice still continues.

7: Jackson L-5 (1973-1976) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
- South Carolina

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● 539 /di lɔd ɔ̃ bɪnə muβ mi mɔŋtɪn
bət i bɪn gɪβ mi stɹɛŋkt ɸə klaɪəm/

——0——

God didn't move my mountain;
but, he gave me strength to climb it.

8: Smith Q-4,5 (no date) 1926

NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

695 A case in point will be enlightening. Here is a verbatim account of the testimony in a suit brought in connection with a collision between two sail-boats in a heavy fog. The defendant asserted that no warning of any kind had been given.

695 •539 197 "That is not so," the plaintiff declared. "My lookout gave warning in ample time; he hailed you long before you struck, and ran us down; you had ample warning."

The lookout was summoned, a black man, sphinx-like, silent.

"You called out to the defendant the moment you saw him through the fog?"

"Me yerre um; no shum; *too* long buffo' me shum, me yerre um."

"And the moment you heard them you sang out, is that not so?"

A grave nod assented.

The plaintiff rested his case; the cross-examination began:

"You hailed the sloop before you could see her; could they hear you hail?"

A succinct nod.

"How do you know?"

"Me yerre dem; dem blan fuh yerre we; yez yerre yondeh senkah yerre yuh."

"You hailed them then?"

"Me duh holleh."

"That is what I mean: you hailed the on-coming vessel?"

"Me yent no sicarum; me holleh one patty-augah."

"Very well. And what did you say?"

"Me say, 'Oonāh konnou oonah?'"

Which is equivalent, in Gullah, to "*Whose boat is that?*" The records will show the outcome of the case; the writer has not the verdict recorded.

197 Again, in briefer scope, a deer hunter asked an old darkey if a certain stand was a good one for deer. "Me yent kin say, mossa," replied the old man, "W'en oona duh dedey, de dee' duh no de-day; w'en oona yent dey, de dee' duh de-dey." That is, "When one is there, the deer is not there; when one is not there, the deer is there."

·191 It is only fair to say that the low-country darkeys are

Bennett I, 340, 341.

"I heard him (them); I didn't see him (them); *too long* before I saw him (them); I heard him (them)."

"I heard them; they (were) obliged to hear me; ears hear yonder same as hear here."

[illegible]

8: Smith Q-4,5 (no date) 1926
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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In connection with *nutten-aigs* Mr. Bennett vouches for an anecdote which is almost too good to be true: In a certain house in Charleston, dessert came on the table, looking and tasting peculiar. "Judy," said the mistress, "What is the matter with this pudding? Did you put three eggs in it?"

"Yas, missus, me yiz. Yo' tell me fuh tek t'ree aig; dey yunt bin no hen-aig, so me yiz tek de nutt'n-aigs."

Words

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There are curiously few survivals of native African words in Gullah, a fact that has struck most students of the language. The commonest are the exclamation *ki* (or *kai*) to express wonder or to add emphasis to a statement, and *buckra* for white man, both, however, being widely found elsewhere. To these may be added *nyam, oona, swanga* (or *swongger*), *du-du, goober, pinder, cooter, okra, geechy, cymbi, bakalingo* (obsolescent), *guffer, penepne, da, da-da*. *Malafee* for whiskey has been noted on St. Helena Island. Mrs. Christensen records several African phrases or formulas in her stories. Two words that have not been traced to any known source, and which may be African in origin, are *Stepney* and *Plat-eye*. *Stepney* is

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Parsons, *Folk Lore of the Sea Islands, South Carolina*, Intro., XXI.

Bennett, I, 338.

George Phillip Krapp, "The English of the Negro," *American Mercury*, June, 1924, p. 193.

In Professor Krapp's opinion the English of the Negro has not retained a trace of native African speech, and has added only a few words to the language, such as voodoo, *hoodoo*, and *buckra*. "Generalizations are always dangerous," he continues, "but it is reasonably safe to say that not a single detail of Negro pronunciation or of Negro syntax can be proved to have any other than an English origin."

[197] Of Gullah in particular he says: "The Gullah dialect is a very much simplified form of English, with cases, numbers, genders, tenses reduced almost to the vanishing point. Many of the grammatical and phonetic characteristics that appear in other jargons, Beach-la-Mar, Pidgin English, and Chinook, are found also in Gullah. Very little of the dialect, however, perhaps none of it, is derived from sources other than English. In vocabulary, in syntax, and in pronunciation, practically all of the forms of Gullah can be explained on the basis of English, and probably only a little deeper delving would be necessary to account for those characteristics that still seem strange and mysterious."

Parsons, *Folk Lore of the Sea Islands*, Intro., XXI.

•[539] "Sarsey Bey cum blunda!
Tung cum blunda!
(From the story of the "Cooter an' Deer".)

8: Smith Q-4,5 (no date) 1926

NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

192 used in the sense of hunger or want, or like the proverbial wolf: "Haffuh wu'k haa'd fuh keep Stepney frum de do'." [195] *Plat-eye* signifies a ghastly and ghostly night apparition which it is extremely dangerous, even fatal, to meet or see, common to the Georgetown section of the coast. *Plat-eye prowl* is the vivid phrase for the depth of night when it is ill to be abroad.

Gullah English is full of picturesque, interesting words and phrases. Consider, for example, the following: *schemy; speckly; settle' 'ooman*, a woman of a certain age, not a flapper; *newfanglety; disgustuss; foot* for leg: "Deer hab long foot, him run fas'; Cootuh hab shawt foot, him trabble slow"; *buckra*, white man, then simply "white," as *buckra yam*, white potato, *buckra chalk*, white chalk; *altwo*, both, each; *peruse*, to saunter, walk slowly, "Da' gal him bin peruse 'long de road, en 'e nebbuh study 'bout nutt'n"; *ractify*, first "to break," as "Da' buggy ractify," then "to become confused" (mentally), "Da' 'ooman ractify een 'e min' "; *gunjuh* (from gingerbread), the scalloped molasses cakes sold in stores; *Mass, Mas*, (Master) when used with the name: *Mass' John, Mass' Rafe; maussuh* when used without the name, as "Da' muh maussah"; also *Maussuh Jedus*, but *Mastuh* for God alone. *Ox*, plural, "two ox"; *oxin*, singular, "one oxin." *Specify*, to make *good*, usually in the negative *cyan' specify*, can't make good; of a poor wife, "she cyan' specify"; of trousers, "de britchiz bus', 'e yent specify."

Quizzit, to ask, to question.

[535] *To shout*, not used of exclamation or outcry but of a peculiar religious dance of the primitive Negro Christians

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[539] Whoga, whoga, whogalor, da humbarnorta, sundundilly?
Coo me sormber norty sundundilly indelarun.
("De Tiger an' de Nyung Lady.")

Olawia! Olawia!
Odatic-tic-tic!
(De Wolf, de Rabbit an' de Whale's Eggs.)

"Mass' Sam tell we ol' Maussa say, 'Sen' Mass' Henry bat-o home." Bennett, II, 6.

[533] For an exposition of the "shout song" see Johnson, *The Book of American Negro Spirituals*, Preface, 32-35; and for a first-hand description see *Slave Songs of the United States*, XII-XV, taken from the *N. Y. Nation*, May 30, 1867. Compare Dorothy Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, Harvard University Press, 1925, p. 269.

533 mic, plaintive and beautiful. And sometimes the words themselves, at least the leading phrases, possess a naive appeal and essential poetic power.

533 Here are some of the most characteristic:

509 See God's Angel comin' down
To see Gawd's bleedin' Lam'.

Dark cloud risin', it looks like rain,
The sun drawin' water from Emanuel's veins,
(Wheel, wheel, wheel, O wheel my Lord.)

I want to die easy when I die.

Looka how dey done muh Lawd;
(Never spoke a mumblin' word,
Mumblin' word.)

I ain't gwine grief muh Lawd no mo'.

Oh de blood done sign mah name.

When I git in heben in my elbow chair,
Then I will rock like angel rock,
(T'ank Gawd I git obuh Jerdan.)

Jesus, when dis whole worl' on fire.

O Death, ain't you gots no shame?

I know moon-rise, I know star-rise,
Lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.
I'll walk in de grave-yard, I'll walk through de grave-yard,
To lay dis body down.
I'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms;
Lay dis body down.
I go to judgment in de evenin' of de day,
When I lay dis body down;
And my soul and your soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down.

533 178 814 In particular, the low-country spirituals have been fortunate in having two distinctly preservative influences exerted on them. The first is the Charleston Society for the Preservation of Spirituals, an organization composed of the leading men and women of Charleston, all of whom

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•539 As an example of the dialect itself there may be quoted in conclusion Mr. Gonzales' record of a colored husband's description of the way the woman manages the man. It is a fable in lighter vein. The devil acts as interlocutor.

> "One time, Debble meet 'Ooman duh paat'. Debble is uh berry mannussuble man wid 'Ooman, so, w'en 'e shum 'e t'row 'e tail obuh 'e aa'm, same lukkuh 'e bin cloak, en' mek'um uh berry stylish bow. De 'Ooman toss 'e head, 'e grin, 'e ketch 'e frock by de bottom wid alltwo 'e han', 'e hice'um up to 'e knee, en' 'e drap'um uh low cutchy, 'cause him en' Debble git 'long berry well, *berry* well!
>
> "Attuh de time uh day done pass, de Debble ax de 'Ooman how 'e mek'out 'long de man; w'edduh 'e done l'aa'n how fuh manage de man, en' fetch'um to 'e han'. De 'Ooman laugh. 'Budduh,' 'e say. 'Hukkuh you kin ax me dat? Enty you l'aa'n me how fuh 'seitful? Enty you show me how fuh do 'um? Enty Uh folluh yo' exwice? Uh got de man gwine! 'E dunno w'ich way 'e duh gwine—but 'e gwine my way, enty?"
>
> "'Tell me how you do'um,' de Debble say.
>
> "'Uh got good ecknowledge how fuh fool de man. Uh got 'tring tie 'pun de man, en' w'en we git to de fawk uh de road, weh one de road lean one side, en' t'odduh road lean t'odduh side—w'en Uh git to da' place, ef Uh gwine one road, Uh pull de 'tring fuh lead de man een de t'odduh road. W'ichebbuh road Uh want, Uh pull de man een de road wuh Uh *yent* want, 'cause de stubbunt creetuh so cuntrady en' haa'dhead, ef him see me foot lean fuh one road, him foot fuh lean to de t'odduh one, 'cause him t'ink man fuh hab 'e own way. Him eegnunt to dat! So dat how Uh gitt-um fuh trabble my road, en' de man nebbuh know weh 'e duh gwine, but 'e beh' 'e neck en' pull de load, jis' ez sattify ez ox wuh done bruk!'"[illegible]

[illegible] *The Captain*, pp. 280, 281.

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175 fifty editions in less than a hundred years, gave way to the newer versions by Tate
533 and Brady and by Isaac Watts. Although I have been unable to find any points of resemblance between Negro songs and those contained in the older collection, I have found traces of the influence of Dr. Watts—but only in word combinations. A Watts hymn, sung to long metre, runs as follows:

> Broad is the road that leads to death and thousands walk together there
> But wisdom shows a narrow path with here and there a traveller.

Katie Brown on Sapelo sings the following version—but to a tune that bears no relation to any I have ever heard:

• (539)

Narrow road is Heaven road
Believer I know
With here and there a traveller
Believer I know
The broad road is Hell road
Believer I know
Thousand walk together there
Believer I know.

[177] It is self-evident that the Negro borrowed a word here, another there, whenever it pleased him, and he probably did the same with a musical phrase. But as is said by those who heard his songs at their best, soon after the Civil War, the creation for the most part was his own. The surprising thing is that so much of the traditional music has survived.

533 It is just possible that the almost human will to live displayed by many of the old songs has something to do with it. Frequently persons, who have heard the singers the night before, telephone for the words of a song. The tune haunts them, but without the verses they cannot give it expression. They have my sympathy.
533 I, too, have suffered in the same fashion, and been obliged in self-defense to
123 learn the songs. When I complained to Julia, my cook, of their torment, she answered: "They do us that way too, until we learn them." Susyanna, in teaching me "A'n' Jinny Hoe-cake," looked at me knowingly, and said: "You'll be singin' this tomorrow." I was. Cha'lotte, from Ragged Island—one of the Bahama group—also told me they got in her mind "like a worm" and gave her no peace. As can be seen, these songs have no regard for color.

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535 dances as "The Buzzard Lope," "Juba," "The Mobile Buck," and "The Mosquito
Dance" (accompanied by an occasional exclamation of "Slap 'em! Slap 'em!")—
and they may be forthcoming. Another interesting dance, done to the tune of "New
243 Rice an' Okra," is used to scuff off the outside husks of the rice and to prepare it for
412 beating in a hand-hewn mortar exactly like that used on the West Coast of Africa
(Illustrations 7 and 8)^A. The pestles are heavy, and, to be wielded effectively, require
171 the aid of rhythmic songs.

There are also the ring-play dances, which appear to be a combination of African
535 play songs and the old English play-party or ring games. In most of them, the
533 action reflects white influence; but to have a variation of the Virginia Reel done to
(177) an ominous African tune, with the threatening words, "Lawyer's suit!" repeated
after and overlapping each narrative phrase, indicates such a fifty-fifty division as is
often found in the religious songs.

533 One ring-play song uses "Sangaree" for its refrain, and in so doing gives a clue
to its age. Few people today know that ante-bellum planters were refreshed by this
West Indian drink which consisted of a chilled mixture of wine, sugar, nutmeg, and
water.[14]

535 In the coastal section of South Carolina and Georgia, the ring-shout, a semi-religious
survival of African dancing—not a vocal performance as the name implies—
533 is accompanied by a melodious chant which generally concerns itself with the simplest
539 of Biblical narratives and admonitions, as in

> O Eve, where is Adam? O Eve—
> Adam in the Garden pickin' up leaves.

533 In "Knee-bone I Call You, Knee-bone Bend," tones are used that baffle any
transcription; and the leader frequently drops a whole octave in singing the rhythmically
prolonged You, to the wonderment of white musicians unused to the trick
so often employed by the old-time Negroes. In this musical chant warning is given
that on Monday morning, and all other days of the week, the Lord calls upon you
to get down on your knees and pray. On one of the old Heyward plantations bordering
535 on the Combahee River there occurs a dance (clearly an African survival)
171 which, from its description, seems similar to one I saw performed by primitive
Negroes in the north of Haiti. There is another exotic performance on St. Simon's

---

[14] *"Julep sangaree" was in use before 1840. Dr. L. D. Turner believes, however, that the song got its refrain from the African word sangari, meaning a ring dance.*

A, [For Illustration 7 & 8, see Categories 171 & 252, plates facing pp. 48 & 49--Analyst]

533 in a trance, and it was soon evident, from a peculiar heart-clutching quality in the
545 rhythm, that they were "possessed" by it. Song followed song, and the spell was not
787 broken. Some in the audience wept, others applauded, but the Negroes appeared
unaware of their surroundings. Several middle-aged Southerners said it was the
first time they had seen the Negroes "get happy." Although the performance was
● [539] strictly decorous, I was frankly relieved when the participants came to earth, after
a third call for:

My God is a rock in a weary lan'
A weary lan', 'n a weary lan'
A weary lan', I know He's a rock 'n a weary lan'
Shelter in a time of storm.[23]

000 What the future holds for this music—the only distinctive form, besides that of the Indian, that has been developed in America—remains to be seen. If plantation owners will lend a hand and provide the rural singers with appreciative audiences, the chances are that it will survive and enable the younger generation of composers—to whom I notice it has a particular appeal—to utilize it as a stepping stone for further development. Melody and harmony, instead of being stressed as they now are in Negro colleges, will fall into line with rhythm and architectural form which formerly characterized the music of the slave. The result may perhaps be a new type of music—of which there is serious need. The classic system, through being confined to the development of one musical form to the exclusion of all others, is clearly in need of rejuvenation. Such was the case with the plastic arts in the first two years of the twentieth century, when the primitive sculpture of the African Negro provided the necessary stimulation. It is freely admitted that there is a cloud over the music world today; and writers of music, in their struggle to create something original, are moving from the library to the laboratory in search of new notes, new scales, new tonalities, new harmonies. I would suggest going farther afield, and trying out what Africa has to offer. It is a curious fact, however, that musicians are not adventurous, and few wander far from the beaten track. According to W. E. Ward, who has lived for years in Africa and has made a particular study of its music, that of the West Coast has many more tricks than the one or two obvious ones which have been utilized by Tin Pan Alley. Present-day composers might advantageously follow the lead he indicates.

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[23] *An indication of the chastened spirit of the audience.*

538 wherever heard. The humor [41] and keen knowledge of human nature they display
indicate clearly enough that the Negro realized the necessity of keen wits if the little
man was to survive in a world governed by brute force. Ages ago, apparently, the
(522) race learned another valuable lesson: to convey an idea by inference rather than to
538 state it baldly. The stories given me by Peter Davis—who learned them from his
Uncle John—illustrate this fact, and demonstrate the way scanty training in the sea-
(115) island school-rooms was supplemented by older members of such families as had
the story-telling gift:

Buh Rabbit an' Buh Wolf in deh Well

539 One day Buh Rabbit wuz walkin' thru de woods an' 'e met an' ole well. Deh wuz
two buckets in it—one went up when de udder went down. Buh Rabbit say to hese'f:
"Deh's nice water in dat well. Believe I'll go down an' get me a drink—some ole fool'll
come alon' an' pull me up." By an' by Buh Wolf come whistlin' down de road. Buh
Rabbit call: "Hey, Buh Wolf, want some cool watah?" Buh Wolf say: "I wouldn'
mine!" Buh Rabbit say: "You jes' git in de bucket an' come right on down heah." Buh
Wolf was hebbier dan Buh Rabbit, so when he got in de bucket an' start down, he meet
Buh Rabbit half way comin' up. Buh Rabbit say: "O boy, dat's de way in dis worl'—
some comin' up an' some goin' down. Well, I'll be seein' y'u some mo'."

In her chapter on "Folk Art," [42] Martha Beckwith gives an example of the "so-
(191) called animal talk . . . often reported from African fields." Bessie Cuyler, of St. Si-
mon's, gives a good illustration of this talk. She explains that, when the preacher
comes for a visit, the poultry gets very excited, the rooster most of all:

He say: Preacher comin', Preacher comin'!
The guinea hen say: I knowed it, I knowed it!
The goose say: Tell it, tell it!
The duck say: Hah, hah, hah!

But the turkey gobbler is a wise old bird, an' he got fussed at all de noise an' when de rooster keep sayin' Preacher comin', Preacher comin', he sputter: "Schu-u-uw!" an' say:

What de hell do I care
You betta look out fo' you' neck!

---

[41] *An example of Afro-American humor runs true to form: A child calls to its mother "O mamma look dat da* fulafafa!" The mother with a superior air says: "Gal, *you bin in dis buckle* country [buckra is white man] *so long, an' can't say* wulisāpāpa." *The joke lies in the fact that* "fulafafa" and "wulisāpāpa" *both mean* woodpecker in an African dialect.

[42] Black Roadways, a Study of Jamaican Folk Life.

● 539
191 Miss Beckwith is evidently right in assuming that this form of amusement represents "the breakdown into sport of an outworn belief in the claim by sorcerers to a knowledge of the language of beasts."

192 Discovering an unsuspected connection with Africa in words which sound as though they might be English, but really aren't,[43] provides almost as much satisfaction as finding new songs or dances. Conservative Negroes still retain many of these words—particularly in the old songs—and such are passed on to Dr. Turner in the hope that he may know their meaning. From his *West-African Survivals in the Vocabulary of Gullah* I have learned much that has been an enigma to me in the past, but even Dr. Turner is puzzled by "giffy," which on Sapelo means damp. Years ago I heard the great blue heron in the marshes called "Poor Joe," and judged his lean body had given him his name. Not at all. *Podzo* is the name of a similar heron in Africa. We call a certain type of southern tortoise a "cooter." In the neighborhood of Timbuctoo its near relative is called a *kuta*. When I first visited the Georgia coast I heard the name "tackies" applied to the small wild horses found on the salt marshes of the sea islands of South Carolina and Georgia.[44] Now I find that *taki* is the West African name of a horse. The same with the "tabby" houses built for the slaves out of old oyster shells, sand, and cement (made from burning live oyster shells in pine cribs built for the purpose). In Africa the name for a house of similar construction is *tabax*. When a Southerner hears the word "tote" he knows that it means to carry; a very similar word, *tota*, from the Congo, means to pick up. Southern children know the "joggle board," or see-saw, but they do not know that the name comes from the West African word, *dzogal*, meaning to rise. In the old days you asked a colored woman where to find her husband. If she said at the "jook," it meant that he was in the rather ungodly place where drink was sold and good women were not supposed to go. According to the *Vocabulary*, *dzug* means "to misconduct oneself" and it is easy to see how "jook house," in the Gullah dialect, derived its name. In *Gentlemen, Be Seated*, Dailey Paskman and Sigmund Spaeth tell us that Africa possessed an instrument known as the *banjar* made of a large gourd

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[43] *By this time I should be wary of laughing up my sleeve when the Negro uses such words—but white people are like this. My last nugget was found through Mrs. Cate's keen sight. I had told her of the amusing application of the horse breeder's term "in foal" to the condition of one of my singers. With a fresh eye, she spotted in Dr. Turner's* Gullah Vocabulary *the word "en(in)fo le" meaning "pregnant."*

[44] *These hardy little horses are said to be descendants of those left by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century.* [136]

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(177)

from the tune (all but the exclamatory phrase show the influence of the white man's hymns), this is what I got:

● (539)

Freewillum!
Gwine home to sine de oshun.
Relig-jun to-d'-New Jerusalem-I-bring-good-news-a-tatta-ho!
My soul sine de oshun.

The third line is extraordinary. Following fast on "New Jerusalem," the words run together up the scale into a falsetto squeak ending abruptly on "ho!" exactly as would be expected of songs from Africa. When a group of Negro school-children heard Rogers sing it, they went into spasms of laughter–and they had good cause, for the song is astonishingly strange.

2. ROCKAH MH MOOMBA

The second of Dublin's songs has few words that could pass for English, but, like several of the shouts, it ends with a stamp. The tune is not so wild as "Freewillum" and has not its distinctly primitive character. The last time I saw Rogers he told me that I was right in imagining it was a dance song. "When de ole man Dublin and his daughter Bessie get togedder she[52] shouted; when she say 'quank' de ole woman jump way over, and den de ole man jump, and den turn back again. Do de same t'ing ober, ebery time":

(539)

Rockah mh moomba
Cum bo-ba yonda
Lil-aye tambe
I rockah mh moomba
(Cum) bo-ba yonda
Lil-aye tambe
Ashawilligo homasha banga
L'ashawilligo homasha quank!
Ashawilligo homasha banga
L'ashawilligo homasha quank!

[52] One gender did duty for all in the old days, and the first "she" undoubtedly stood for "they," and the second "she" for "he."

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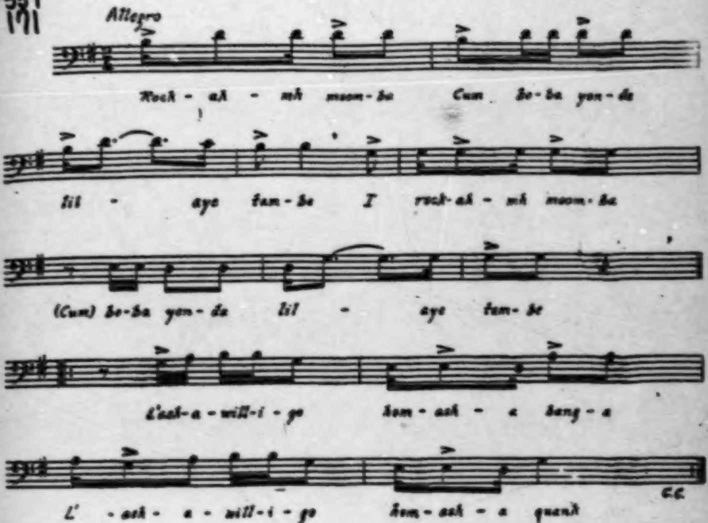
Allegro
Rock - ah - mh moom - ba Cum be - ba yon - de
lil - aye tam - be I rock-ah - mh moom - ba
(Cum) be-ba yon - da lil - aye tam - be
L'ash-a - will-i - go hom - ash - a bang - a
L' - ash - a - will - i - go hom - ash - a quank
G.C.

[p.49]

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533 •539 171 This song and the one following evidently had a common origin. Perhaps "Ole Dublin" and "Gullah Ben" came from the same part of Africa, or were friends in Liberty County. Both songs are suggestive of the rhythm of the "ring-play":

Wa'k[33] Bil-le Au-ba
Be bul-o
Pretty fine lady
Be bul-o

I WOK OM A MO-NA

The following song was sung by Gullah Ben, who—like Dublin—came from Africa. He taught it to Ben Delegal, who in turn taught it to Amelia Dawley:

Cum bul-le al-le
Lilli—quam-be
I wok om a mo-na
Cum bul-le al-le
Lilli—quank.
Hassa willigo sehowyh bunga
Lilli hassa willigo dwellinda quenk.
Hassa willigo sehowyh bunga
Lilli hassa willigo dwellinda quenk.
I wock om a mo-na
Cum bul-le al-le
Lilli—quam-be
I wock om a mo-na
Cum bul-le al-le
Lilli—quank.
Hassa willigo sehowyh quenda here
Hassa willigo dwellinda quenk.
Hassa willigo sehowyh quenda here
Hassa willigo dwellinda quenk.

---

[33] *Pronounce "Wa'k" to rhyme with "rock."*

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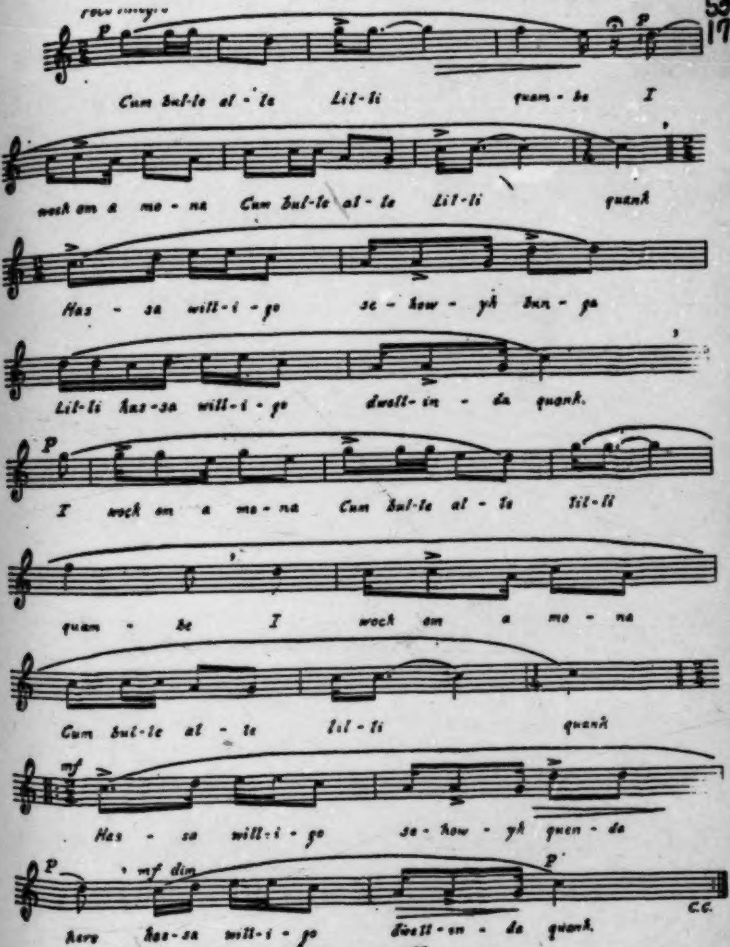

p
Cum bul-le al - le Lil-li quam - be I
wock om a mo - na Cum bul-le al - le Lil-li quank
Has - sa will-i - go se - how - yh bun - ga
Lil-li has-sa will-i - go dwell-in - da quank.
p
I wock om a mo - na Cum bul-le al - le lil-li
quam - be I wock om a mo - na
Cum bul-le al - le lil - li quank
mf
Has - sa will-i - go se - how - yh quen - de
p mf dim p
here has-sa will-i - go dwell - in - da quank.
C.C.

[p.49]

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BYUM BY-E

533
171
The development of the religious song of the Negro under the influence of the white man's instruction is interestingly shown in this song. A better example could not be found.[54] Nancy Thorpe, of McIntosh County, learned it from her grandmother who, Nancy tells me, "came from Africa and was old in 1862."

It speaks well for Nancy's intelligence that she sings the song as it was taught her, softening certain syllables—just as "Shisha Ma-ley" did—without attempting to correct the English.

(763) The song appears to have originated at the death-bed of "Shisha Shalun," who sang the first melodious verse with calm resignation:

•(539)
Fa-le-well Shisha Maley
Fa-le-well en lay-vun
Fa-le-well en lay-vun
An shollen gane en mone
Shisha har lepentin shu beleven
Heaven gates are oven
I love Shisha Maley yes Ah do
Ah anjum biddum ena cum
I love my shisha yes Ah do
Ah anjum biddum ena cum.
(Repeat, substituting Shalun for Maley)

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[54] *The accompanying piano arrangement is by Creighton Churchill.*

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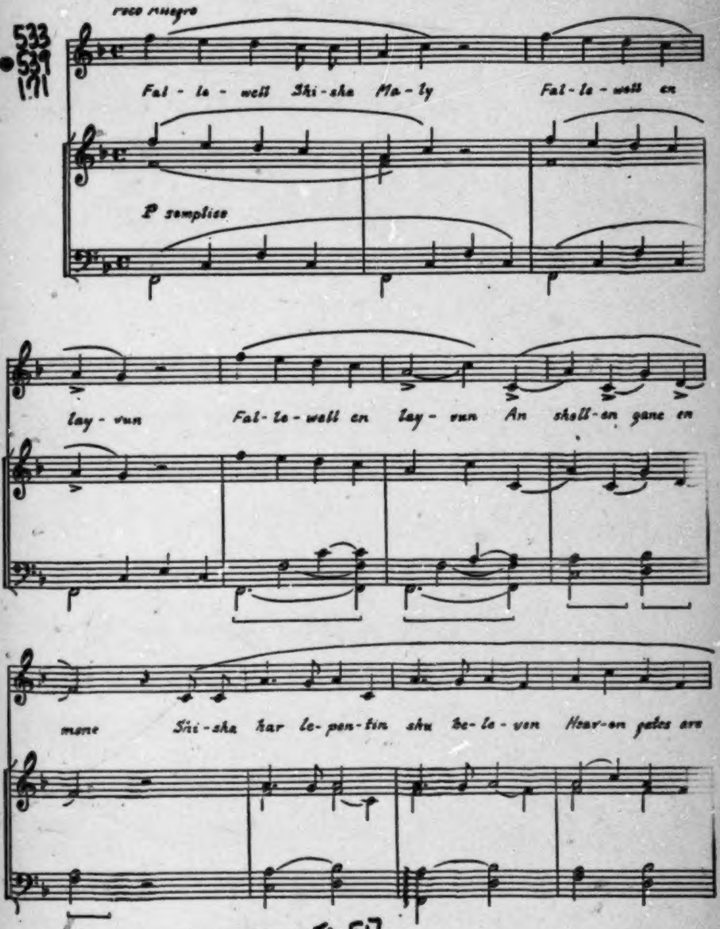
Poco Allegro
Fal-le-well Shi-sha Ma-ly Fal-le-well en
p semplice
lay-vun Fal-le-well en lay-vun An shell-en gane en
mone Shi-sha har le-pen-tin shu be-le-ven Heav-en gates are

[9.61]

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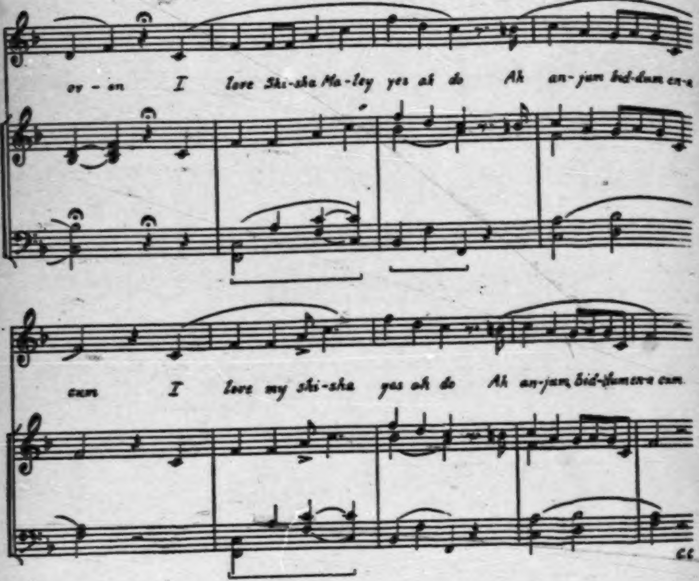
ov - on I love Shi-sha Ma-ley yes ah do Ah an-jum bid-dum en-a
cum I love my shi-sha yes ah do Ah an-jum bid-dumena cum.

[763]

When Shisha Ma-ley made her response, grief apparently got the upper hand. She lapsed into her native tongue as well as the song-form of Africa,[58] and gave vent to her sorrow in these poignant lines:

Shisha Shalun gone en lay-vun
An sholl en gane en moan
Lor' Shisha!
Missa sholl en ganey moan
U-m-m My-Lor'! Missa-shao
Byum by e-e
U-m-m My-Lor'! Missa-shao
Byum by-e
(Repeat)

[179]

[58] In spite of the fact that one verse shows the influence of the white man's hymns while the other reverts to the African form, there is a homogeneous quality that demonstrates the ability of the Negro to make the creation his own.

[p. 58]

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5. BYUM BY-E

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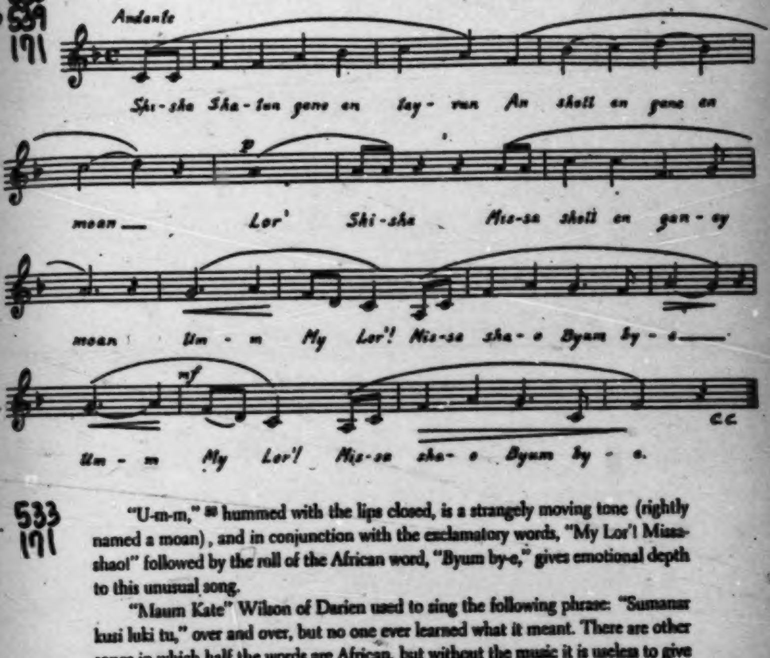
Andante
Shi-sha Sha-tun gone an lay-run An shall an gone an
moan
p
Lor' Shi-sha Mis-sa shall an gan-ey
moan Um-m My Lor'! Mis-sa sha-o Byum by-e
mf
Um-m My Lor'! Mis-sa sha-o Byum by-e.
CC

533
171

"U-m-m," [33] hummed with the lips closed, is a strangely moving tone (rightly named a moan), and in conjunction with the exclamatory words, "My Lor'! Missa-shaol" followed by the roll of the African word, "Byum by-e," gives emotional depth to this unusual song.

"Maum Kate" Wilson of Darien used to sing the following phrase: "Sumanar kusi luki tu," over and over, but no one ever learned what it meant. There are other songs in which half the words are African, but without the music it is useless to give them.

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[33] *An Anglo-African official tells me that the African side-drum (often called "the hypocrite" from the many different tones it is capable of producing through change of pressure of the arm under which it is held) makes a sound very similar to the hummed "U-m-m-m" so frequently employed in the slave songs. This humming is evidently another African survival. Its use is mentioned by the Denis-Roosevelts as common to the Belgian Congo. Natalie Curtis-Burlin, in* Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent, *says it is popular among the Zulus: "sometimes . . . a whole chorus will hum together with closed lips."*

536 27)[A], makes with head and shoulders bowed slightly forward, arms held close to her
body, elbows bent at right angles, forearms thrust out before her, and palms up-
turned in a supplicating gesture. White musicians and dancers have obtained much
from these untutored people, who appear to have an inborn gift for rhythm in its
many manifestations. Work or play, preaching, praying, music, sculpture, or danc-
ing—all are one to them when it comes to rhythmic expression.

HA'K 'E ANGELS

567 Deacon Eddy Thorpe, of McIntosh County, who contributed this Watch
Night shout, explained that the slaves, when allowed to go to a praise-house that was
796 out of bounds, were given passes with their promise to return before sun-up. On
New Year's Eve the service consisted of prayers, religious songs, and a sermon by
the preacher. At midnight, different members offered thanks to the Good Lord for
(782) the blessings of the past twelve months and implored His aid for the year to come.
The shouting then began, and continued until dawn. This shout, which vasies little
533 in content or rhythm in Glynn, Liberty, McIntosh, and Camden counties,[3] was the
last to be sung as the watcher, appointed for that duty, announced: "Day's
a-comin' ":

(539) Day, day Oh—see day's a-comin'
Ha'k 'e angels
Day, day Oh—see day's a-comin'
Ha'k 'e angels

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[3] In the vicinity of Albany, Georgia, there is a similar version that uses "Yonder Come Day" instead of "Ha'k 'e Angels."

A. [For Illustration 27, see Category 142, plate facing p. 161--Analyst]

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Ha'k 'E Angels

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•539

Day, day Oh—see day's a-comin'
Ha'k 'e angels
Day, day Oh—see day's a-comin'
Ha'k 'e angels
Oh look at day (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
Look out de windah (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
Look out de windah (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
See day's a-comin (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
Look out de windah (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
Look out de windah (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
Call my mother (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
Throw off de covah (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
Start that a-risin' (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
Who that a-comin' (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord
Ha'k 'e angels
Look out de windah (ha'k 'e angels)—Oh Lord

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6. HA'K 'E ANGELS

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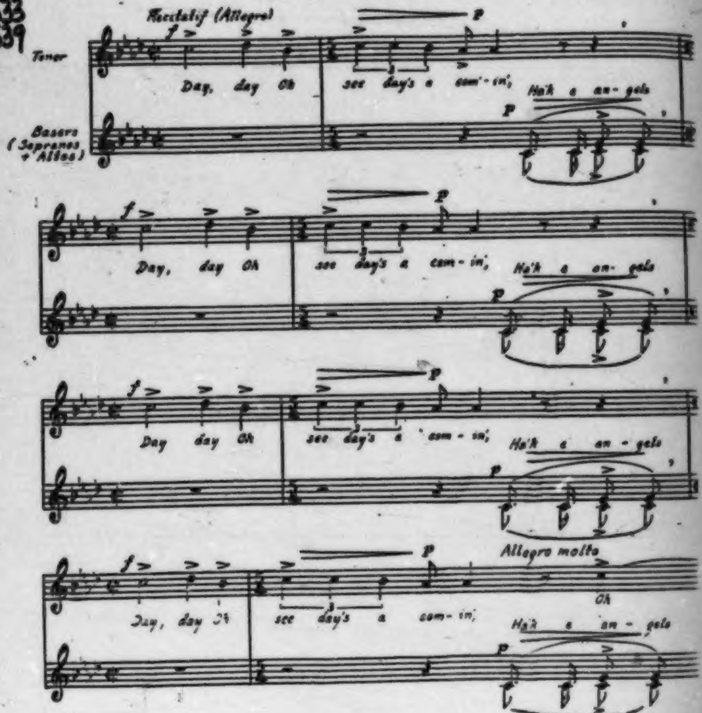
Recitatif (Allegro)
Tenor
Basses (Sopranos + Altos)
Day, day Oh
see day's a com-in',
Ha'k e an-gels
Day, day Oh
see day's a com-in',
Ha'k e an-gels
Day day Oh
see day's a com-in',
Ha'k e an-gels
Allegro molto
Day, day Oh
see day's a com-in',
Oh
Ha'k e an-gels

[p. 58]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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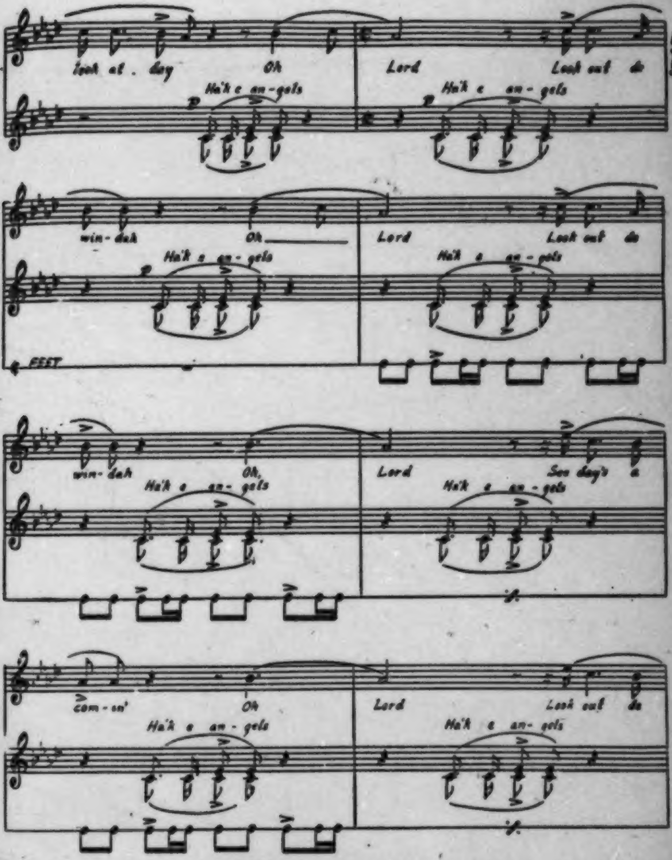
look at . day
Oh
Lord
Look out de
Ha'k e an-gels
Ha'k e an-gels
win-dah
Oh
Lord
Look out de
Ha'k e an-gels
Ha'k e an-gels
FEET
win-dah
Oh,
Lord
See day's a
Ha'k e an-gels
Ha'k e an-gels
com-on'
Oh
Lord
Look out de
Ha'k e an-gels
Ha'k e an-gels

583
591

[p. 59]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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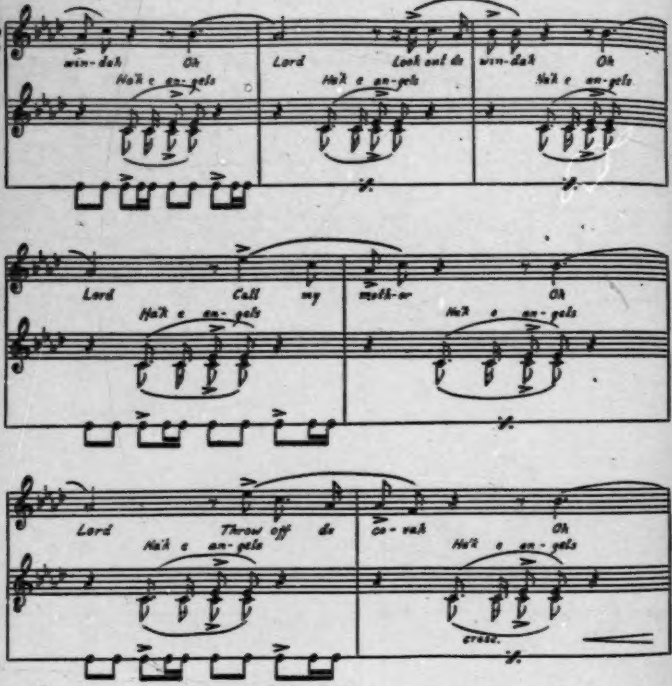
533
●539


win-dah
Oh
Ha'k e an-gels
Lord
Look out de
win-dah
Oh
Ha'k e an-gels
Ha'k e an-gels
Lord
Call my
moth-er
Oh
Ha'k e an-gels
Ha'k e an-gels
Lord
Throw off de
co-vah
Oh
Ha'k e an-gels
Ha'k e an-gels
cresc.

[p. 60]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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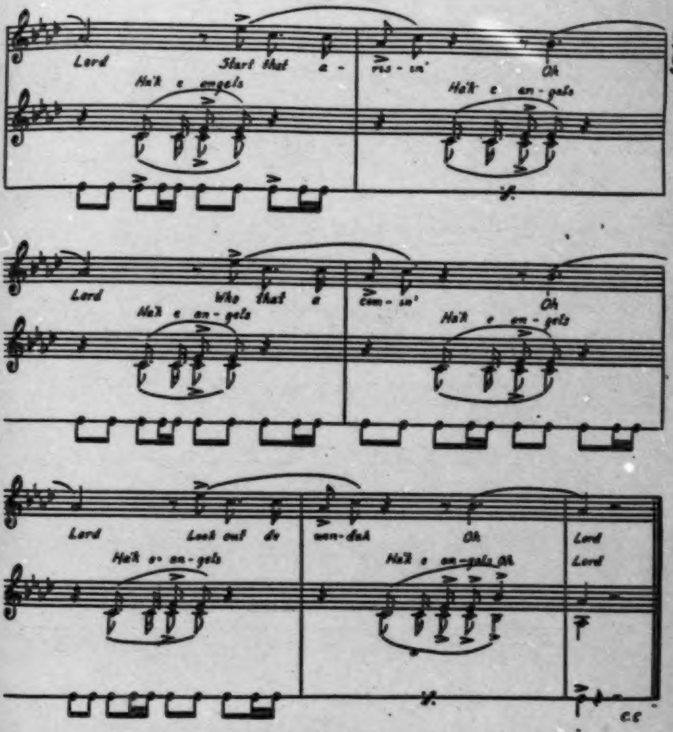
Lord
Start that a -
ris - in'
Oh
Ha'k e angels
Ha'k e an - gels
Lord
Who that a
com - in'
Oh
Ha'k e an - gels
Ha'k e an - gels
Lord
Look out de
win - dah
Oh
Lord
Ha'k e an - gels
Ha'k e an - gels Oh
Lord
C.E.

533
539●

[p. 61]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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UNTIL I DIE

796

I am told that this shout was once a favorite at "foreday meetin'," held on Sunday in the neighborhood of five o'clock.

Laura considered it her duty to ring the bell, and get the other members out to church. Since her death, however, nobody has felt the urge to take her place, and on St. Simon's the early service has lapsed:

[533]
[539]

I'm goin' tuh set in the humble chair
Goin' tuh rock from side tuh side
Goin' tuh rock from side tuh side
Un-til I die.

Chorus: Un-til I die (leader)
Un-til I die (basers)
Un-til I die (leader)
Un-til I die (basers)
I'm goin' tuh rock from side tuh side 'til I die.
(Repeated several times)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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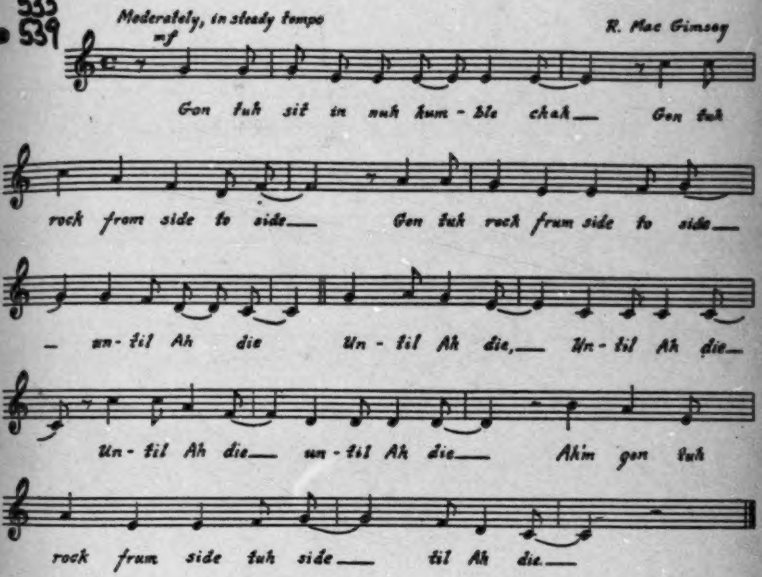
7. UNTIL I DIE

533
● 539


Moderately, in steady tempo
mf
R. Mac Gimsey
Gon tuh sit in nuh hum - ble chah___ Gon tuh
rock from side to side___ Gon tuh rock frum side to side___
— un-til Ah die Un - til Ah die,___ Un-til Ah die___
Un-til Ah die___ un-til Ah die___ Ahm gon tuh
rock frum side tuh side___ til Ah die___

[p.63]

PLUMB DE LINE

533
539 There are as many variations in the words of this shout song as there are counties on the coast of Georgia. However, the warning to "Plumb de line" and the tune itself remain the same, while the naming of deacons and plumbers, sisters and members, and the things they must do is made to fit the rhythm as a glove fits the hand:

Members,
Plumb de line.[5]
Members,
Plumb de line.
O members,
Plumb de line.
Want t' go t' Heaven got a plumb de line.[6]
You got t' sing right
Plumb de line.
You got t' sing right
Plumb de line.
You got t' sing right
Plumb de line.
Want t' go t' Heaven got a plumb de line.
O sister,
Plumb de line.
O sister,
Plumb de line.
O sister,
Plumb de line.
Want t' go t' Heaven got a plumb de line.
You got t' shout right
Plumb de line.
You got t' shout right
Plumb de line.
You got t' shout right
Plumb de line.
Want t' go t' Heaven got a plumb de line.

---

[5] *Julia Walker sings "Plumb de line" an octave higher than the others—as was customary with "high tribbles" in the old days.*

[6] *This line is often sung "You want t'go t'Heaven you got a plumb de line."*

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533 •539 "Dear brother, Plumb de line," continues the song; and the next verse follows the same construction and thought in: "You got t' live right," following which Old Quarterman always put in an effective "Yes Sir!" The above version, used by Kathcrine, appears to be more modern than that used by Josephine, who gets a far-off look when she sings:

Deacon deacon,[7]
Plumb de line.
Deacon deacon,
Plumb de line.
Deacon deacon,
Plumb de line.
You can't go t' Heaven till y'u plumb de line.
If you pray fo' me
Plumb de line.
I pray fo' you
Plumb de line.
You can't go t' Heaven till y'u plumb de line.
O plumber plumb,
Plumb de line.
O plumber plumb,
Plumb de line.
O plumber plumb,
Plumb de line.
You can't go t' Heaven till y'u plumb de line.

---

[7] The deacon "deacons" a song when he reads it two lines at a time for the benefit of any in the congregation who have not a hymn book or who cannot read. The custom of "lining out" and then singing a hymn was copied from the whites. who sang in this manner a century ago—perhaps later in sections where illiteracy prevailed. When done to short metre it is dreary beyond measure, but long metre sometimes has a barbaric charm.

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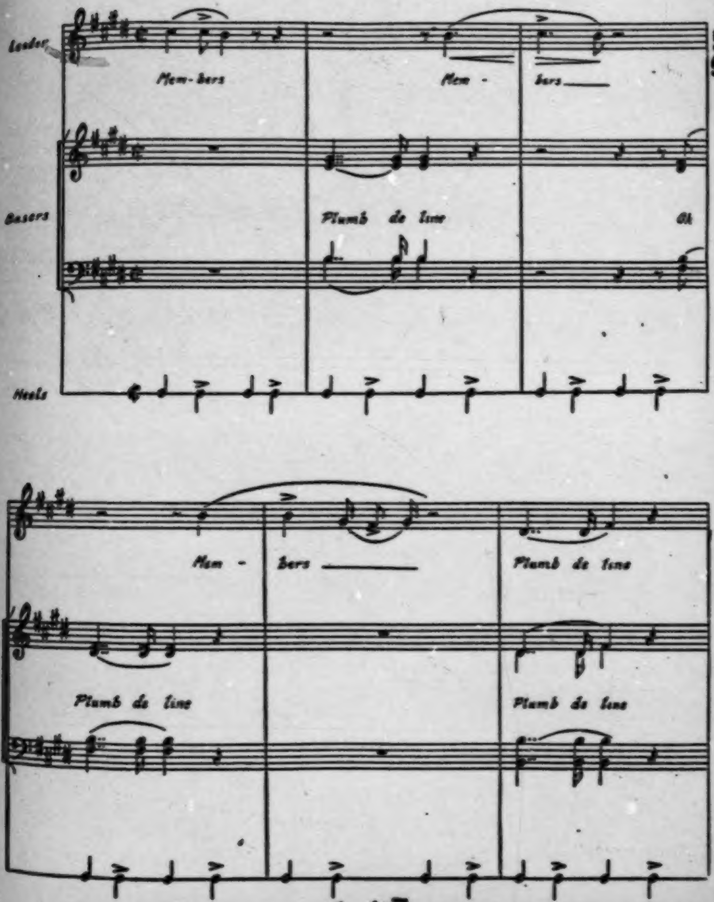
9. PLUMB DE LINE


Leader
Mem-bers
Mem -
bers
Basers
Plumb de line
Ah
Heels
Mem -
bers
Plumb de line
Plumb de line
Plumb de line

533
539

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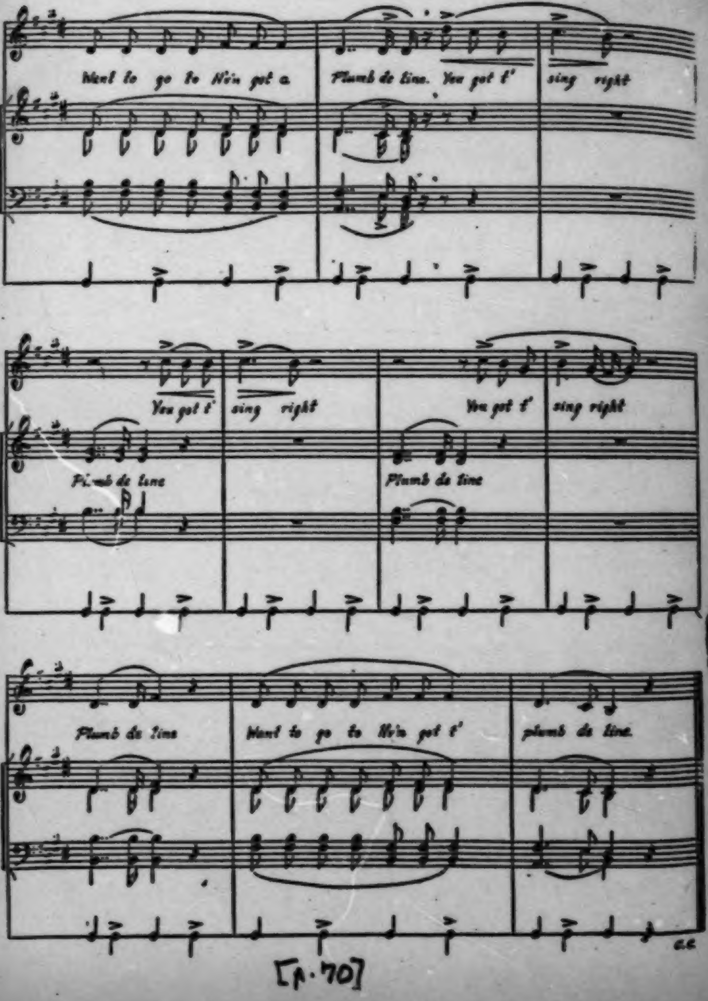
Want to go to Hev'n got a
Plumb de line. You got t'
sing right
You got t'
sing right
Plumb de line
Plumb de line
You got t'
sing right
Plumb de line
Want to go to Hev'n got t'
plumb de line.
a.c.

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10. DOWN TO DE MIRE

533
535 Of all the ring-shouts I know, "Down to de Mire" is in more ways than one the most interesting. In the center of the ring, one member gets down on his knees and, with head touching the floor, rotates with the group as it moves around the circle. The different shouters, as they pass, push the head "down to the mire." The several arms reaching out to give a push make an unusually picturesque pattern. The refrain—repeated relentlessly—corresponds in its character and rhythmic beat to that of the drums in a song which accompanied an ominous ceremonial dance seen in *Trader Horn*.[8] One is apparently never too old or too fat to take part in this shout. I saw Quarterman, born in 1844, go "down to the mire" with satisfaction when he was ninety. Josephine, who weighs well over two hundred pounds, thinks nothing of getting down on her hands and knees and, with her head bobbing to the floor, proves the power of mind over matter:

533
● 539
Sister Emma, Oh, you mus' come down to de mire.
Sister Emma, Oh, you mus' come down to de mire.
Jesus been down
to de mire
Jesus been down
to de mire
Jesus been down
to de mire
You must bow low
to de mire
Honor Jesus
to de mire
Honor Jesus
to de mire
Lowrah lowrah
to de mire
Lowrah lowrah
to de mire
Lowrah lowrah
to de mire
Jesus been down
to de mire
Sister Josie, you must come down to de mire
Sister Josie, you must come down to de mire

---

[8] *I am told that, while the greater part of this film was made in California, "background shots" made in Africa were introduced, for obvious reasons. It is to these shots, naturally, that the above reference applies.*

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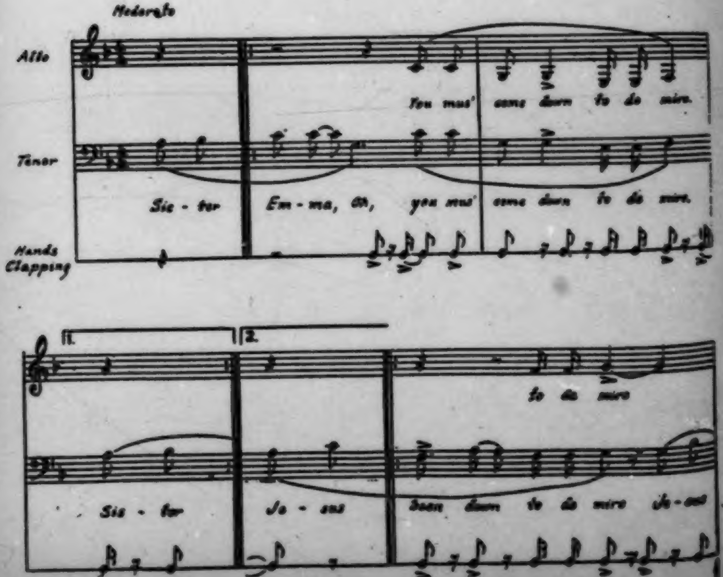
Jesus been down
to de mire
Jesus been down
to de mire
Jesus been down
to de mire
Honor Jesus
to de mire
Honor Jesus
to de mire
Honor Jesus
to de mire
Honor Jesus
to de mire
Honor Jesus
to de mire
You must bow low
to de mire
You must bow low
to de mire.


Moderato
Alto
Tenor
Hands Clapping
You mus' come down to de mire.
Sis - ter Em - ma, oh, you mus' come down to de mire.
1.
2.
to de mire
Sis - ter Je - sus been down to de mire Je - sus

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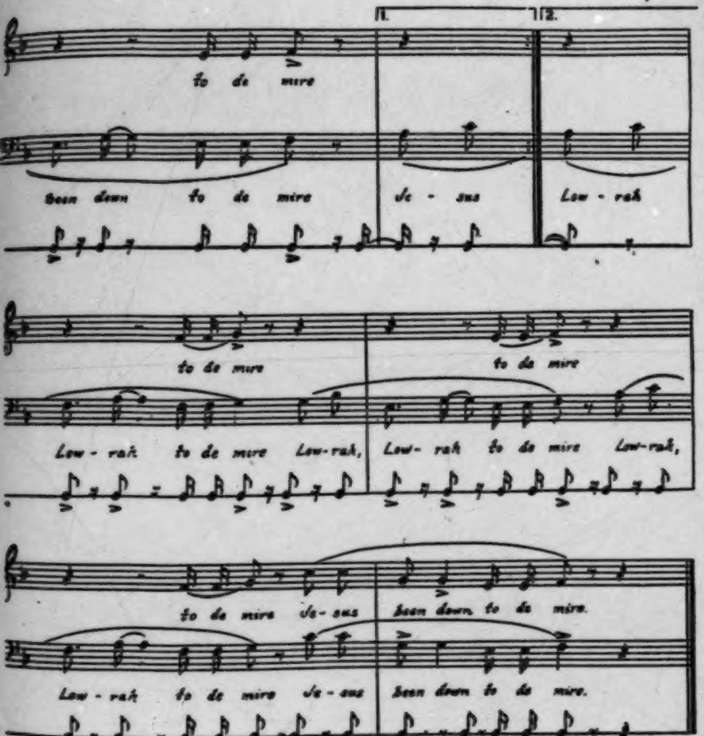
539●


1.
2.
to de mire
Been down to de mire
Je - sus
Low - rah
to de mire
Low - rah to de mire Low-rah,
to de mire
Low- rah to de mire Low-rah,
to de mire Je - sus
Been down to de mire.
Low - rah to de mire Je - sus
Been down to de mire.
C.C.

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•539

ELI AH CAN'T STAN'

Hate that[9] sin that made me moan
E-li Ah can't stan'!
Repeat:
Chorus: Hay John—John's on nuh[10] islun
Hay John—E-li Ah can't stan'![11]

* * *

John's on the isle uh Pat-te-mos
E-li Ah can't stan'!
Repeat:
Take one brick out Satan's wall
Eli—can't stan'!
Repeat:
Satan's wall come tumblin' down
Eli—can't stan'!
Repeat:
One a these days I'm goin' away
Eli—can't stan'!
Won't be back 'till judgment day
Eli—can't stan'!

[194]

[9] *"That" sounds like "tat," and "Ah" sounds very like a short "eh."*
[10] *"The"—following a final "n"—has the sound of "nuh."*
[11] *The chorus is repeated after every two or three verses.*

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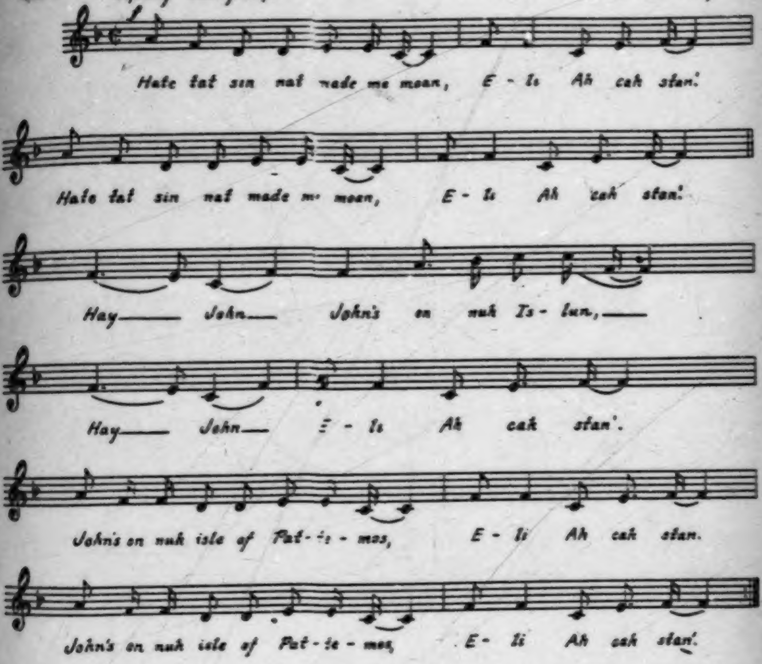
•539

11. ELI AH CAN'T STAN'

Rapidly - steady tempo *R. Mac Gimsey*


Hate tat sin nat made me moan, E - li Ah cah stan'.
Hate tat sin nat made me moan, E - li Ah cah stan'.
Hay —— John —— John's on nuh Is - lun, ——
Hay —— John —— E - li Ah cah stan'.
John's on nuh isle of Pat - te - mos, E - li Ah cah stan.
John's on nuh isle of Pat - te - mos, E - li Ah cah stan'.

[p.75]

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Knee-bone

533
539

Knee-bone when I call you
H-a-nnn knee-bone
Knee-bone when I call you
H-a-nnn Lord knee-bone bend.
Bend my knee-bone to the ground
H-a-nnn knee-bone
Bend my knee-bone to the ground
H-a-nnn Lord knee-bone bend.
Knee-bone Zachaniah
H-a-nnn knee-bone
Knee-bone Zachaniah
H-a-nnn Lord knee-bone bend.
Knee-bone when I call you
H-a-nnn knee-bone
Knee-bone when I call you
H-a-nnn Lord knee-bone bend.
Knee-bone didn't I call you
H-a-nnn knee-bone
Knee-bone didn't I call you
Ha-ah Lord knee-bone bend.
Knee-bone in the mornin'
H-a-nnn knee-bone
Knee-bone in the mornin'
Ha-ah Lord knee-bone bend.
Knee-bone in the evenin'
H-a-nnn knee-bone
Knee-bone in the evenin'
Ha-ah Lord knee-bone bend.

533
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461
Creighton Churchill explains to me that when this song was used for rowing it could have had only one rhythmic accompaniment, the oars, since the other two rhythms, the hands and heels, would have thrown the rowers off their beat. To use his words: "The speed of the rowing version must also have been slower, for one could not possibly row to the rhythm of this version. It should be recognized as well that no musical meter known to man can represent exactly the rhythm of oars in their locks; in this song especially, it is something intangible and personal, like the beat of the Viennese waltz. For the sake of simplicity I have represented the rowing rhythm in this transcription as 2/8, 3/8, 3/8, equal to a full measure of time for the voices and other rhythms."

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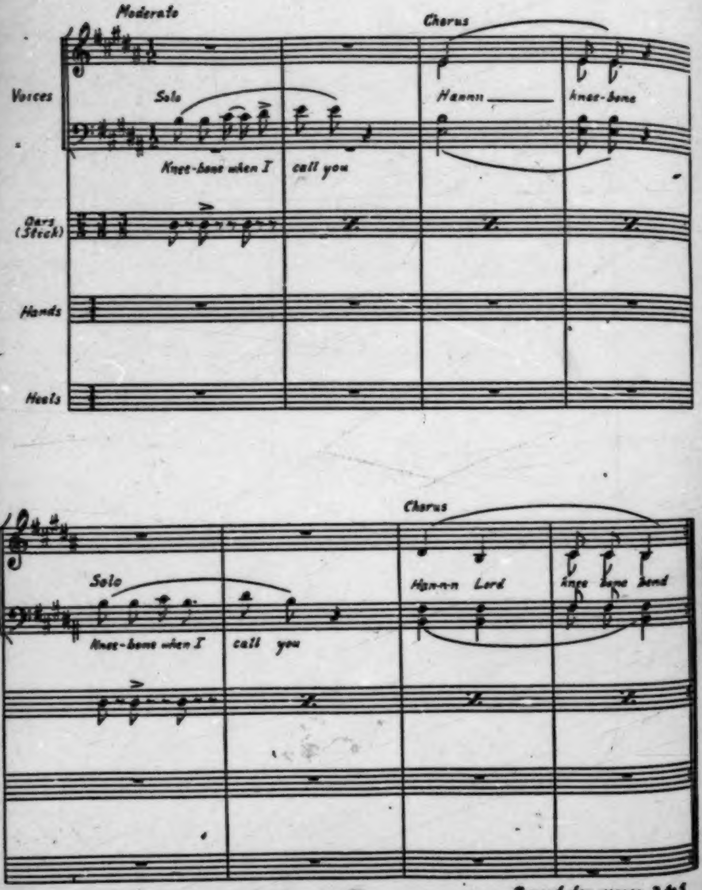
13. KNEE-BONE

533
539


Moderato
Chorus
Voices
Solo
Knee-bone when I
call you
Hmmm
knee-bone
Oars (Stick)
Hands
Heels
Chorus
Solo
Knee-bone when I
call you
Hmm-n Lord
knee bone bend

Repeat for verses 2 to 5

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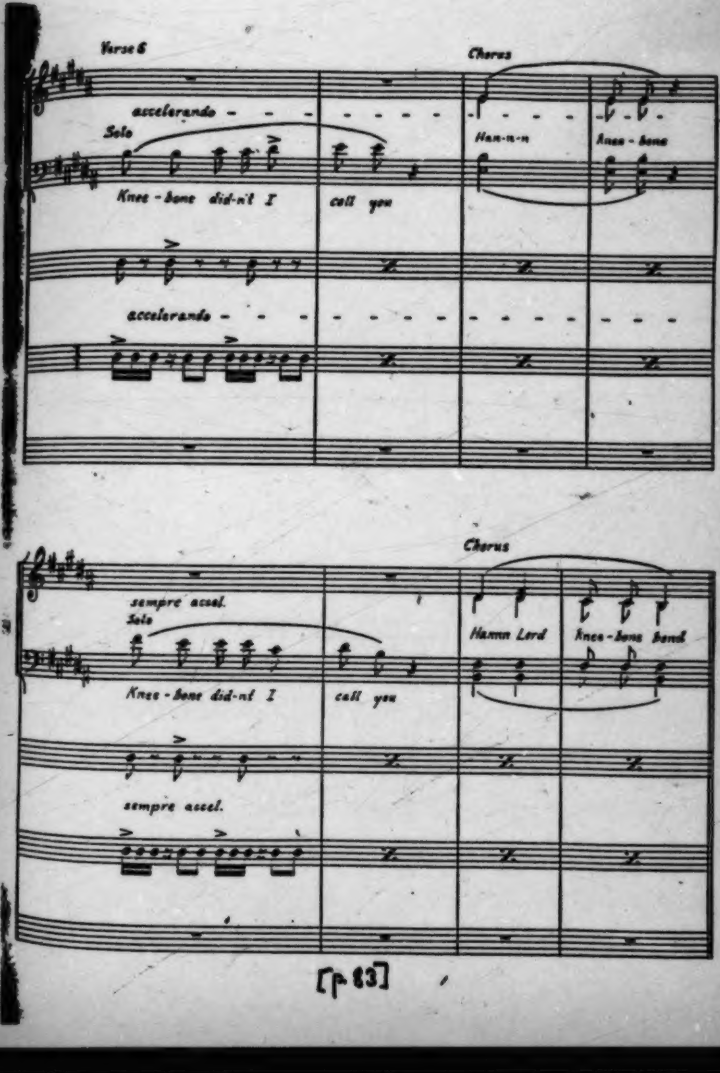
Verse 6
Chorus
accelerando
Solo
Knee - bone did-n't I call you
Han-n-n
Knee - bone
accelerando
Chorus
sempre accel.
Solo
Knee - bone did-n't I call you
Hamn Lord
Knee - bone bend
sempre accel.

533
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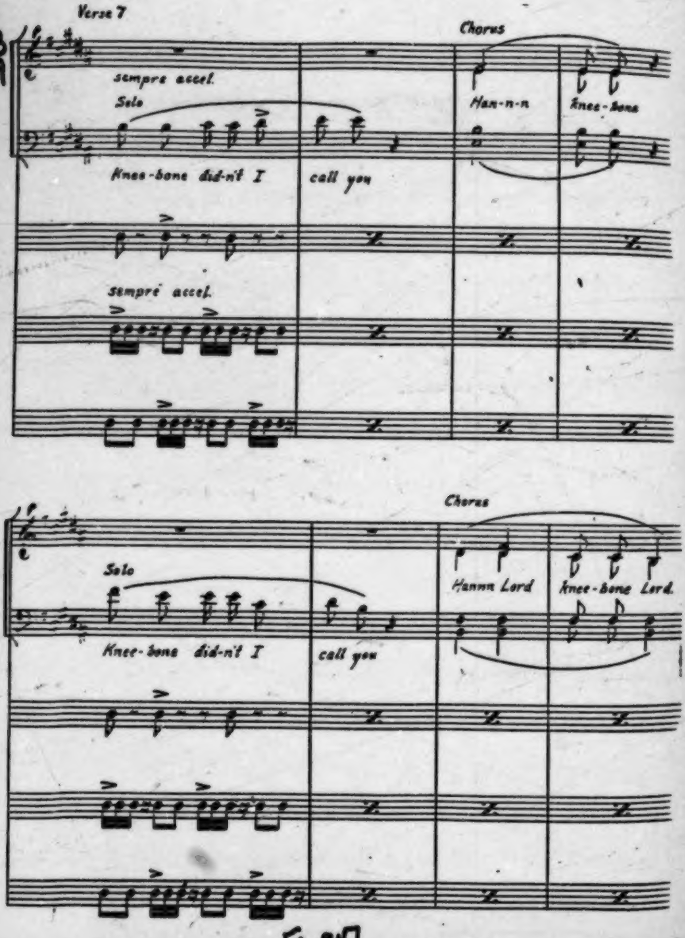
533
•539


Verse 7
Chorus
sempre accel.
Solo
Han-n-n
Knee-bone
Knee-bone did-n't I
call you
sempre accel.
Chorus
Solo
Hannn Lord
Knee-bone Lord.
Knee-bone did-n't I
call you

OH EVE–WHERE IS ADAM?

533 [126] In taking down a shout song, you are beset with the difficulty of reconciling the different versions. No leader sings a song twice alike, and no two ever sing exactly the same version; yet the beat, the accent, and the tune remain so stable that leaders are unerringly followed. The words are in truth only the vehicle for carrying along the complicated rhythm. This is beaten out by the heels of the McIntosh County group in a way not approached by any other that I know. Shouters sometimes clap their hands; on St. Simon's they always call for a broom handle, which, when knocked on the floor, provides an extemporaneous tom-tom. In McIntosh County, however, they are so proficient in tapping out the rhythm with their heels that they can dispense with both sticks and hand clapping. With their hands free, they are able to do things descriptive of the text which less skillful groups would not be at liberty to attempt.

535 [539] The shout:

> Oh Eve–where is Ad-u-m?
> Oh Eve–Adam in the garden
> Pickin' up leaves.

is a good example of the combination of dancing and pantomime. After swinging deliberately around the circle, singing the slower part of the chant, the dancers, when the time quickens, go through the motion of picking up leaves. With aprons gathered up and bodies bent, the women add greatly to the interest of the dance. All are amusingly industrious, but the men, without the assistance of aprons, are not quite so convincing in following the action indicated by the text.

533 535 Since the version I have encountered in Glynn and Camden Counties holds to "pinnin' leaves," I am inclined to believe that some McIntosh shouter took an artist's license and substituted "pickin' up" for "pinnin' " for the sake of more varied, more picturesque action. At any rate, the delightful result justifies the less usual interpretation of the Biblical text.

With "Lord called Adam–pinnin' leaves," the movement is faster. The feet are not supposed to leave the floor or to cross each other, such an act being sinful. The shouting proceeds with a curious shuffling but controlled step which taps out with the heel a resonant syncopation fascinating in its intricacy and precision. Over

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533 and over the chant is repeated, the rhythm all-important, always right; the sonorous
535 Old Testament words are just necessary sounds to carry along the melody, and the
sequence of thought is nothing to worry about.

533 The words may be monotonous when read, but are not so when sung: "Adam"
is turned into "Ad-u-m," with unusual tones and inflections all through the leading
539 lines, which show surprising invention. It is self-evident that the song belongs to the
[177] African question-and-answer type, and bears no trace of European influence in its
[178] form:

Oh Eve where is Ad-u-m?
Oh Eve—Adam in the garden
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)
Adam in the garden
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)
Faster: Lord called Adam
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)
Adam wouldn' answer
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)
Adam shame'
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)
Ad-u-m? (Rising inflection)
Pinnin' leaves.
Ad-u-m? (Falling inflection)
Pinnin' leaves.
Where't thou?
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)
Adam naked
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)
Ain't y'u shame'?
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)
Lord I'm shame'
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

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123 I assured her, when she paused for breath, that I realized the truth of what she
786 said. She told me how she had been out picking berries that morning, and a rattlesnake
825 had charmed her little boy. "I call' to him an' he couldn' move—he jus' look at the
snake like this." (She stooped down and stared fixedly ahead of her.) "When I pull'
159 him away, the snake went shzzzz! and the poison went into me." Then it was that
she strode into the middle of the yard and called upon Gabriel.

159 The next morning I was distressed to find that Laura had been taken to jail
123 again. My cook, Julia, and I talked the situation over and decided we would be easier in our minds if we knew she ought to be there. Though noisy the day before, she appeared to be harmless. Dr. Cate, the county physician, kindly took us to the jail at noon, as he also wished to see her. When we reached her cell, he asked, "Well, Laura, what are you here for?" Her reply impressed me very much. "It's not for drinkin' or fightin'—it's a religious affair." But when she went on to say, "I'm havin' a religious war, and I'm puttin' up a dam' good fight," I realized she had better stay
● (539) where she was until her ardor cooled:

Blow Gabriel
At the Judgment
Blow Gabriel
At the Judgment Bar!
Blow 'um easy
At the Judgment
Blow 'um easy
At the Judgment Bar!
My Lord call you
At the Judgment
My Lord call you
At the Judgment Bar!
Why don't you answer
At the Judgment
Why don't you answer
At the Judgment Bar!
Ha-Ha angel
At the Judgment
Ha-Ha angel
At the Judgment Bar!

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MY SOUL ROCK ON JUBILEE

533
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796
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This song was sung and shouted after prayer meeting and after church service—usually when the church "got a soul":

Chorus: 'N Jubilee—'N Jubilee
A-a-a-h my Lord![13]
'N Jubilee—'N Jubilee
My soul rock on Jubilee!

Long time talkin' 'bout Jubilee
A-a-a-h my Lord!
Long time talkin' 'bout Jubilee
My soul rock on Jubilee!
My mother done gone to Jubilee
A-a-a-h my Lord!
My mother done gone to Jubilee
My soul rock on Jubilee!
I got a right in Jubilee
A-a-a-h my Lord!
I got a right in Jubilee
My soul rock on Jubilee!

Repeat Chorus:

In reference to the following version, Clara said: "When it gets hot, them that's on the outside of the church comes runnin' in." I asked what she meant by "getting hot." "O, you feel good. You know things is warmin' up and you gets revived":

I come t' tell you 'bout Jubilee
O-o-o-h my Lord!
Come t' shout that Jubilee
My soul rock on Jubilee!
That Jud! That Jud! That Jubilee[14]
O-o-o-h my Lord!
That Jud! That Jud! That Jubilee
My soul rock on Jubilee!

---

[13] A wild quavering cry given by the "high tribble"—far above the other singers—makes your "hair riz," as the Negroes say.

[14] Faster, with double rap on "*That Jud! That Jud!*"

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GOOD-BYE EVERYBODY

533
539

Certain songs are considered to be peculiarly suitable for specific occasions. This shout has always been the favorite farewell song among the St. Simon's Negroes. At the Cabin, the white folks seem to think the evening cannot end properly without it:

Good-bye everybody
Good-bye sing Hallelujah
Good-bye everybody
Good-bye sing Hallelujah
Goin' 'way to leave you, sorry t' tell you
Good-bye sing Hallelujah.
Jesus settin' on the Sac'ment Table
Good-bye sing Hallelujah.
Handin' the bread an' the wine to the members
Good-bye sing Hallelujah.
Good-bye all you deacons
Good-bye sing Hallelujah
Good-bye all you deacons
Good-bye sing Hallelujah

Good-bye is also said to "all you preachers," "all you false-pretenders," "all you hypocrites," and "all you tattlers."

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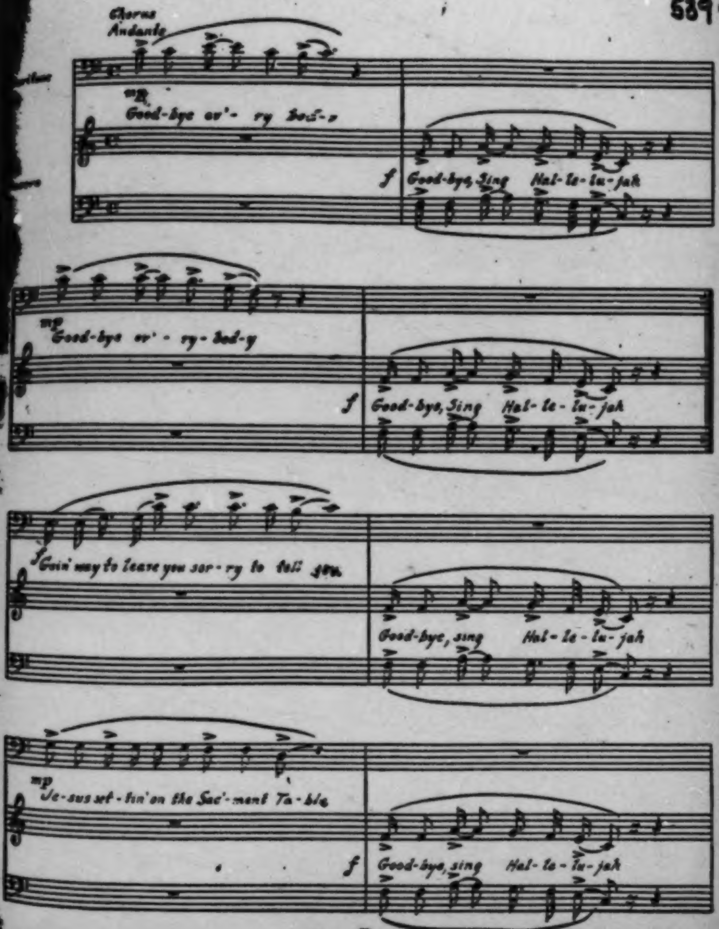
15. GOOD-BYE EVERYBODY

573
573
589


Chorus
Andante
mp
Good-bye ev'- ry bod-y
f
Good-bye, Sing Hal-le-lu-jah
mp
Good-bye ev' - ry-bod-y
f
Good-bye, Sing Hal-le-lu-jah
f
Goin' way to leave you sor-ry to tell you
Good-bye, sing Hal-le-lu-jah
mp
Je-sus set-tin' on the Sac'-ment Ta-ble
f
Good-bye, sing Hal-le-lu-jah

[p.91]

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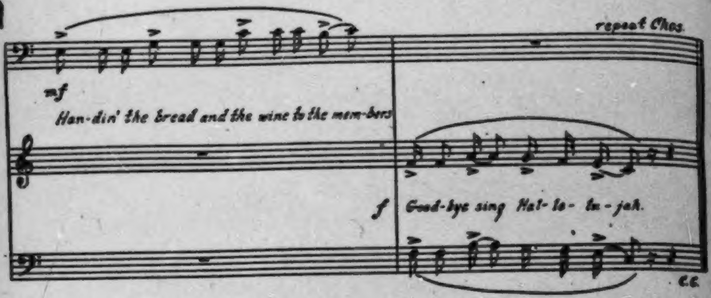
● 539


repeat Chos
mf
Han-din' the bread and the wine to the mem-bers
f
Good-bye sing Hal-le- lu-jah.
C.C.

The following verse comes from McIntosh County:

Goin' up in the heaven
Goin' to try on mh garment
Good-bye sing Hallelujah.
Goin' to try on mh garment
See how it fit me
Good-bye sing Hallelujah.

(Illustration 15)

[p. 92]

EMMA YOU MY DARLIN'

533
539 This ring-play has been revived by Julia Armstrong, who remembers it from her youth.

Emma you my darlin'
Oh Emma Oh!
You turn aroun' dig a hole in the groun'
Oh Emma Oh!
Emma you duh bad gal
Oh Emma Oh!
You turn aroun' dig a hole in the groun'
Oh Emma Oh!
Emma you from the country
Oh Emma Oh!
You turn aroun' dig a hole in the groun'
Oh Emma Oh!

(Illustration 30)[A]

[A] [For Illustration 30, see Category 533, plate facing p. 192--Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

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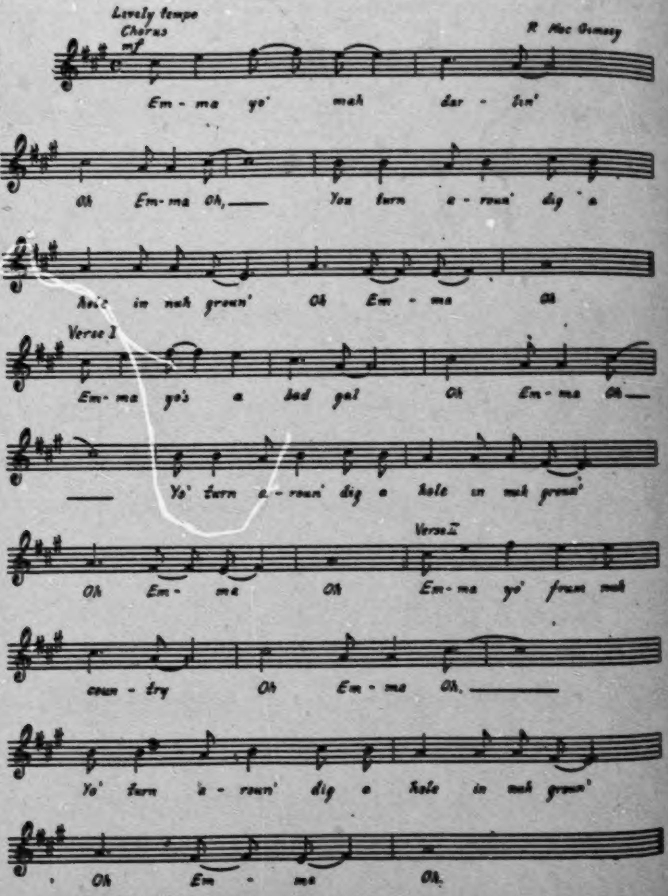
16. EMMA YOU MY DARLIN'

533
● 539


Lively tempo
Chorus
mf
R. Mac Gimsey
Em - ma yo' mah dar - lin'
Oh Em-ma Oh, You turn a - roun' dig a
hole in mah groun' Oh Em - ma Oh
Verse I
Em-ma yo's a bad gal Oh Em-ma Oh
Yo' turn a - roun' dig a hole in mah groun'
Oh Em - ma Oh
Verse II
Em-ma yo' from mah
coun - try Oh Em - ma Oh,
Yo' turn a - roun' dig a hole in mah groun'
Oh Em - ma Oh.

[p. 96]

SANGAREE

533
539
(524)

This ring-play varies in action wherever I see it done. For that reason I will attempt no description. The tune, however, always remains the same:

If I live
Sangaree.
Don' get kill'
Sangaree.
I'm goin' back
Sangaree.
Jacksonville
Sangaree.

Chorus: Oh Babe
Sangaree.
Oh Babe
Sangaree.
Oh Babe
Sangaree.
Oh Babe
Sangaree.

If I live
Sangaree.
See nex' fall
Sangaree.
Ain' goin' t' plant
Sangaree.
No cotton at all
Sangaree.
Repeat Chorus:

Chicken in the fiel'
Sangaree.
Scratchin' up peas
Sangaree.
Dog on the outside
Sangaree.
Scratchin' off fleas
Sangaree.
Repeat Chorus:

533
• 539

Extra verses are contributed by a Darien singer:

My husban's got the shovel
Sangaree.
An' I got the hoe
Sangaree.
If that ain't farmin'
Sangaree.
I don't know
Sangaree.

Repeat Chorus:

If you want t' see a nigger
Sangaree.
Cut the fool
Sangaree.
Let him ride
Sangaree.
A white man's mule
Sangaree.

Chorus: Oh Babe
Sangaree.
Oh Babe
Sangaree.
Oh Babe
Sangaree.
Oh Babe
Sangaree.

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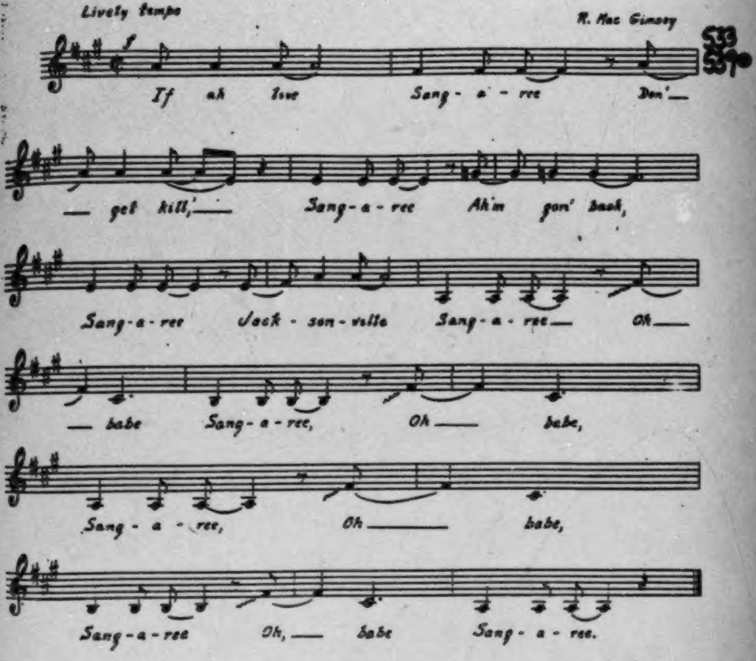
18. SANGAREE


Lively tempo
R. Mac Gimsey
533
537
If ah love Sang - a - ree Don' — get kill', — Sang - a - ree Ah'm gon' back, Sang - a - ree Jack - son - ville Sang - a - ree — Oh — — babe Sang - a - ree, Oh — babe, Sang - a - ree, Oh — babe, Sang - a - ree Oh, — babe Sang - a - ree.

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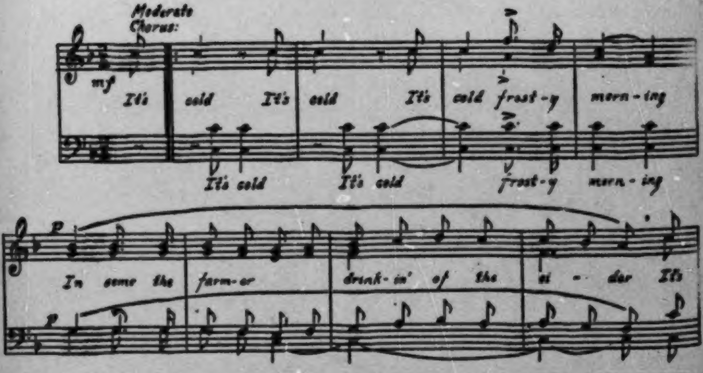
19. IT'S COLD FROSTY MORNIN'

The words of this "play," called "a marchin' piece," are clearly derived from an old English song. With "It's cold!" two and two march; with "There she stands right by your side" they change partners and march again:

It's cold
(It's cold)
It's cold
(It's cold)
It's cold frosty mornin'
In come the farmer drinkin' of the cider
It's cold ray-me-oo
An' now where to find her
An' now I lost my lover
An' where shall I find her
(repeat)
There she stan's right by your side
Don't she look jus' like a bride
Hug her an' kiss her an' call 'er your own
Then she'll marry you.


Moderato
Chorus:
mf
It's cold It's cold It's cold frost-y morn-ing
It's cold It's cold frost-y morn-ing
p
In come the farm-er drink-in' of the ci - der It's
p

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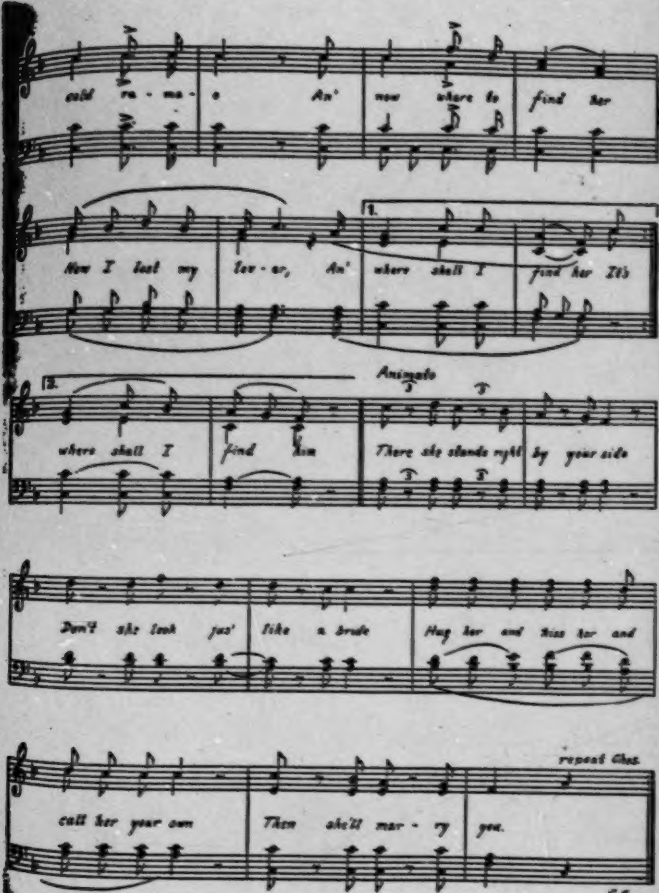
cold ra - ma - o An' now where to find her
Now I lost my lov - er, An' where shall I find her I'll
1.
2.
where shall I find him
Animato
3
There she stands right by your side
Don't she look jus' like a bride
Hug her and kiss her and
call her your own
Then she'll mar - ry you.
repeat Chos.
C.C.

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PRETTY GREEN SHAWL

539 From the verses of this "play" it can be seen that it is a "promenading piece"
535 and is the Negro counterpart of "It's Cold Frosty Mornin'." Partners are changed
after singing the chorus a second time:

Chorus: Farewell, farewell
Fare you well my darlin'
Farewell, farewell
I love you to my heart

Now choose in another one honey my love
honey my love
honey my love
Choose in another one honey my love
So early in the mornin'.

O the lady—she wear a pretty green shawl
pretty green shawl
pretty green shawl
O the lady—she wear a pretty green shawl
So early in the mornin'.

Step gran' (or proud) wid y'r lover, honey my love
honey my love
honey my love
Step gran' wid y'r lover honey my love
So early in the mornin'.

Repeat Chorus:

FOUR AND TWENTY LAWYERS

535 The action is spirited, with much hand clapping that encourages those who "lead off." As far as I can see the figures are similar to those of the Virginia reel, with the exception of the beginning, where "Lead off one" is the signal for a man to walk briskly from the top of the line to the foot (men on one side, women on the other, as is usual). "Up and down" indicates the repetition of the short swinging jaunt; at "Lead off next," he takes the hand of the woman on the opposite end and

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535 they "Step in a hurry" and go "up and down" twice. The play then proceeds in the familiar way. Unless you have been told beforehand it is difficult to distinguish the words of the response "Lawyer's suit." When it is sung by all, as fast as it should be, and overlaps the leader's last word, a strange twist is given the tune. As can be seen, the words are no more than stage directions, but the rhythm is unusual, with the unmistakable stamp of Africa in the ominous cadence found in "Lawyer's suit."

533
535
639

The chorus is repeated as well as each leading line with its refrain:

Chorus: There is four and twenty lawyers
All in a line
Four and twenty lawyers
All in a line
(faster) Lead off one[2]
Lawyer's suit.
Up and down
Lawyer's suit.
Lead off next
Lawyer's suit.
Step in a hurry
Lawyer's suit.
Turn that lady
Lawyer's suit.
Turn her loose
Lawyer's suit.
Don't you hurt that lady
Lawyer's suit.
You hurt my heart
Lawyer's suit.
She's a very fine lady
Lawyer's suit.
Just from the country
Lawyer's suit.
Basket of oysters
Lawyer's suit.

---

[2] When another man leads off, the verses change to suit the *leader. In place of* "Step in a hurry" *I have heard* "Get in a hurry," then:

Very fine gentleman
Lawyer's suit.

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SHOUT JOSEPHINE SHOUT

533 Julia remembered this verse from her youth on St. Simon's—with a fragment of
539 another from the same song:

Josephine! Ma'am?
Don't you hear y'o' mammy call you
Why don't you go an' see what she want?
Josephine! Ma'am?
Want to shout? Yes, ma'am.
Shout Josephine—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!

Get a hump on y'o'self you red-eye' devil
Get a hump on y'o'self you big-eye' coon!

[524] Years later, at Broadfield, I found that the verse given above was the chorus of
(536) an amusing play song, with pantomime, which is related to both the ring-play and the solo dances. "Josephine! Ma'am?" is sung first as is usual; the leader then tells where the pain (or ornament) is located and the participants instantly try to place their hands on the spot named:

Pain in the head—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!
Pain in the back—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!
Pain in the neck—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!
Pain in the hip—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!

Josephine
Ma'am?
Want t' shout?
Yes ma'am
What time?
Right now.
Shout Josephine
Shout!

Pain in the toe
Shout! Shout!

Shout Josephine Shout

533
•539

Pain in m' leg
Shout! Shout!
Pain in the heel
Shout! Shout!
Shout Josephine
Shout!

That sore toe
Shout! Shout!
That finger ring
Shout! Shout!
That water fall[4]
Shout! Shout!
Shout Josephine
Shout!

That ribbon bow
Shout! Shout!
That air ring[5]
Shout! Shout!
That slipper shoe
Shout! Shout!
That shiny eye
Shout Josephine
Shout!
Now shake the baby
Shake! Shake!
Now shake the baby
Shake! Shake!
Shake the baby—Shake!

The song is closed off with:

A'n' Jinny hoecake
Sweet! Sweet!
Take some an' lef' some
Sweet! Sweet!
A'n' Jinny hoecake
Sweet! Sweet!
Take some an' lef' some
Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!

302

[4] An old-time hair-do.
[5] Earring.

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535 On Sapelo Island, I found in the Johnson family a combination of the old dance form with rather more modern steps than the original African pantomime warranted. Of the twins, Naomi did the patting while Isaac did the dancing;[8] an older brother rhythmically called out the cues in a sharp staccato, and another one lay on the floor of the wide veranda representing a dead cow. Anyone who has seen turkey buzzards disposing of "carr'on"[9] will recognize the aptness of the following directions. Those who are at all squeamish had better skip this part. The bracketed asides were given for my information:

(533)
(539)

March aroun'!	(*the cow*)
Jump across!	(*see if she's daid*)
Get the eye!	(*always go for that first*)
So glad!	(*cow daid*)
Get the guts!	(*they like 'em next best*)
Go to eatin'!	(*on the meat*)
All right!—cow mos' gone!	
Dog comin'!	
Scare the dog!	
Look aroun' for mo' meat!	
All right!—Belly full!	
—"Goin' to tell the res'."	

And with an eye to the dramatic exit, Isaac danced into the house.

---

[8] *In later years I saw the Buzzard Lope done by Isaac's teacher, Reuben Grovenor—a descendant of the Sapelo Bilali who wrote a "diary" in Arabic. Many times have I seen others do this peculiar dance, but Reuben's performance is far and away the most finished. With effortless grace he gives a stylized pattern of the bird's awkward steps, without any attempt at realism. His is indeed a high form of rhythmic approximation, and those who have seen it at the Cabin are fortunate.*

[9] *Miss Kingsley tells us that in West Africa turkey buzzards are called "Jack Crows"—the natives call them "yubu." In the West Indies they are called either "John Crows" or "Carrion Crows."*

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GIMME HIM

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539

Another primitive song that offers the proper rhythm sounds slangy, but I am positive that such was not its intent:

Jesus died a happy die
He died fuh sin but not His own
Gimme Him gimme Him Aw sho
Gimme Him gimme Him until I die.
(Repeat the last two lines)
He died on the Roman cross
That we might live
Gimme Him gimme Him Aw sho
Gimme Him until I die.
(Repeat the last two lines)

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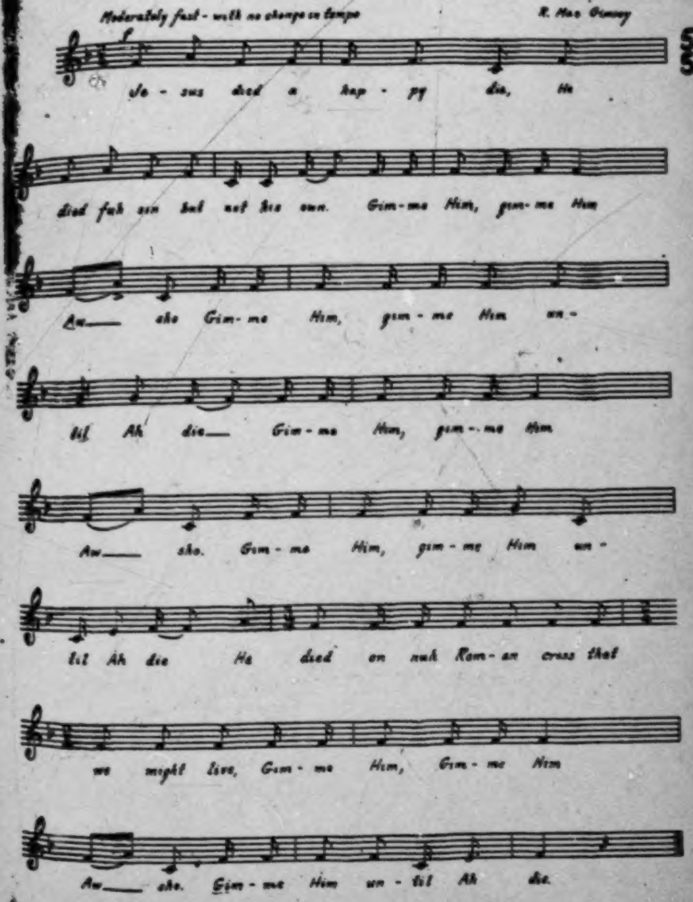
21. GIMME HIM


Moderately fast - with no change in tempo
R. MacGimsey
Je - sus died a hap - py die, He
died fuh sin but not his own. Gim-me Him, gim-me Him
Aw—— sho Gim-me Him, gim - me Him un -
til Ah die—— Gim - me Him, gim - me Him
Aw—— sho. Gim - me Him, gim - me Him un -
til Ah die He died on uh Rom - an cross that
we might live, Gim - me Him, Gim - me Him
Aw—— sho. Gim - me Him un - til Ah die.

533
539

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9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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STICKIT BALL A HACK

533 Like "Ham Bone," "Ball the Jack" and "Juba dis an' Juba dat," this curious song is half-spoken in a lively fashion, to rhythmical hand clapping. When the verse is finished "Then you kick it off":

•(539)

Jack t' the rack back
Stickit ball a hack
Low ball high ball
Scallion jack.

HAM BONE HAM BONE

533
524
(115)

As is obvious, twelve-year-old Maria's version of these rhythmical lines is modern. Luck was with me when I found George, another twelve-year-old, who could give the older verses which are recited in the same way—alternated with similar patting. The only difference is that Maria balances herself on one foot; with her left hand she holds her cotton skirt tight around the "ham bone" section of her anatomy, places her right foot on the other leg below the knee and with her right hand deftly smacks out the intricate rhythm on her "rusty butt." [10] George, however, takes the line of least resistance, and leans with his back against a wall. However, in that position he is able to lift his "ham bone" a little higher and do a rather more complicated bit of patting. His hand flies back and forth like a shuttle between his chest and his rump.

These are Maria's words:

(539)

Ham bone ham bone pat um on uh shoulder
...................................[11]
Gimme a pretty girl show y'u how t' hold her
....
I went down town one day
....
I went with my mother—too.
....
My mother bought me a billy goat
....
If my billy goat don't butt
....
Momma goin' to beat my rusty butt
....

---

[10] *The night she wore a corduroy skirt, the patting could not be heard and her performance missed fire.*

[11] *These dots represent patting.*

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As far as "I went with my mother—too" the lines are repeated, but when it comes to enumerating what she bought, there is this change:

My mother bought me a radio
....
If my radio won't play
....
Momma goin' t' beat my NRA
....

George's lines, which are clearly of an older vintage, are given in the time-honored question and answer manner of Africa. Half-way through they merge into an old play song:

Ham bone ham bone wha's you bin?
....
All roun' the worl' an' back agin.
....
Ham bone ham bone what'd y'u do?
....
I got a chance an' I fairly flew.
....
Ham bone ham bone where you stay?
....
I met a pretty girl an' I couldn' get away.
....
Ham bone ham bone what'd you do?
....
Hopt up to Miss Lucy's doo'.
....
Ax Miss Lucy will she marry me?
....
I wouldn't care if poppa didn't care.
....

At this point George uses the narrative of the old play song: "Brother Froggy went to town—Un hunh!" [12]

---

[12] *Brother Froggy went to town—Un hunh, Un hunh!*
To buy his wife a weddin' gown—Un hunh, Un hunh!
What y'u goin' t' have de weddin' feas'?—Un hunh, Un hunh!
Two big bread an' not a bit a grease—Un hunh, Un hunh!
Firs' come aroun' wuz Mr. Bug—Un hunh, Un hunh!
He fell in de lemonade tub—Un hunh, Un hunh!

533
539
524

Nex' come in wuz Mr. Snake
....
Pattin' all round' dat weddin' cake.
....
Nex' cum in wuz Mr. Bug
....
Hoppin' all roun' dat whiskey jug.
....
Nex' come in wuz Mr. Tick
....
He ate so much till it made 'im sick.
....

The youngster said he knew many more verses, but these are more than enough to show how lines of proper length can be utilized.

533
539
535

JUBA DIS AN' JUBA DAT

Juba dis an' Juba dat
An' Juba kill d' yalla cat
An' get over double-trouble
Juba!
She served d' meal
She gimme d' husk
Cooked d' bread
She gimme d' crus'
She fried d' meat
Gimme d' skin
That's 'e way momma
Took me in
Now Juba! [13]

By rapidly crossing his hands to first one knee and then the other, Snooks pats out an intricate rhythm to the above staccato lines. When he gets to "Now Juba!" he does some clever footwork that matches the coördination of his hands.

(Illustration 11) A

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[13] Maude Cuney Hare in Negro Musicians and Their Music says *that the dance Juba is known to be over a century old. Cable in his "Creole Slave Songs" mentions that "The guiouba was probably the famed juba of Georgia and the Carolinas."*

A, [For Illustration 11, see Category 535, plate facing p. 65--Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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FIDDLE SONGS—FRAGMENTS

533 Ten years ago, when I hunted up the local fiddler, Green Harris, who was already seventy-six, I tried to find out about the tunes he used to play for the "sinful" young Negroes on St. Simon's. He said: "You caught me without my studyin' cap—they jus' gone." He would not even bring out his fiddle.[15] Finally he admitted he [534] had loaned it: "They're holdin' a revival this week an' I don't want it around the house." The implication was that temptation might be too strong for him—besides, it was improper to have a fiddle in your possession at such a time. After two unsuccessful visits I heard him play old-fashioned dance tunes which had been favorites south of the Mason and Dixon Line in ante-bellum days. Here are the harmless, 533 fragmentary verses he gave me:

•539

Tune my fiddle, tune it good
The little neighbor in the neighborhood.

I do I do I tries to do
    Put on de silver slippers.
An' I do I do an' I do no mor'
    Put on de silver slippers.
I do I do my huckleberry do
    Put on de silver slippers.
My ole Miss' promis' me
    Put on de silver slippers.
When she die she set me free
    Put on de silver slippers.
She live so long till her head got bal'
    Put on de silver slippers.
It look like she never die
    Put on de silver slippers.
I do I do I do no mor' my huckleberry do
    Put on de silver slippers.
Oh how happy I feel
    Put on de silver slippers.

---

[15] Joel Chandler Harris tells us in The Critic, December 15, 1883, that "The banjo may be the typical instrument of the plantation negroes, but I have never seen a plantation negro play it. I have heard them make sweet music with the quills—Pan's pipes; I have heard them play passably on the fiddle. . . . and beat . . . on the triangle . . . I have heard them blow a tin-trumpet with surprising skill; but I have never seen a banjo." Cable, himself, grants that the favorite instrument of the negroes of the Southern states is the fiddle.

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539

Good-bye my honey I'm gwine.
No use grievin'
Got t' do widout me
Good-bye my honey I'm gwine.
I had a little fella
His name was Isabella
He went run awa' wid anudda nigga fella
So bye-bye my honey I'm gwine.
If you ain't got the money
You can' call me honey
Good-bye my honey I'm gwine.

Goin' to the bathin' house
Goin' to the kitchen
My foot slip an' I fell down
I wouldn' go there no mo'.

Choose in the girl with the rosy cheeks
Choose in the boy with the money
Choose in the girl with the coal-black eye
Choose her an' call her honey.

Bu' alligator, alligator come out tonight
Bu' alligator, alligator come out tonight
Bu' alligator, alligator come out tonight
Te-la lallah bam!
Ent a plenty guinea hen here tonight
Ent a plenty guinea hen here tonight
Ent a plenty guinea hen here tonight
Te-la lallah bam!
Ent a plenty pigeon here tonight
Ent a plenty pigeon here tonight
Ent a plenty pigeon here tonight
Te-la lallah bam!

My oldest aunt heard Virginia ex-slaves sing this verse seventy-five years ago:

Went to see my Sally
My Sally wasn't home
I set myself in the big armchair
And I played on the old jaw-bone.

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●539
(534)

Old Jim Gardiner rapped the bones to the rhythm of the two similar jingles that follow:

Once I went out huntin'
I heard de possum sneeze
I holler back to Susan
Put on de pot o' peas.

I went down to Missy house
  Missy was in bed
I took de marrow bone
  An' beat her in de head.

Chorus: Ding dang me one
    Ding dang.
  Ding dang me two
    Ding dang.
  Ding dang me three
    Ding dang.
  Ding dang me four
    Ding dang.

Toad frog sittin' on the railroad track
Train come along an' break his back.

Chorus:

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BILE DEM CABBAGE DOWN

533
539
(635)

A St. Simon's Negro called this a "Cracker Dance" and gave me the following verses:

Bile dem cabbage down
Bile dem cabbage down
Look here gal—don' wan' no foolin'
Bile dem cabbage down.

Went to Susy's house
Susy wasn't home
Look here gal—don' wan' no foolin'
Bile dem cabbage down.

My old Missus promis' me
Bile dem cabbage down
When she die she goin' to set me free
Bile dem cabbage down.

She live so long till her he'd got bal'
Bile dem cabbage down
She gib up de idea o' dyin' at all
Bile dem cabbage down.

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WAY DOWN IN THE OLE PEEDEE

533
539

Julia sang this when she was a little girl—"long time ago":

Chorus:
Way down in the Ole Peedee
Way down in the Ole Peedee
Summer night the moon shine bright
Sally you can see.

I wish that gal was mine
I wish that gal was mine
Summer night the moon shine bright
Sally you can see.

(repeat chorus)

Good-bye mh honey I'm gone
Good-bye mh honey I'm gone
If you call me honey spen' my money
Good-bye mh honey I'm gone.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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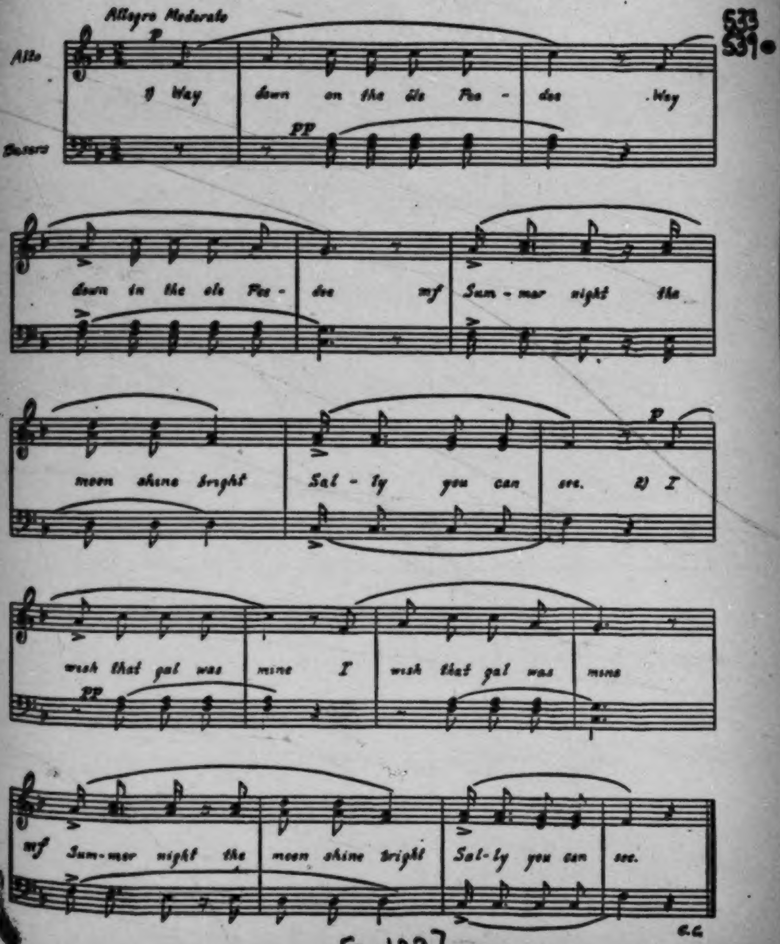
22. WAY DOWN IN THE OLE PEEDEE



Allegro Moderato
Alto
Basses
p
1) Way down on the ole Pee - dee .Way
pp
down in the ole Pee - dee mf Sum - mer night the
moon shine bright Sal - ly you can see. 2) I
p
wish that gal was mine I wish that gal was mine
pp
mf Sum-mer night the moon shine bright Sal-ly you can see.
G.G.
538
539

[p. 123]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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JOHNNY COME A LONG TIME

538
•539

Run 'long muh Lulu
Johnny come a long time.
Johnny is your master
Johnny come a long time.

Johnny is your sweetheart
Johnny come a long time.
Johnny is your sweetheart
Johnny come a long time.

Run home muh Lulu
Johnny come a long time.
Johnny is your master
Johnny come a long time.

Run 'long muh Lulu
Johnny come a long time.
Run 'long muh Lulu
Johnny come a long time.

Johnny is your master
Johnny come a long time.
Johnny is your master
Johnny come a long time.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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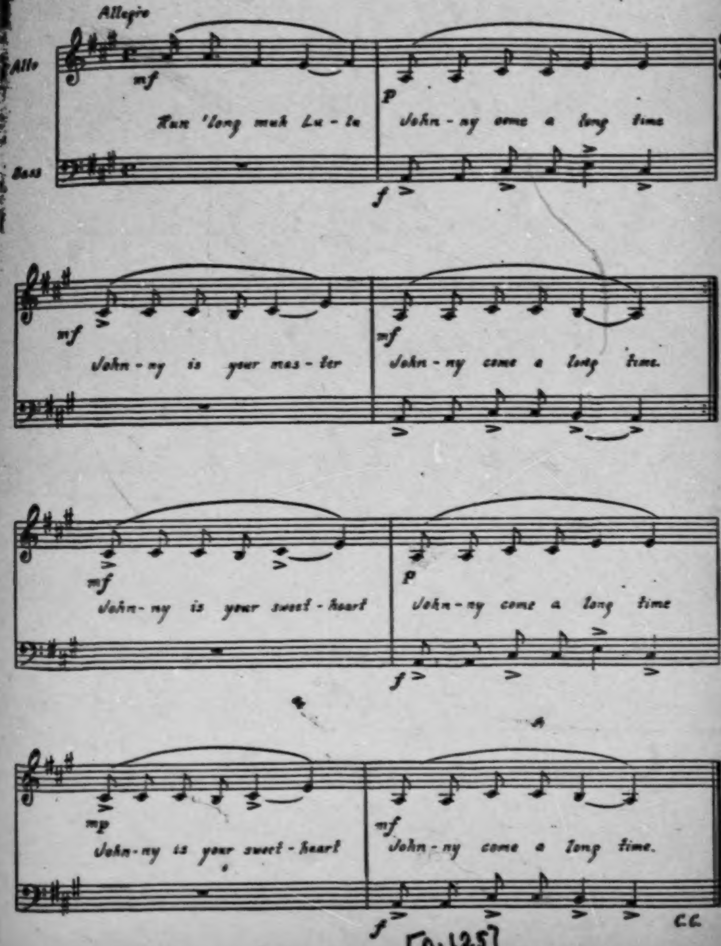
23. JOHNNY COME A LONG TIME


Allegro
Alto
Bass
mf
Run 'long muh Lu - lu
p
f
John - ny come a long time
mf
John - ny is your mas - ter
mf
John - ny come a long time.
mf
John - ny is your sweet - heart
p
f
John - ny come a long time
mp
John - ny is your sweet - heart
mf
f
John - ny come a long time.
C.C.

533
539.

[p.125]

533
796
At one of our singing festivals, Liverpool, who was well over a hundred at the time, became excited as he heard again the old prayer-meeting song, left his seat, joined in the swaying group of sixty-five singers, and gave a demonstration of the "right hand of fellowship" which he performed with the dignity seen in the minuet. First he gave his right hand to the singer on his right; then, bowing sedately, he crossed his left hand over to the same member. Both hands were then shaken as the singers bowed with the rhythim before passing to the next neighbor and repeating the same ceremony.

• [539]

'Tis well an' good I come here tonight
come here tonight
come here tonight
Well an' good I come here tonight
For to do my Master's will.
O Brother Quarterman show me the way
show me the way
show me the way
O my brother show me the way—
The way to the Promised Land.

(794) At old-time prayer meetings the following song brought out all of the members—one at a time—on the floor, breaking up any tendency to stiffness. Each rose as his or her name was called and moved around the circle, returning to the group when another member's name was about to be called.

This same song was called an "ant'em" on Eleuthera, (one of the Bahamas). When I asked the singer if it was old, she said: "Methuselum sung 'um."

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539

Oh mh Jesus bin yer
O He bin yer
Jesus bless my soul an' gone.
Jesus bin yer
O He bin yer
Jesus bless my soul an' gone.
Sister Bessie where were you
My sister where were you
My sister where were you
When the Lord was passin' by.

(Illustration 16) A

A, [For Illustration 16, see Category 142, plate facing p. 97--Analyst]

794 796 "Covenant meetin'," now called "Pure Mind Meetin'," was formerly held at the last prayer meeting before Communion Sunday, and was of service in keeping track of the members and making sure, from their own words, that they were "livin' in union." No more meetings of this character have been held at the "South End" of St. Simon's since Betty Brown paid the penalty of false testimony. She got up and told the members: "I'm at peace with everybody." Then, as she was leaving the church, she said: "I'm goin' home t' put Josie [her crippled grandson] out the house." She walked to the step, fell, and never reached home alive.

BELIEVER I KNOW

175 159 [533] [291] [829] This song, sung on Sapelo by Katie Brown, while sitting under her tall magnolia tree, reflects the peace of her surroundings. Although she was born about 1850, her voice is remarkably true and sweet. She tells me that the record book of the Spalding Plantation has her age as ten years when the War Between the States began, but she believes she was two years older, for she wore a shift [4] at the time her family left Sapelo and "went to the Main" for refuge on the Stephens Plantation in Bryan County. In December, after the "Big War" was over, they walked to Savannah. There Katie's mother, Cotty Grovenor, petitioned the Freedman's Bureau to let her return to Sapelo. "March was comin' and time to plant." She remembers distinctly how sore and swollen her feet were from walking. Cotty had to soak them in warm water each night.

533 539
I know, I know Lord
  Believer I know
I know, I know Lord
  Believer I know
I know the road so thorny
  Believer I know
I know the road is thorny
  Believer I know

---

[4] *The slaves count their age by some such event. Katie seemed to be proud of the fact she was old enough to wear a shift. Shad Hall must be younger, for he still wore a "binyan" (apparently an African word), which was the kind of shirt worn by young boys before they wore pants. With a grin, he told me their first pants had no pockets so that it would be less easy for them to steal eggs.*

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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It's thorny an' ruggy
Believer I know
It's thorny an' ruggy
Believer I know
The way to get to Heaven
Believer I know
Go in the wil'erness
Believer I know
Fall on your bending[5]
Believer I know
Fall on your bending
Believer I know
Cry Lord have mercy
Believer I know
Cry Lord have mercy
Believer I know
The way to get to Heaven
Believer I know
Love everybody
Believer I know
Love the Christian pastor[6]
Believer I know
Love everybody
Believer I know
The narrow road is Heaven road
Believer I know
Here an' there a traveller
Believer I know
The broad road is Hell road
Believer I know
Thousand walk together there
Believer I know
Glory Hallelujah
Believer I know
I done cross Jurden
Believer I know.

---

[5] Knees are implied.
[6] The white minister.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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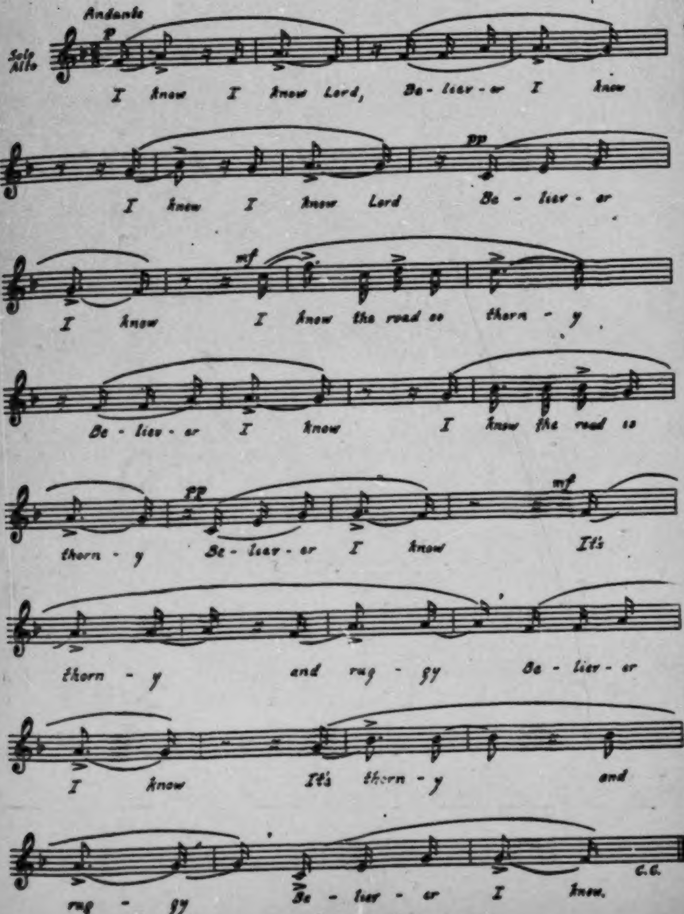
St. Simon's Island

25. BELIEVER I KNOW


Andante
Solo Alto
p
I know I know Lord, Be - liev - er I know
pp
I know I know Lord Be - liev - er
mf
I know I know the road so thorn - y
Be - liev - er I know I know the road so
pp
mf
thorn - y Be - liev - er I know It's
thorn - y and rug - gy Be - liev - er
I know It's thorn - y and
rug - gy Be - liev - er I know.
C.C.

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[p.133]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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NORAH, HIST THE WINDAH

Norah, hist the windah
Norah, hist the windah
Norah, hist the windah
Hist the windah let the dove come in.

Oh God comman' Brother Norah one day
Oh hist the windah let the dove come in
An' told Brother Norah to build an ark
Hist the windah let the dove come in.

Chorus: Oh Norah, hist the windah
Oh Norah, hist the windah
Oh Norah, hist the windah
Hist the windah let the dove come in.

Well Norah commence to buil' his ark
Oh hist the windah let the dove come in
An' he buil' his ark on the ha'd dry lan'
Oh hist the windah let the dove come in.

(repeat chorus)

An' the foolish man come a ridin' by
Oh hist the windah let the dove come in
Well he point his han' an' he scorn at Norah
Oh hist the windah let the dove come in
An' he call ole Norah the foolish man
Oh hist the windah let the dove come in
You buildin' yo' ark on the ha'd dry lan'
Oh hist the windah let the dove come in.

(repeat chorus)

Well, the little turtle dove done droop his wing
Oh hist the windah let the dove come in
An' he gone on Zion's Hill to sing
Hist the windah let the dove come in.

(repeat chorus)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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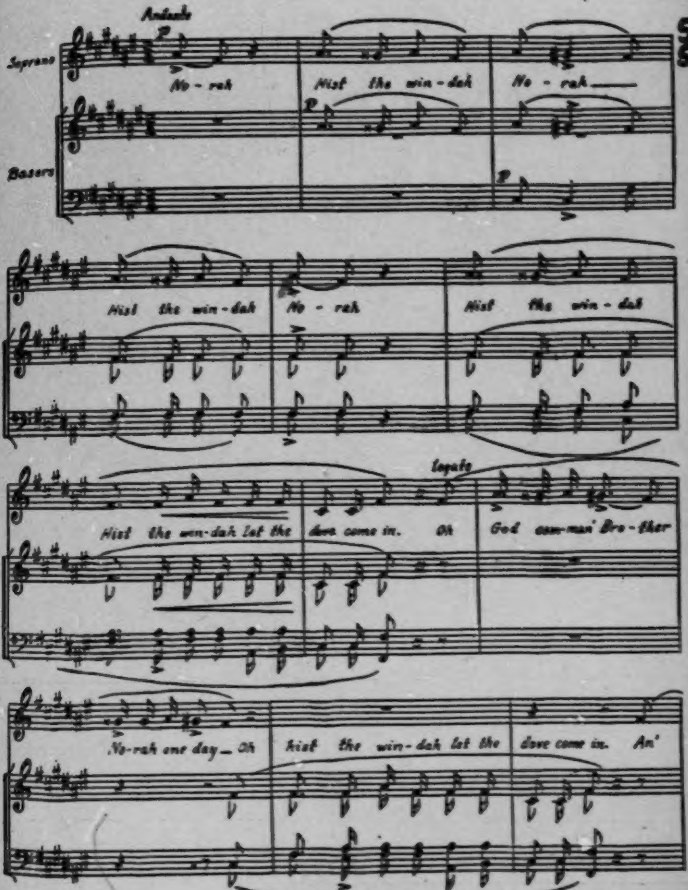
26. NORAH, HIST THE WINDAH


Andante
Soprano
Basses
No - rah
Hist the win - dah
No - rah
Hist the win - dah
No - rah
Hist the win - dah
Hist the win-dah let the
dove come in. Oh
legato
God com-man' Bro - ther
No-rah one day Oh
hist the win - dah let the
dove come in. An'

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9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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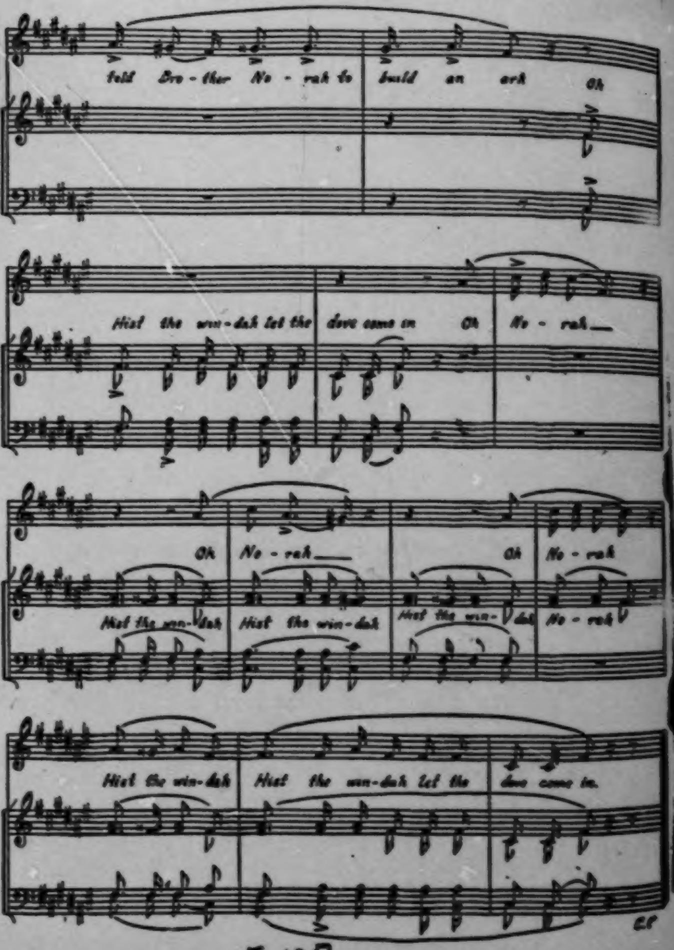
told Bro-ther No-rah to build an ark Oh
Hist the win-dah let the dove come in Oh No-rah
Oh No-rah
Oh No-rah
Hist the win-dah Hist the win-dah Hist the win-dah No-rah
Hist the win-dah Hist the win-dah let the dove come in.
EB

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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28. WASN' THAT A WONDER

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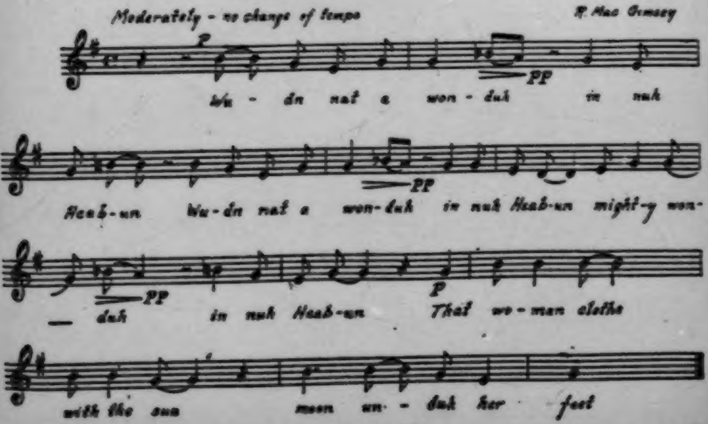
Chorus: Wasn' that a wonder
in the Heaven
Wasn' that a wonder
in the Heaven
Mighty wonder
in the Heaven
That woman clothe with the sun, moon under her feet.

Read about the wonder
in the Heaven
Read about the wonder
in the Heaven
Mighty wonder
in the Heaven
That woman clothe with the sun, moon under her feet.

John saw the wonder
in the Heaven
John saw the wonder
in the Heaven
It's a mighty wonder
in the Heaven
That woman clothe with the sun, moon under her feet.

Well, John' mother may gone before me
But you can't get no higher in Glory
If you get there befo' I do
Jus' tell my Lord I'm comin' too.


Moderately - no change of tempo
R. Mac Gimsey
P
PP
Wu - dn nat a won - duh in nuh
Heab-un Wu-dn nat a won-duh in nuh Heab-un might-y won-
PP
— duh in nuh Heab-un
P
That wo-man clothe
with the sun moon un- - duh her feet

[p. 139]

533
•539

I HEARD THE ANGELS SINGIN'

Chorus: One mornin' soon
One mornin' soon
One mornin' soon
Ah heard the angels singin'.

All in my room
All in my room
All in my room
Ah heard the angels singin'.

Lawd, Ah wuz down on my knees
Down on my knees
Down on my knees.
Ah heard the angels singin'.

No dyin' there
No dyin' there
No dyin' there
Ah heard the angels singin'.

Ah heard the angels singin' Lawd
Ah heard the angels singin'
Ah heard the angels singin' Lawd
Ah heard the angels singin'.

Well, there's no weepin' there
No weepin' there
No weepin' there
Ah heard the angels singin'.

Lawd, it wuz all 'roun' me shine
All 'roun' me shine
All 'roun' me shine
Ah heard the angels singin'.

Lawd, it wuz all over my head
All over my head
All over my head
Ah heard the angels singin'.

Lawd, it wuz all aroun' my feet
All aroun' my feet
All aroun' my feet
Ah heard the angels singin'.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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29. I HEARD THE ANGELS SINGIN'

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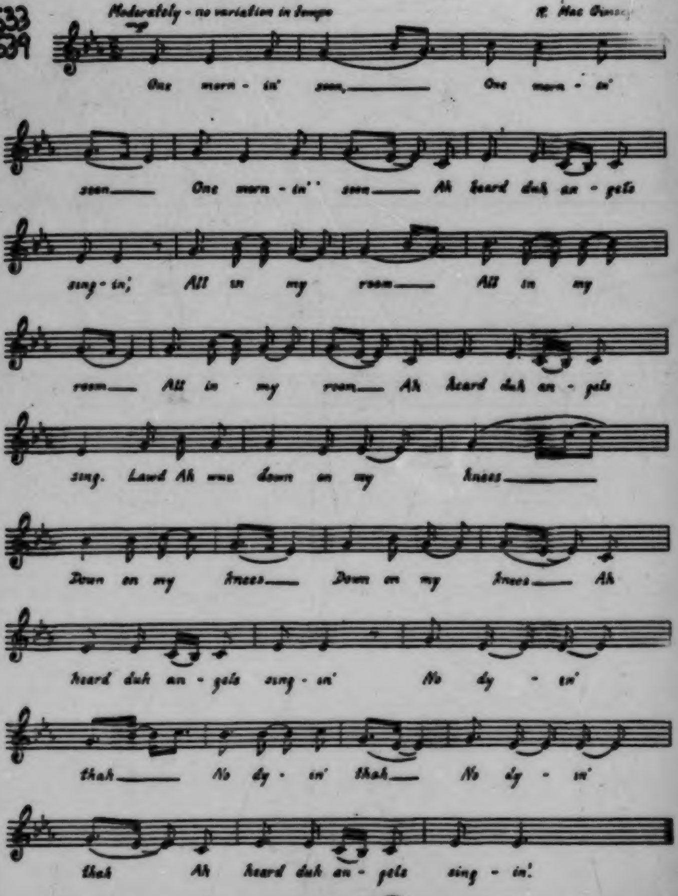
• 539


Moderately - no variation in tempo
mp
R. Mac Gimse
One morn - in' soon,
One morn - in' soon
One morn - in'' soon
Ah heard duh an - gels sing - in';
All in my room
All in my room
All in my room
Ah heard duh an - gels sing.
Lawd Ah was down on my knees
Down on my knees
Down on my knees
Ah heard duh an - gels sing - in'
No dy - in' thah
No dy - in' thah
No dy - in' thah
Ah heard duh an - gels sing - in'.

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9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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CAN'T HIDE SINNER

You may run to the rock
Can't hide
For a hidin' place
Can't hide
An' the rock cry out
Can't hide
You can't hide sinner, you can't hide.

You may run to the sea
Can't hide
For a hidin' place
Can't hide
An' the sea cry out
Can't hide
You can't hide sinner, you can't hide.

Oh sinner man
Can't hide
What you going to do
Can't hide
In the Judgment day
Can't hide
You can't hide sinner, you can't hide.

You may run to the grave
Can't hide
For a hidin' place
Can't hide
An' the grave cry out
Can't hide
You can't hide sinner, you can't hide.

You may run to the Church
Can't hide
For a hidin' place
Can't hide
An' the Church cry out
Can't hide
You can't hide sinner, you can't hide.

You may run to the mount'n
Can't hide
For a hidin' place
Can't hide
An' the mount'n cry out
Can't hide
You can't hide sinner, you can't hide.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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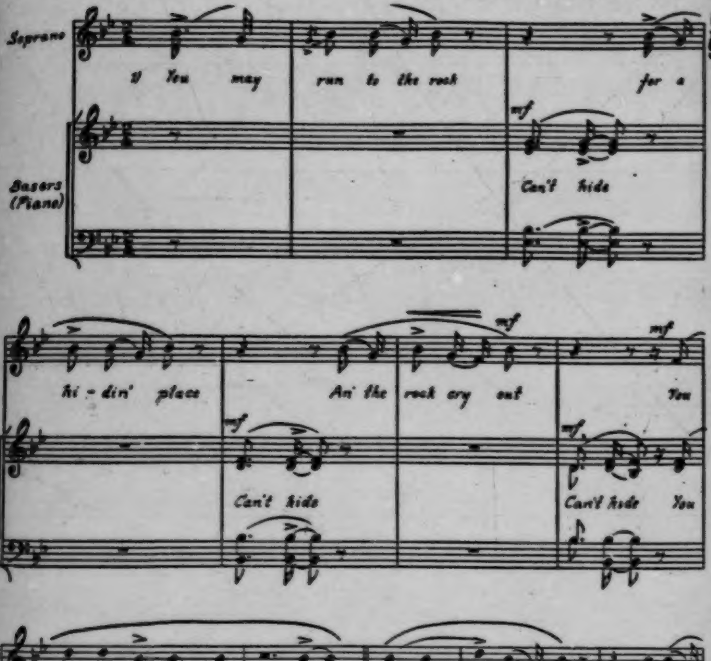
Soprano
Basses (Piano)
You may run to the rock for a
Can't hide
hi-din' place An' the rock cry out You
Can't hide Can't hide You
can't hide sin-ner, You can't hide You may run to the sea For a
can't hide sin-ner, You can't hide Can't hide
mf
p

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9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

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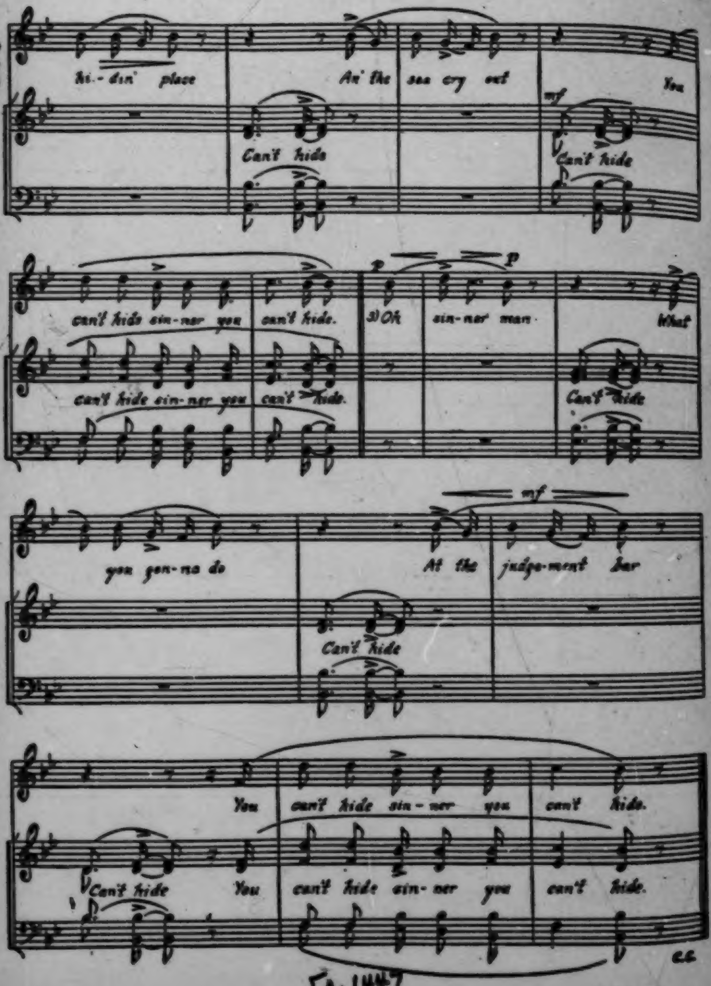
hi-din' place
An' the
sea cry out
You
Can't hide
mf
Can't hide
can't hide sin-ner you can't hide.
can't hide sin-ner you can't hide.
p
3) Oh
p
sin-ner man
What
Can't hide
you gon-na do
At the
mf
judge-ment bar
Can't hide
You
can't hide sin-ner you can't hide.
Can't hide
You
can't hide sin-ner you can't hide.

e.c.

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Chorus: John, John you will see John
Aye John
John, John you will see John
Aye John.

Fiah in nuh Eas' and fiah in nuh Wes'
Aye John
Fiah goinah burn out tuh wilduhness
Aye John.

(repeat chorus)

Gawd in nuh wil-d'ness jes begin tuh look out
Aye John
Yes, duh ram hohn blow an' nuh childun shout
Aye John.

(repeat chorus)

When Quarterman (Illustration 28) finished singing these verses into my recording machine, he said: "You can't take dat!" And when I played it back to him, he exclaimed: "O My Missus—de debbil!"

Katherine sings the following verses to the same tune:

Talk about John but you will see John
Aye John
Talk about John but you will see John
Aye John.
When I get to Heaven goin' to walk all aroun'
Aye John
Angel in the Heaven can't order me down
Aye John.

(repeat chorus)

When I get to Heaven goin' to sit an' tell
Aye John
Goin' to a'gue with the Father an' chatter with the Son
Aye John.

(repeat chorus)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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31. JOHN, JOHN

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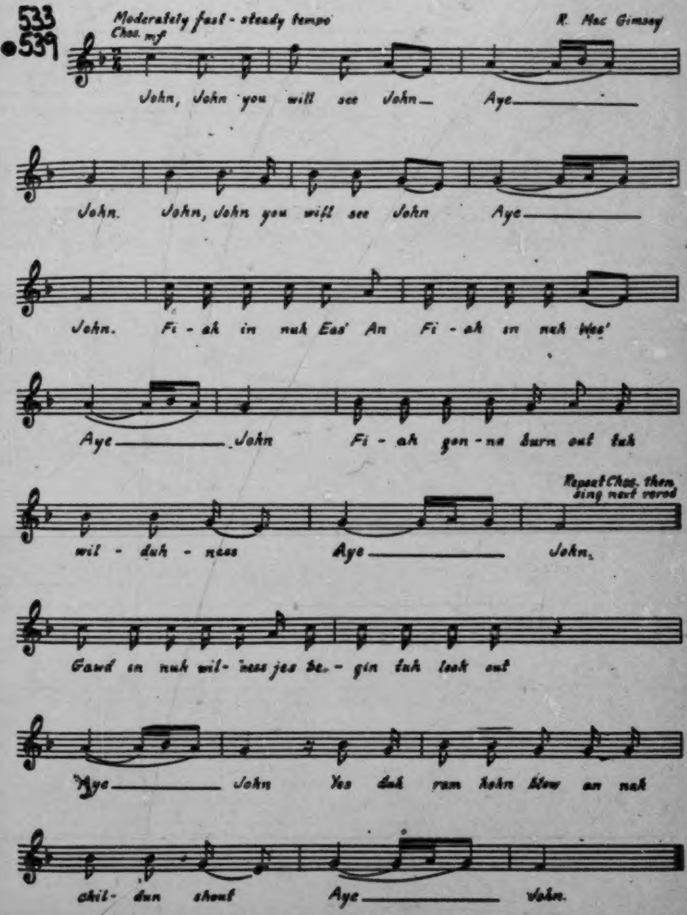
●539


Moderately fast - steady tempo
Cho. mf
R. Mac Gimsey
John, John you will see John — Aye —
John. John, John you will see John Aye —
John. Fi - ah in nuh Eas' An Fi - ah in nuh Wes'
Aye — John Fi - ah gon - na burn out tuh
wil - duh - ness Aye — John.
Repeat Cho. then sing next verse
Gawd in nuh wil- ness jes be. - gin tuh look out
Aye — John Yes duh ram hohn blow an nuh
chil- dun shout Aye — John.

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Chorus: No hidin' place
No hidin' place
Almos' t' the Judgment Bah
No hidin' place.

'Cause Ah don't know what my sister wan'nuh stay here for

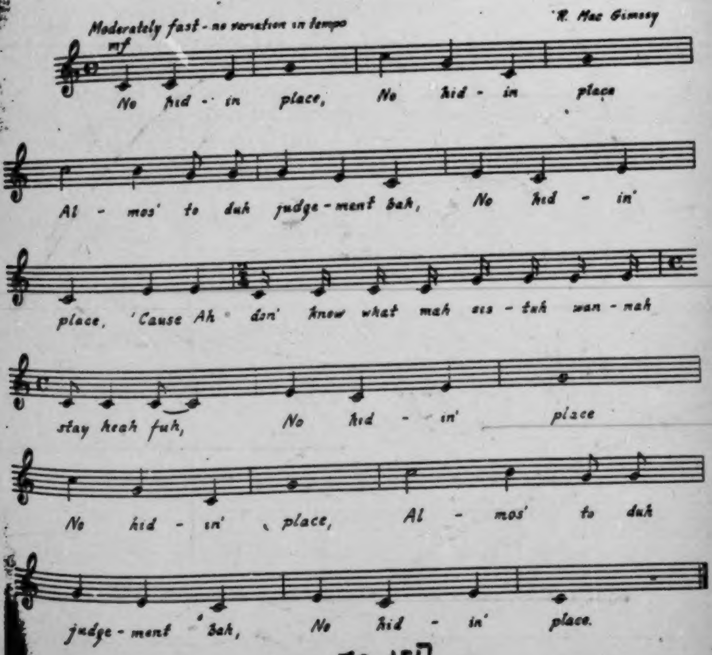
Repeat Chorus:

Ah'm goin' t' run t' the rock for a hidin' place

Repeat Chorus:

Fox got a hole in the groun'
Bird got a nest in the air
There's nare one thing got a hidin' place
But these sinners got none.

Repeat Chorus:


Moderately fast - no variation in tempo
R. Mac Gimsey
mf
No hid - in place, No hid - in place
Al - mos' to duh judge - ment bah, No hid - in'
place, 'Cause Ah don' know what mah sis - tuh wan - nah
stay heah fuh, No hid - in' place
No hid - in' place, Al - mos' to duh
judge - ment bah, No hid - in' place.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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LIVIN' HUMBLE

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533
"Gettin' religion" is a soul-stirring matter with the Negro. When he feels the serious need of salvation he responds to the appeal of the minister to come forward to the "Mou'ners' Bench"—also called the "Anxious" or "Mercy Seat." There, at the bench directly in front of the pulpit, he kneels while the congregation sings an appropriate song. In the old days he wandered at night until he managed to "come through." Many lines in the oldest songs refer to customs that are now practically obsolete. I cannot imagine a young Negro today wandering alone at night until his "head got wet by the mid'l-night dew."

533 Oh po' moanuh won't chew jus' believe
539 Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
Oh po' moanuh won't chew jus' believe
Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
Oh po' moanuh won't chew jus' believe
Christ is a waitin' to receive
Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
King Jesus camp in nuh middle uv the air
Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
King Jesus camp in nuh middle uv the air
Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
King Jesus camp in nuh middle uv the air
None but tuh righteous shall git thah
Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
O my head got wet by the mid'l-night dew
Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
My head got wet by the mid'l-night dew
Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
My head got wet by the mid'l-night dew
I pray to my God until I come through
Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
Leave my burden at the foot of the hill
Livin' 'umble, livin' 'umble
Leave my burden at the foot of the hill
Ever since I been converted
I been tryin' to live 'umble.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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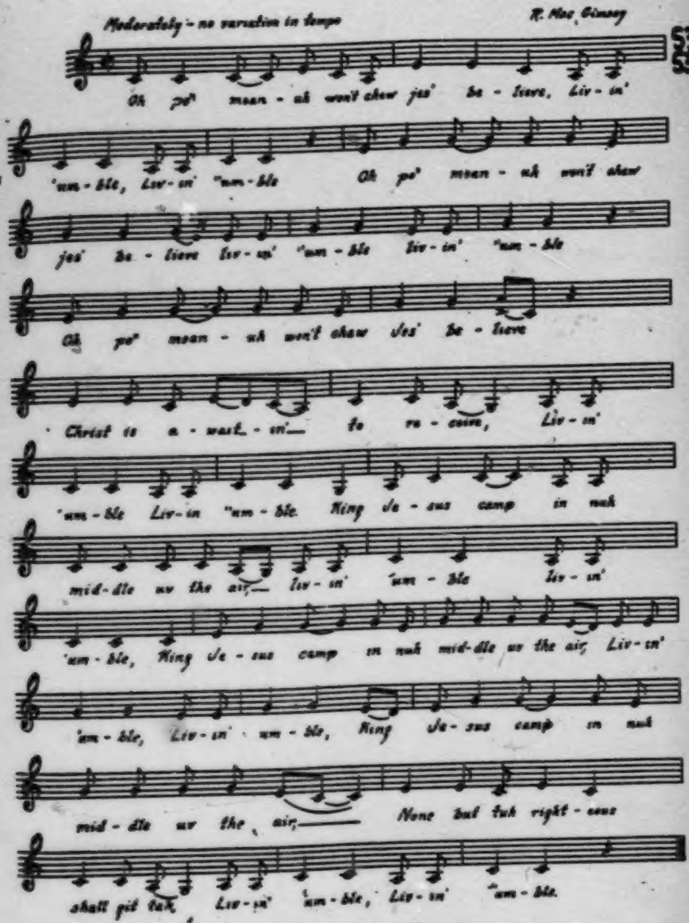
Moderately - no variation in tempo
R. Mac Gimsey
Oh po' moan - uh won't chaw jes' be - lieve, Liv - in'
'um - ble, Liv - in' 'um - ble Oh po' moan - uh won't chaw
jes' be - lieve liv - in' 'um - ble liv - in' 'um - ble
Oh po' moan - uh won't chaw jes' be - lieve
Christ is a - wait - in' to re - ceive, Liv - in'
'um - ble Liv - in 'um - ble. King Je - sus camp in nuh
mid - dle uv the air, liv - in' 'um - ble liv - in'
'um - ble, King Je - sus camp in nuh mid - dle uv the air, Liv - in'
'um - ble, Liv - in' um - ble, King Je - sus camp in nuh
mid - dle uv the air, None but tuh right - eous
shall git tuh Liv - in' 'um - ble, Liv - in' 'um - ble.

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9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

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From the reference to "Mornin' star was a witness too" and "I heard a voice an' I saw no one," followed by "It mus' be Jesus passin' by," it is apparent that this unusual version of "Swing Low" was another of the songs appropriate to the "comin' through" of "sinners," who had agonized at night in order to achieve the proper exaltation.

533
539

Oh swing low—Oh swing low
Oh swing low sweet chariot swing low
Oh swing low—Oh swing low
Oh swing low sweet chariot swing low
It mus' be Jesus passin' by
Oh swing low sweet chariot swing low
Swing low in the Eas'
swing low
Swing low in the Eas'
swing low
Swing low chariot
swing low
Swing low chariot swing low
I heard a voice an' I saw no one
Oh swing low sweet chariot swing low
Swing low in the Wes'
swing low
Swing low in the Wes'
swing low
Swing low chariot
swing low
Swing low chariot swing low
Mornin' star was a witness too
Oh swing low sweet chariot swing low.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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35. SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

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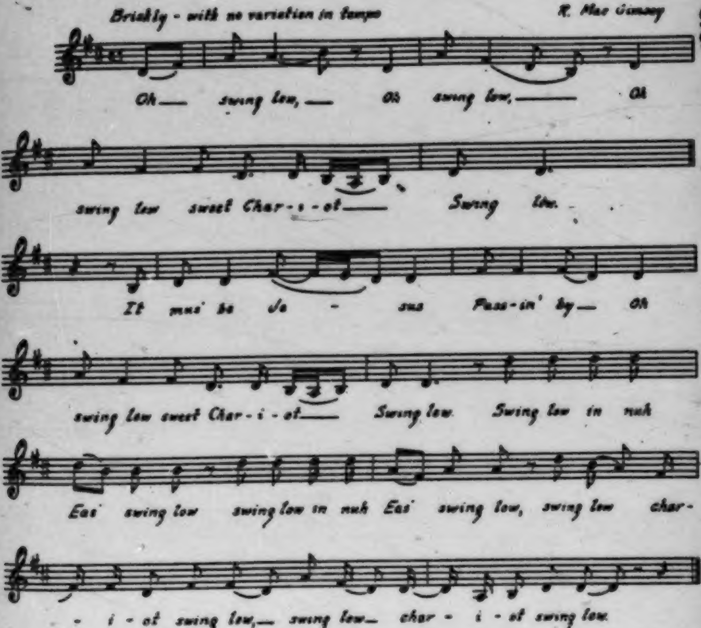

Briskly - with no variation in tempo
R. Mac Gimsey
Oh — swing low, — Oh swing low, — Oh
swing low sweet Char - i - ot — Swing low.
It mus' be Je - sus Pass-in' by — Oh
swing low sweet Char - i - ot — Swing low. Swing low in nuh
Eas' swing low swing low in nuh Eas' swing low, swing low char-
- i - ot swing low, — swing low — char - i - ot swing low.

[p. 155]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

567 haps it is true that certain plantation owners were of a superior type and provided a
156 superior example; or was it that the education received by the slaves was better suited to their needs?

533 I'm goin' to cross that ocean by mysel'
539 by mysel'
I'm goin' to cross that ocean by mysel'
by mysel'
When my Lord call me I must go

I'm goin' to cross that ocean by mysel'.

In that lonesome valley by mysel'
by mysel'
In that lonesome valley by mysel'
by mysel'
I'm goin' to weep like a willo' moan like a dove

I'm goin' to cross that ocean by mysel'.

Weepin' Mary weep no mor'
weep no mor'
Weepin' Mary weep no mor'
weep no mor'
When my Lord call me I must go

I'm goin' to cross that ocean by mysel'.

Doubtful Thomas don't y'u doubt no mor'
doubt no mor'
Doubtful Thomas don't y'u doubt no mor'
doubt no mor'
When my Lord calls me I must go

I'm goin' to cross that ocean by mysel'.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

ZION

533 585 Most Negro weddings, in church or out, are conducted, I am told, without music; but when Ben Davis was married, this song was used with telling effect in the Frederica African Baptist Church. Two ushers walked from the altar with lighted lamps in their hands, and met the bridal party at the door. Two little girls headed the procession and strewed flowers in its path. Ben, with the maid of honor, was followed by the bride on the arm of the best man. To the music of "O Zion—when the bridegroom comes," sung by the guests who filled the church, the participants moved to the altar, where the ushers put down their lamps, and Joe Lowman, the preacher, was waiting for them. When Lowman asked Ben: "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" Ben spoke up "good and strong": "Yes suh!" When the same question was asked of Norah, her answer was very weak. This did not satisfy the parson: "Answer as though you mean it. This ain't for today and tomorrow, this is a lifetime business!" Everybody laughed. Lowman, after the usual procedure, offered a prayer and ended the ceremony by telling Ben to "salute the bride."

533 (461) Besides being used in church and at praise meeting, I find "Zion" was one of the favorite rowing songs of the Butler oarsmen. Tall, lean Liverpool, who looks like an Arab sheik, showed us how he rowed to its rhythm:

533
•639
585

Don't you be like the foolish virgin
When the bridegroom come
Don't you be like the foolish virgin
When the bridegroom come.

Chorus: O Zion
(Zion)
O Zion
(Zion)
O Zion
When the bridegroom come.

Have oil in your vessel
When the bridegroom come
Have oil in your vessel
When the bridegroom come.

(repeat chorus)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

533 Keep your lamp trimmed and burnin'
•539 When the bridegroom come
585 Keep your lamp trimmed and burnin'
When the bridegroom come.

(repeat chorus)

Five were wise an' five were foolish
When the bridegroom come
Five were wise an' five were foolish
When the bridegroom come.

(repeat chorus)

What did the foolish say to the wise
When the bridegroom come
What did the foolish say to the wise
When the bridegroom come.

(repeat chorus)

Lend us some of your oil
When the bridegroom come
Lend us some of your oil
When the bridegroom come.

(repeat chorus)

We will enter into the marriage
When the bridegroom come
We will enter into the marriage
When the bridegroom come.

(repeat chorus)

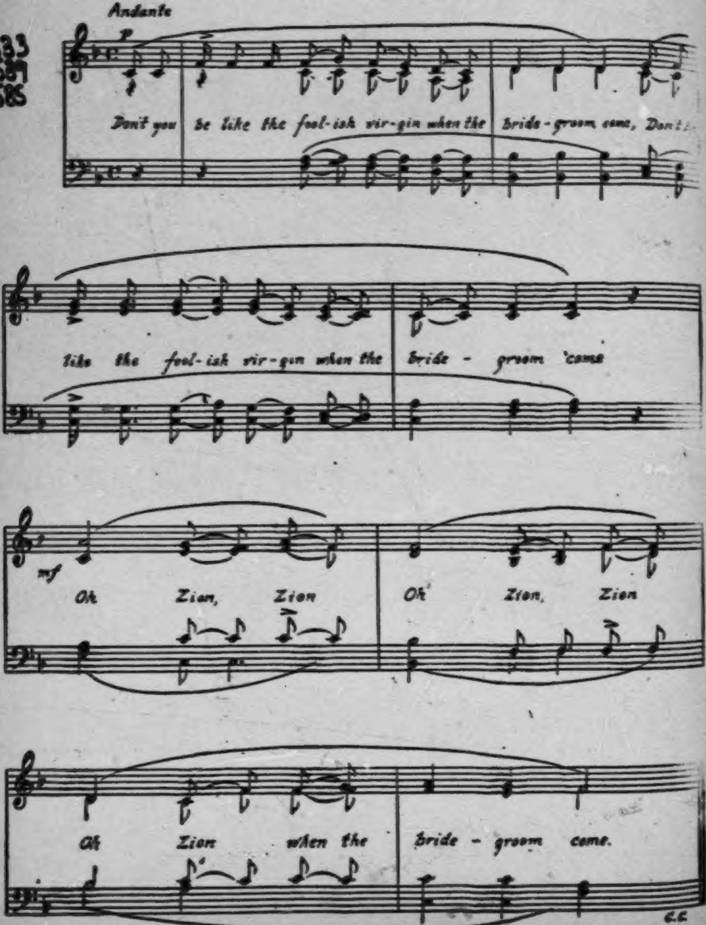
We will all go out to meet them
When the bridegroom come
We will all go out to meet them
When the bridegroom come.

(repeat chorus)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN2
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

36. ZION

533
•589
585


Andante
p
Don't you be like the fool-ish vir-gin when the bride-groom come, Don't
like the fool-ish vir-gin when the bride - groom 'come
mf
Oh Zion, Zion Oh Zion, Zion
Oh Zion when the bride - groom come.
G.C.

[p.160]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

MY GOD IS A ROCK IN A WEARY LAND

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This song belongs to the exhorting-sermon type which has an African counterpart. The old-time preacher rhythmically chanted his sermon; at effective intervals he broke into song, in which he was joined by the congregation.

533
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Chorus: My God is a rock in a weary land
weary land
in a weary land
My God is a rock in a weary land
Shelter in a time of storm.

Ah know He is a rock in a weary land
weary land
in a weary land
Ah know He is a rock in a weary land
Shelter in a time of storm.

Stop let me tell you 'bout the Chapter One
When the Lord God's work has jus' begun
Stop and let me tell you 'bout the Chapter Two
When the Lord God's written his Bible through
Stop and let me tell you 'bout the Chapter Three
When the Lord God died on Calvary.

Chorus: An' Ah know He is a rock in a weary land
weary land
in a weary land
Ah know He is a rock in a weary land
Shelter in a time of storm.

Stop and let me tell you 'bout the Chapter Four
Lord God visit 'mong the po'
Stop and let me tell you 'bout the Chapter Five
Lord God brought the dead alive
Stop and let me tell you 'bout the Chapter Six
He went in Jerusalem and healed the sick.

(repeat chorus)

Stop and let me tell you 'bout Chapter Seven
Died and risen and went to Heaven
Stop and let me tell you 'bout the Chapter Eight
John seen Him standin' at the Golden Gate
Stop and let me tell you 'bout the Chapter Nine
Lord God turned the water to wine
Stop and let me tell you 'bout the Chapter Ten
John says He's comin' in the world again.

(repeat chorus)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

NN23 Sea Islanders NN23

Georgia

St. Simon's Island

37. MY GOD IS A ROCK IN A WEARY LAND

533
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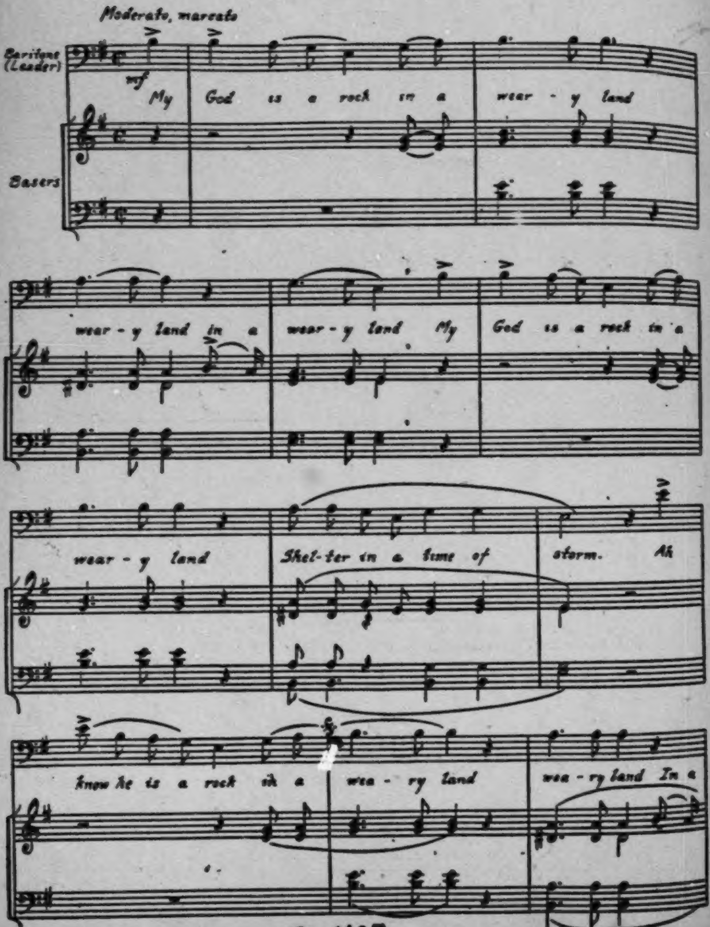
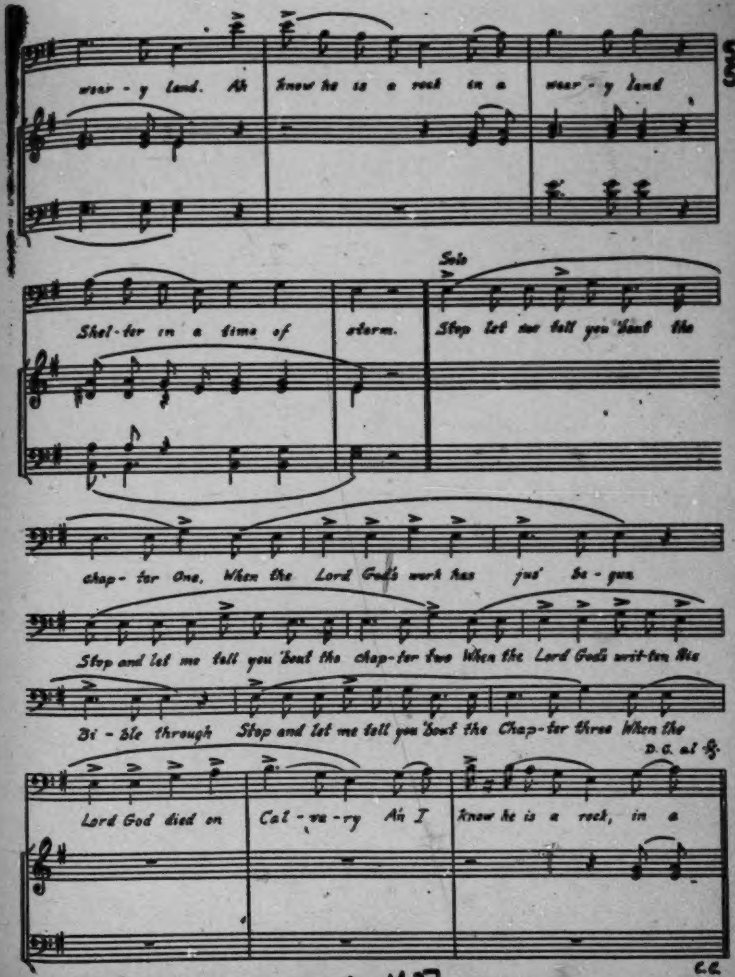

Moderato, marcato
Baritone (Leader)
Basses
mf
My God is a rock in a weary land
wear-y land in a wear-y land My God is a rock in a
wear-y land Shel-ter in a time of storm. Ah
know he is a rock in a wea-ry land wea-ry land In a

[p. 162]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island


wear - y land. Ah know he is a rock in a wear - y land
Shel-ter in a time of storm.
Solo
Stop let me tell you 'bout the chap- ter One, When the Lord God's work has jus' be - gun
Stop and let me tell you 'bout the chap-ter two When the Lord God's writ-ten his Bi - ble through
Stop and let me tell you 'bout the Chap-ter three When the Lord God died on Cal - va - ry An I know he is a rock, in a
D. C. al 𝄋
C.C.

[p. 163]

THE BELL DONE RING

533 171 In a collection of *African Music* recorded by Laura C. Boulton a war song [10] is given from the Tuareg tribe of the French Sudan, near Timbuctoo, which is strikingly similar to a sermon song of Henry Shaw's, even to the peculiar reedy quality of tone.[11] The Tuareg singer recites the brave deeds of a chief; Henry recounts the adventures of Jonah.

533 126 It has been practically impossible to take down Henry's song as he sings it. When he recites it, he gives an entirely different version. If I ask the meaning of a line, he has to begin all over again—and we never get very far.

533 •539

Chorus: Live humble, humble, humble your soul
The bell done ring.
Live humble little chil'run
The bell done ring.
Live humble little soul
The bell done ring.
Live humble I say
The bell done ring.

"Live humble" is sung three more times with the response, "The bell done ring," following each line, and the chorus ends with its first four lines. The gist of the narrative section follows the story of Jonah's tribulations quite literally.

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[10] *Vol. I, record 86-A.*

(567) [11] *Our coastal Negroes appear to be musically more closely allied to the Tuaregs than to any other African tribe of whose songs I have been able to secure records. Record 86-B of the same series gives a lullaby sung by a Tuareg woman which—except for the difference in language—might be sung by a grandmother anywhere along this coast. If we knew the period in which certain groups of slaves came to America, and the section of Africa from which they were obtained, we might learn more about their musical background. Two records made by the Denis-Roosevelt expedition in the Belgian Congo indicate that the slaves of South Carolina and Georgia might have come from that region, since their ring-shouts show a similarity to Nos. 6 and 10 in tone, rhythm, and hand clapping. The "sharp exhalation of breath" heard in No. 10 is also demonstrated by some of our ex-slaves, but they do no "stomping," although on two or three occasions I have seen Negroes from the interior do it.*

533 Lord called Jonah t' Nineveh Lan'
•539 To preach the gospel in de terrible d'man'
Jonah risen an' 'e went on down de Joppa two years started over
yonda to Tarsha two years to wait 'pon God's comman'
Got on the ship went down to de lowermos' deck
The cap'n of de ship started to sail
Got in de midst o' de middle o' de deep
The cap'n of de ship got de trouble in min'
Search the ship from bow t' stern
The' foun' ole Jonah fast asleep
Wake up . . .

The last two lines, which ended with "tell you now," I could not get. These were followed by the chorus. Further vicissitudes of Jonah were related in two more long verses.

AN' HE NEVER SAID A MUMBLIN' WORD

123 Last Easter I attended service, by special request, at a makeshift Baptist "taber-
796 nacle" far from the highway, in the pine wilderness of Camden County. There was a
roof over a part of the one-story shack, but it lacked sides except behind the pulpit.
[346] The benches were planks on blocks of wood, and pine slabs were put on the swampy
(352) ground to keep our feet dry. In his sermon the minister pointedly stressed the fact
that spiritual comfort was infinitely to be preferred over that of the flesh. His earnest-
796 ness and conviction in describing Christ's appearance before Pilate, and the forti-
786 tude with which He bore His sufferings, made the scene too vivid for Phyllis, who
became excited, jumped from her seat, and shrieked: "He didn't do nothin'! No
He didn't! He was an innocent man! Yes He was!" She was in truth a modern wit-
ness for my Lord.

53 See how they done my Lord
done my Lord
done my Lord
See how they done my Lord
An' He never said a mumblin' word.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

53

May be the las' time we shout together
May be the las' time I don't know
May be the las' time we pray together
May be the las' time I don't know.

(repeat chorus)

Eatin' of the bread an' drinkin' of the wine
May be the las' time I don't know
It may be the las' time we moan together
May be the las' time I don't know
I don't know I don't know may be the las' time I don't know
It may be the las' time I don't know.

ONE-A THESE DAYS

533
539

This was a favorite song for the close of prayer meeting:

One-a these days
My Sister, one-a these days
My Sister, one-a these days
When the Lord call me home.

Chorus: Soon shall be done with the crosses
Soon shall be done with the trouble of the worl'
Soon shall be done with the crosses
When the Lord call me home.

Sister Julia, one-a these days
My Sister, one-a these days
My Sister, one-a these days
When the Lord call me home.

Other "sisters" and "brothers" present are named in lengthening the song.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
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St. Simon's Island

533
539

WADE IN NUH WATUH CHILDUN

Chorus:
Wade in nuh watuh childun
Wade in nuh watuh childun
Wade in nuh watuh
Gawd's go'nah trouble duh watuh.

If a you don' believe Ah been redeem'
Gawd's go'nah trouble duh watuh
Follow me down to Jurdun stream
Gawd's go'nah trouble duh watuh.

Repeat Chorus:

Who dat yonduh drest in white
Gawd's go'nah trouble duh watuh
Mus' be the childun uv the Isralite
Gawd's go'nah trouble duh watuh.

Repeat Chorus:

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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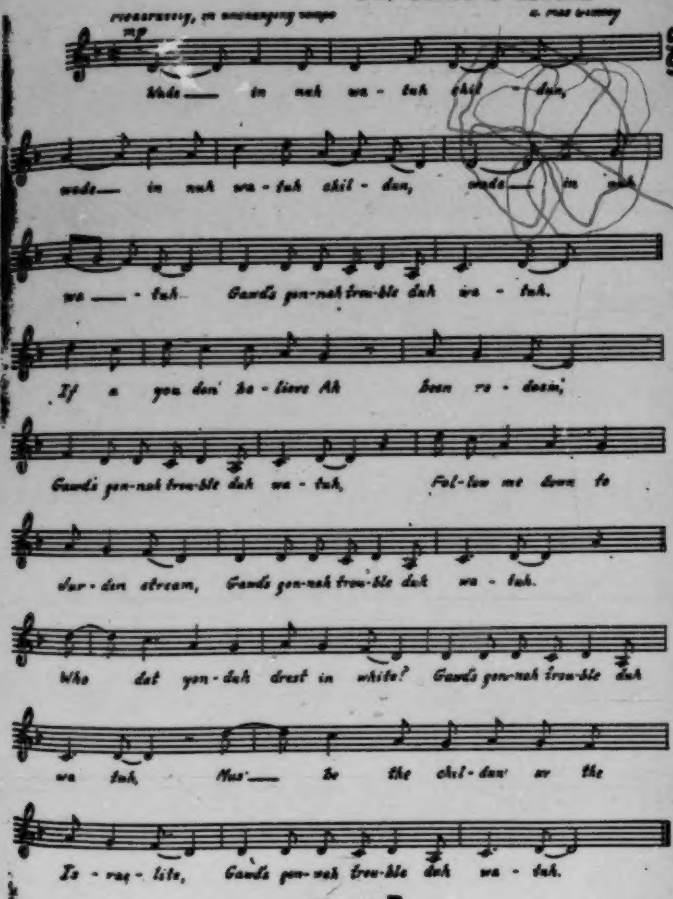
mp
Wade — in nah wa - tuh chil - dun,
wade — in nah wa - tuh chil - dun,
wade — in nah
wa — - tuh Gawd's gon-nah trou-ble dah wa - tuh.
If a you don' be - lieve Ah been re - deem;
Gawd's gon-nah trou-ble dah wa - tuh,
Fol-low me down to
Jur - den stream, Gawd's gon-nah trou-ble dah wa - tuh.
Who dat yon - duh drest in white? Gawd's gon-nah trou-ble dah
wa tuh,
Mus' — be the chil - dun' ov the
Is - rae - lite, Gawd's gon-nah trou-ble dah wa - tuh.

533
531.

[p. 171]

533
• 539

SABBATH HAS NO END

In the River uv Jurdun
I believe
In the River uv Jurdun
I believe
In the River uv Jurdun
I believe
Sabbath has no end.
I went down to the River uv Jurdun
Water caught me to my throat
Jesus Christ was the Captain
An' the Holy Ghos' was my boat.
I'm goin' cross Jurd'n
I believe
I'm goin' cross Jurdun
I believe
I'm goin' cross Jurdun
I believe
Sabbath has no end.
I went down to the River uv Jurdun
Where John baptize three
Up step ole big man Satan say
John baptize me.
Look in the Book of Redemption
There you shall fine
Where Jesus Christ was the doctor
Turned the water to wine.
Wasn't that a doctor
I believe
Wasn't that a doctor
I believe
Wasn't that a doctor
I believe
Sabbath has no end.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

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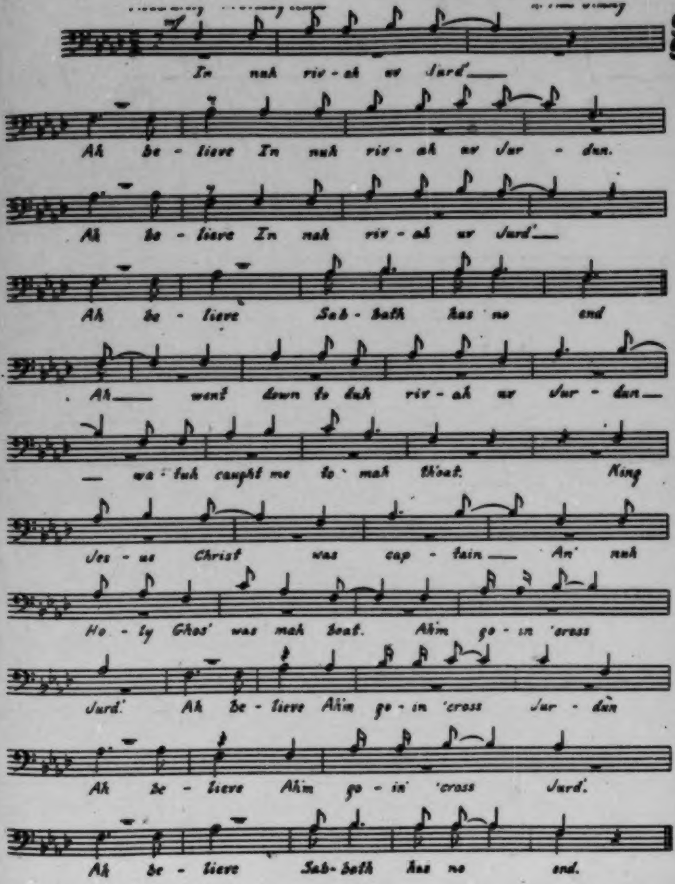
In nuh riv - ah uv Jurd'
Ah be - lieve In nuh riv - ah uv Jur - dun.
Ah be - lieve In nuh riv - ah uv Jurd'
Ah be - lieve Sab - bath has no end
Ah went down to duh riv - ah uv Jur - dun
wa - tuh caught me to mah thoat. King
Jes - us Christ was cap - tain An' nuh
Ho - ly Ghos' was mah boat. Ahm go - in 'cross
Jurd' Ah be - lieve Ahm go - in 'cross Jur - dun
Ah be - lieve Ahm go - in' 'cross Jurd'.
Ah be - lieve Sab - bath has no end.

533
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[p. 173]

771
772
171 Geoffrey Gorer tells us, in *Africa Dances*, that the primitive Negroes "know that the world is entirely spiritual," and "if we are sane" in believing that the physical universe, whether animate or inanimate, is bound by certain laws, which produce certain predictable effects, then "they are just mad. . . . This madness is not always apparent, for superficially Negroes seem to go about the ordinary business of life in a fairly normal way." It is only when you try to persuade them that they are not logical, that you find you cannot influence the most important side of their lives.

In this country the abolitionists seized upon this trait, and made much of it in
533 their writings about the slaves' religious songs. The favorite theme of these writers
771 was that in thinking of the world to come, and singing about it, the slaves found
(154) release from the misery of their lot here below—which has always seemed to me like
a lot of sentimental nonsense. Their forebears were deeply religious people, and, as
Gorer states, "religion is for us a thing apart [like our music]; for the African Ne-
(171) groes their whole existence." Explorers in Africa have told us, times without num-
ber, that music is as much a part of the life of the native as breathing—just as it
was with our slaves in ante-bellum days. I can imagine Old Elizabeth singing this
533 song until she went into a trance-like state. Gorer mentions that "Negroes can put
787 themselves into very peculiar physical-mental states with extraordinary ease. They
will go into trances, or throw fits at the slightest provocation. Even a Negro beating
a tom-tom quickly becomes very strange; his pupils dilate and do not focus, he
seems to become a rhythmic and unconscious automaton." From first-hand expe-
rience, I know that this characteristic survives to a surprising degree among our
rural Negroes of the Georgia Coast.

533 Throw me any way
539 In dhat ole fiel'
Throw me any way
In dhat ole fiel'.
I don' care whah you throw me
In dhat ole fiel'
I don' care whah you throw me
In dhat ole fiel'.
Throw me ova hills an' mountains
In dhat ole fiel'
Throw me ova hills an' mountains
In dhat ole fiel'.
Sometimes I'm up sometimes I'm down
In dhat ole fiel'
But still my soul is heaven boun'
In dhat ole fiel'.
Throw my mother out a doo's
In dhat ole fiel'
Throw my mother out a doo's
In dhat ole fiel'.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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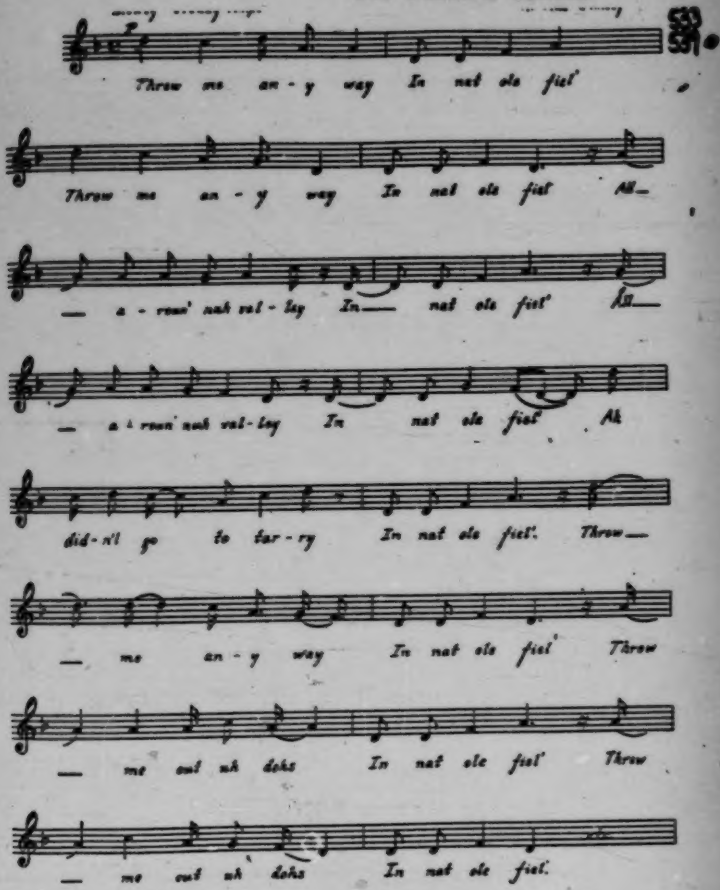
St. Simon's Island


553
551
Throw me an - y way In nat ole fiel'
Throw me an - y way In nat ole fiel' Ah—
— a - roun' nah val - ley In— nat ole fiel' Ah—
— a - roun' nah val - ley In nat ole fiel' Ah
did - n't go to tar - ry In nat ole fiel'. Throw—
— me an - y way In nat ole fiel' Throw
— me out uh dohs In nat ole fiel' Throw
— me out uh dohs In nat ole fiel'.

[p. 177]

JESUS GON TUH MAKE UP MY DYIN' BED

533 767 Although this song was brought to St. Simon's after the War Between the States, I am told by an old resident of McIntosh County that it originated in ante-bellum days when there were no colored undertakers, and a certain Negro was appointed on each plantation to make the dead ready for burial.

533 539 Chorus: He's a dyin' bed-maker
Well, well
He's a dyin' bed-maker
Well, well, well
He's a dyin' bed-maker
Well, well
Jesus gon tuh make up my dyin' bed.
Well, in my dyin' room Ah know
Somebody's gon tuh cry
All Ah want you to do fuh me
Jus' to close my dyin' eye.

(repeat chorus)

In my dyin' room Ah know
Somebody's goin' to weep
All Ah want you to do fuh me
Jus' to fol' my dyin' sheet.

(repeat chorus)

In my dyin' room Ah know
Somebody's goin' to moan
All Ah want you to do fuh me
Jus' to hear my dyin' groan.

(repeat chorus)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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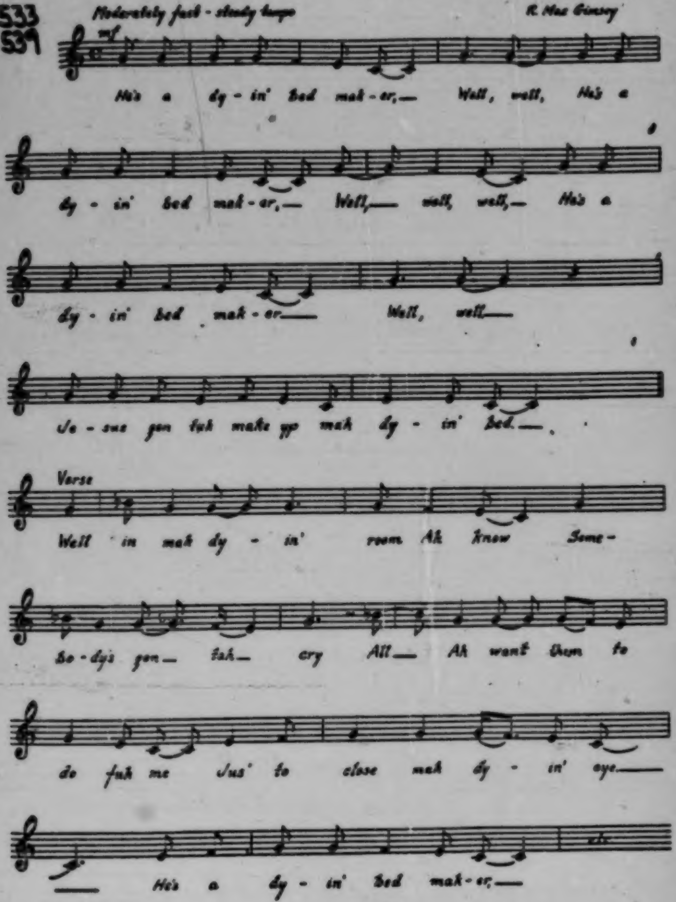
Moderately fast - steady tempo
R. Mac Gimsey
mf
He's a dy - in' bed mak - er, — Well, well, He's a
dy - in' bed mak - er, — Well, — well, well, — He's a
dy - in' bed mak - er — Well, well —
Je - sus gon fuh make up mah dy - in' bed. —
Verse
Well in mah dy - in' room Ah know Some -
bo - dy's gon — fuh — cry All — Ah want them to
do fuh me Jus' to close mah dy - in' eye. —
— He's a dy - in' bed mak - er, —

[p. 179]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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O DE ROBE

533 177 The Irish ditch-diggers, employed in repairing the banks enclosing the rice fields of Glynn County, probably account for the Celtic lilt in this tune.[17] The Negroes have always been great borrowers, musically speaking, but, to my mind, that matters little when they make the material so completely their own that the result is entirely different, and often an improvement on the original. This was clearly the case with the ante-bellum melodies of the white plantation owners. A race which could turn dreary book hymns into living creations deserves great applause, and the less said about the source of its inspiration the better—unless from a desire to call attention to its superior musical gift.

533 •539 Chorus: O de robe de robe my Lord
De robe all ready now
O de robe de robe my Lord
De robe all ready now.

My mother gone an' she lef' me heah
De robe all ready now
My mother gone an' she lef' me heah
De robe all ready now.

(repeat chorus)

Christian trials just begun
De robe all ready now
Christian trials just begun
De robe all ready now.

(repeat chorus)

Ferry boat goin' to carry us over
De robe all ready now
Ferry boat goin' to carry us over
De robe all ready now.

(repeat chorus)

Joe contributes additional verses:

You get in trouble
De robe all ready now
Write to my Jesus
De robe all ready now.

Write to my Jesus t' sen' another angel
De robe all ready now
Send another angel t' trouble the water
De robe all ready now.

---

464 569 [17] *In 1838–39 it was found that the work of digging the canal connecting Brunswick with the Altamaha River—opened its length but never used—was too heavy for the majority of the cotton-field Negroes. Only about two hundred of the original five hundred were retained, and a large number of Irishmen were brought in. From such a contact it can be seen how the word "wake" came to be substituted for "settin'-up," since the two customs—except for the drinking—are quite similar.*

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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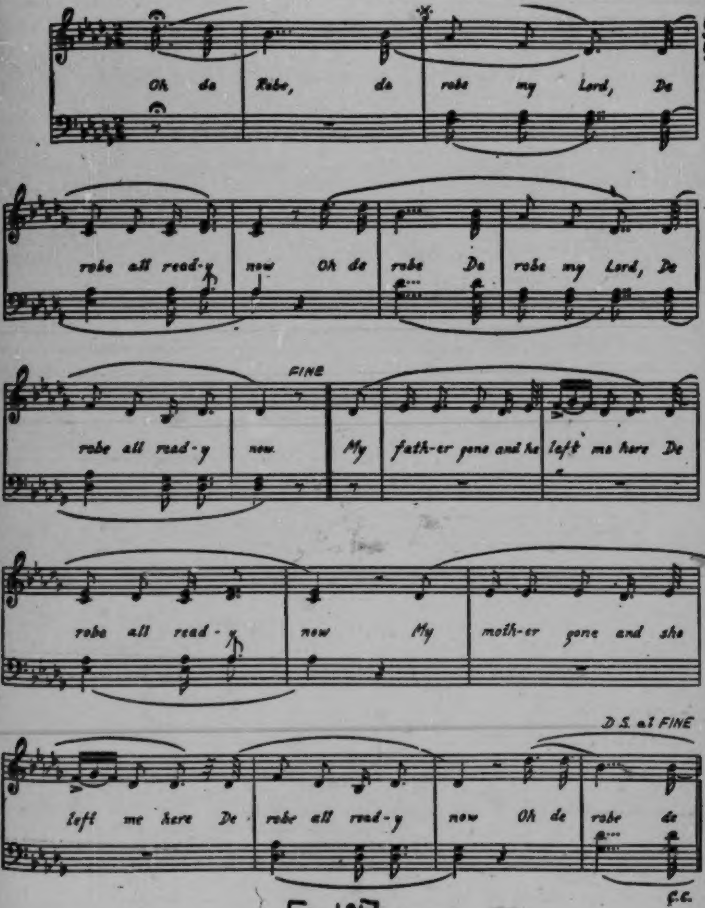
537●


Oh de Robe, de robe my Lord, De
robe all read-y now Oh de robe De robe my Lord, De
robe all read-y now. FINE My fath-er gone and he left me here De
robe all read-y now My moth-er gone and she
left me here De robe all read-y now Oh de robe de
D.S. al FINE
G.C.

[p. 181]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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• 539

AYE LORD, TIME IS DRAWIN' NIGH

Good-bye Mother
Hmmh[19]
I'm goin' to leave you
Hmmh
For you can't go with me
Aye Lord
Time is drawin' nigh.

In the city of Jerusalem
Hmmh
An' Pentecos' Day
Hmmh
When the people got the Holy Ghost
Aye Lord
Time is drawin' nigh.

Good-bye tattlers
Hmmh
Goin' away to leave you
Hmmh
You can't go with me
Aye Lord
Time is drawin' nigh.

---

[19] *Sung by the basers with closed lips. This odd nasal tone adds attractive variety to a fine piece of melodic construction.*

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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44. AYE LORD, TIME IS DRAWIN' NIGH

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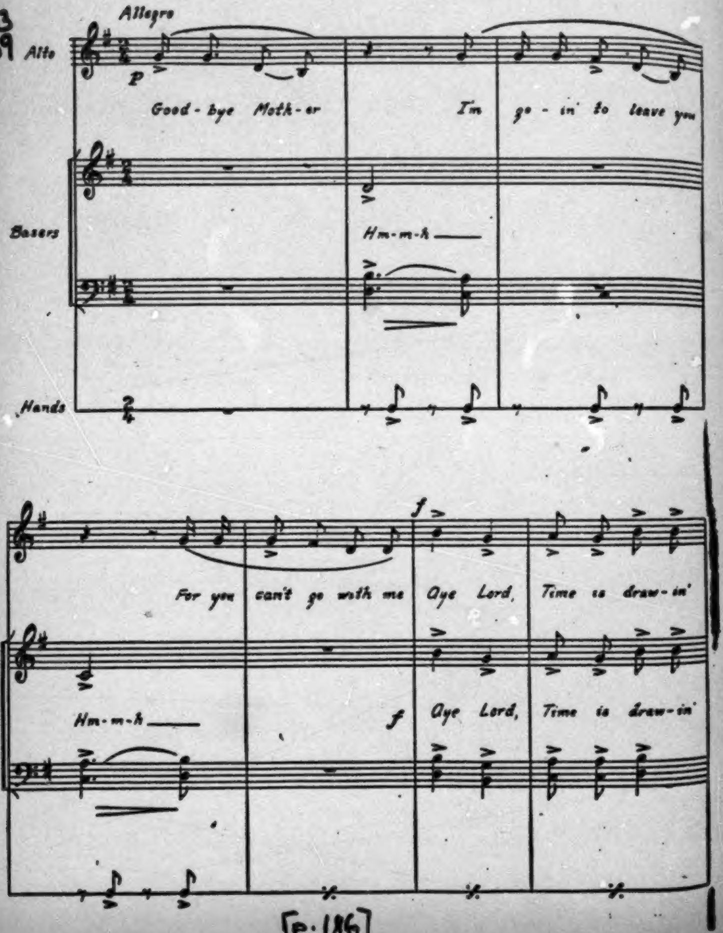
Allegro
Alto
P
Good-bye Moth-er I'm go-in' to leave you
Basers
Hm-m-h
Hands
For you can't go with me Aye Lord, Time is draw-in'
Hm-m-h
f
Aye Lord, Time is draw-in'

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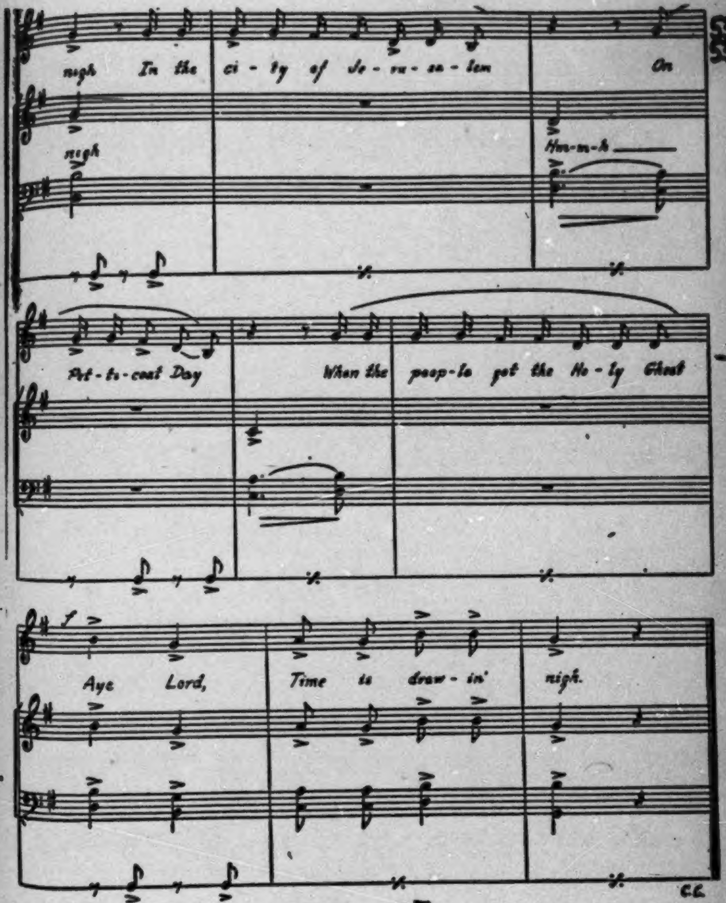
533
539


nigh In the city of Je-ru-sa-lem
On
nigh
Hm-m-h
Pet-ti-coat Day
When the peo-ple got the Ho-ly Ghost
f
Aye Lord, Time is draw-in' nigh.
C.C.

[p.187]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
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St. Simon's Island

533
539 It was interesting to find the tune of this song fitted out in M[illegible] with an entirely different set of words. None but a Negro poet coul[illegible] the imagery of the following lines:

Loose horse in the valley
Aye
Who goin' t' ride 'im
Aye
Nothin' but the righteous
Aye Lord
Time's a drawin' nigh.

Judgment's a comin'
Aye
How you know it
Aye
By the buddin' of the fig tree
Aye Lord
Time's a drawin' nigh.

Don't you hear God talkin'
Aye
He's a talkin' through the thunder
Aye
Then people ona wonder
Aye Lord
Time's a drawin' nigh.

NUMMER ME ONE

Chorus: Nummer[20] me one
Nummer me one
Nummer me one
I'm goin' to the Judgment Bar.

Sen' for my leader here
Sen' for my leader here
Sen' for my leader here
I'm goin' to the Judgment Bar.

Sen' for my preacher here
Sen' for my preacher here
Sen' for my preacher here
I'm goin' to the Judgment Bar.

The song is prolonged by sending for the different mem[illegible].

---

[20] Number.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

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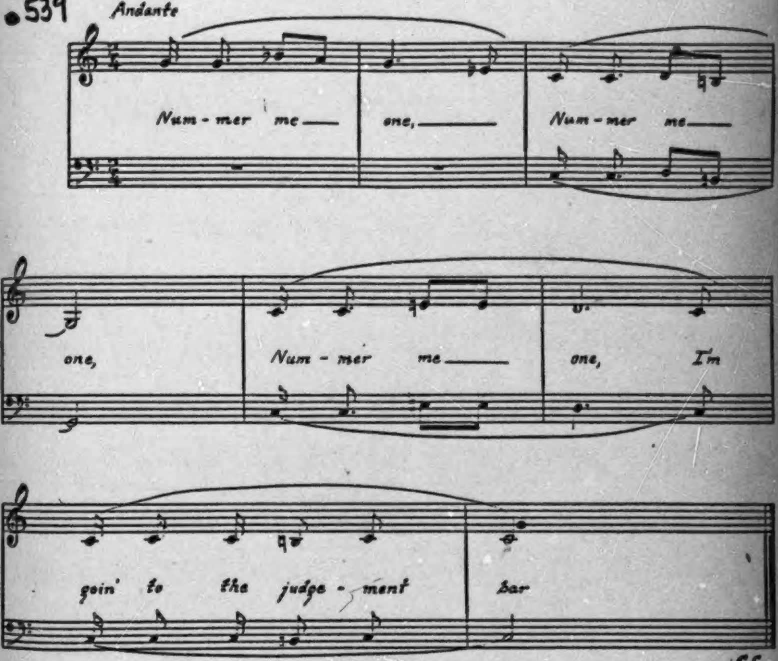
45. NUMMER ME ONE

533
•539


Andante
Num - mer me
one,
Num - mer me
one,
Num - mer me
one, I'm
goin' to the judge - ment
bar

C.C.

[p. 189]

FOR I AIN' GOIN' T' DIE NO MO'

533 The rhythm and tune of this "settin'-up" song suggest an old English ballad.
764 As can be seen, there is nothing religious about the ironic observation in the
[574] first two lines. Julia, who taught me the song, laughingly said: "It's true all right. Mighty few visit the sick, but hundreds go to the wake and the buryin'."

(539)
When I'm on my sick bed—nobody visit me
But now I'm goin' to the graveyard—everybody follow me.
My sister won't y'u low my pillow
Low—low—O-h low
My sister won't y'u low my pillow
Low—for I ain' goin' t' die no mo'.
Somebody goin' to low my pillow
Low—low—O-h low
Somebody goin' to low my pillow
Low—for I ain' goin' t' die no mo'.

159 Janey Jackson, (Illustration 33),[A] one of the most picturesque characters of
567 Brunswick sang an additional verse of the same song. Janey was born on St. Simon's, in "Nigger House Field" at Kelvin Grove, in 1826. At the age of twelve she was sold by the Caters, with her parents,[21] two sisters and a brother, to Mr. Henry duBignon of Jekyl Island. She told me her family came over to St. Simon's frequently to see friends and relatives, as it was only a short row at low tide before the channel was deepened. Janey described the Caters' Old Dembo, Neptun' Small, father of Clarence and Cornelia, and Adam Proctor, father of Julia and Willis. No
[533] doubt it was on St. Simon's that she learned this verse:

(539)
When I bin in de worl' bin a sin—nobody had nothin' to say
But now I come into de House of God—everybody got somethin' to say.
Carry me an' bring me—in dat returnal day
Carry me an' bring me—in dat returnal day.

Under the influence of the duBignons, from whom she also learned to speak French, Janey became a Catholic; and when she went to live in Brunswick, she

---

[21] *Janey's father, Jack, was an African prince, but her mother was "country born" (born in America).*

A, [For Illustration 33, see Category 142, plate facing p. 225--Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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Georgia
St. Simon's Island

IN SOME LONESOME GRAVEYARD

533 In Charleston, where I was so ill-advised as to ask a member of the white Society for the Preservation of Spirituals why this work was not done by the Negroes, I was tartly told that they no longer sang the old songs. In spite of that statement, when a friend called her cook into the dining room, and summoned an old flower woman from the street, I heard the two sing songs which were perfectly familiar.

I asked for "In Some Lonesome Graveyard." They tittered and said: "You know dat one? Dat's real ole." After singing three verses, the cook, with an instinct for a dramatic exit, threw her apron over her head, and retreated sobbing to the kitchen. She probably remembered she had something in the oven that required her attention.

533 ● 539 Willis tells me he learned the song as a small boy from his father, Adam Proctor, while planting corn.

U-m-h, u-m-h,[25] I hear' a mighty moanin'
U-m-h, u-m-h, I hear' a mighty moanin'
U-m-h, u-m-h, I hear' a mighty moanin'
In some lonesome graveyard.

Mother, Mother, don't let your daughter condemn you
Mother, Mother, don't let your daughter condemn you
Mother, Mother, don't let your daughter condemn you
In some lonesome graveyard.

U-m-h, u-m-h, I hear' a mighty moanin'
U-m-h, u-m-h, I hear' a mighty moanin'
U-m-h, u-m-h, I hear' a mighty moanin'
In some lonesome graveyard.

Fathers are warned about their sons, preachers about their members.

---

[25] *Sung with the lips closed.*

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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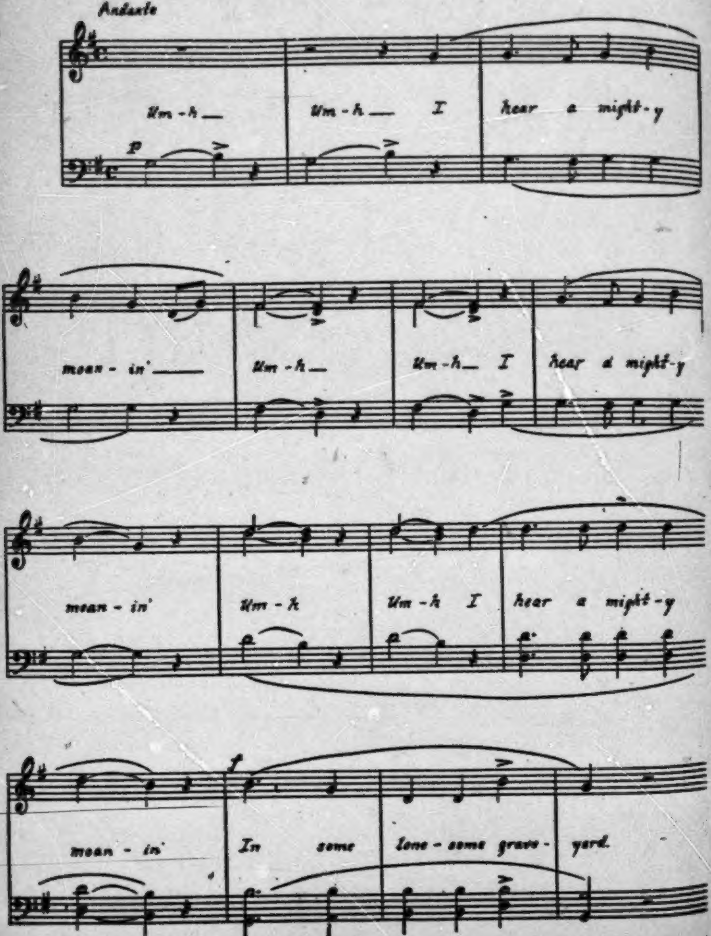
46. IN SOME LONESOME GRAVEYARD

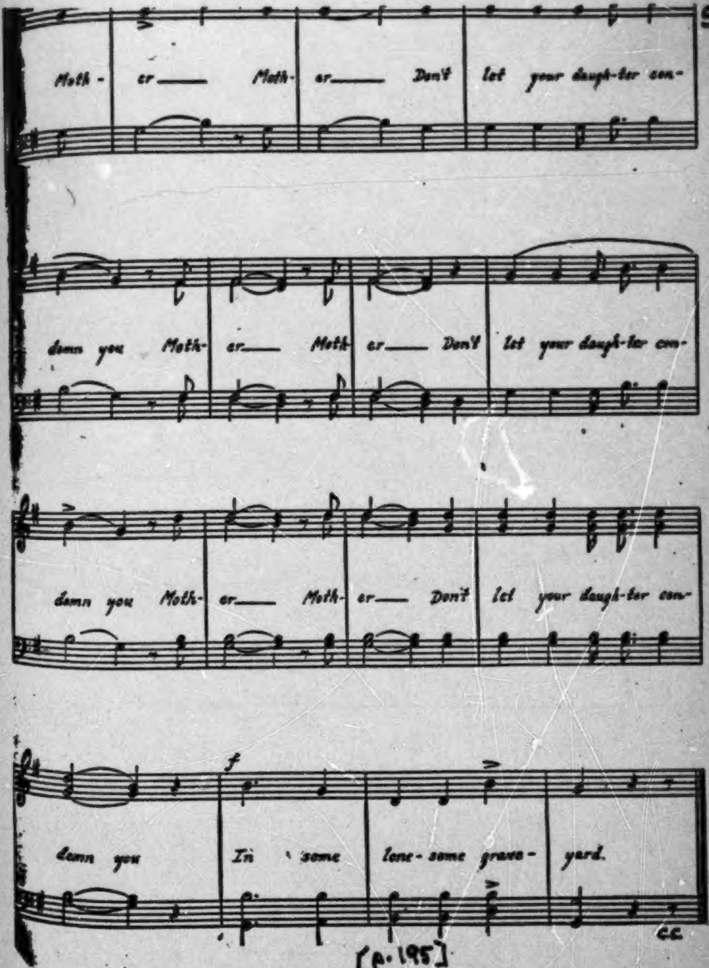
533
539


Andante
p
Um-h — Um-h — I hear a might-y
moan-in' — Um-h — Um-h — I hear a might-y
moan-in' Um-h Um-h I hear a might-y
moan-in' In some lone-some grave-yard.
f

[p. 194]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

531


Moth - er — Moth- er — Don't let your daugh-ter con-
demn you Moth- er — Moth- er — Don't let your daugh-ter con-
demn you Moth- er — Moth- er — Don't let your daugh-ter con-
demn you In some lone-some grave- yard.
C.C.

[p. 195]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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I GOT TO LAY IN YONDER GRAVEYARD

533
•539

It is a pity that the music of these touching lines is not available.

I got to lay in yonder graveyard
I got to lay there fo' myself
Nobody here can lay there fo' me
I got to lay there fo' myself.

I got to stan' my trial in the Judgment
I got to stan' there fo' myself
There's nobody here can stan' there fo' me
I got to stan' there fo' myself.

I got to give an account in the Judgment
I got to give it fo' myself
Nobody here can give it fo' me
I got to give it fo' myself.

I got to cross that river o' Jurden
I got to cross there fo' myself
Nobody here goin' to cross there fo' me
I got to cross there fo' myself.

I got to pray in that lonesome valley
I got to pray there fo' myself
Nobody here goin' to pray there fo' me
I got to pray there fo' myself.

I got to weep at Zion's Court House
I got to weep there fo' myself
My dear mother can't weep there fo' me
I got to weep there fo' myself.

533 men, and the odd break on the top note before the singer suddenly dropped a whole octave. These must have been conventions, for since 1890 I have not heard 533 anybody except these two men use them. Floyd sings "Free at Last" with all the 505 ancient frills, and tells me the tune was used for "blockin' timber." Joe mentions 461 such technical lumber-loading terms as "wing-tier," which probably means just what the word implies, and "kelson knees," which the Oxford Dictionary defines as "a line of timber placed inside a ship along the floor timbers and parallel with the keel." The "beam-dog" is, I gather, a grappling-iron with a fang which clutches the log or piece of timber to be handled. "Block and tickle" means a system of pulleys by which this work was done. Joe learned such work as "narrow trunkin' "—stowing lumber in a peculiar way—from colored men who had been taught by Irish stevedores. The head stevedore was a white man who contracted to load a vessel for so much per thousand feet. Big ships employed four colored stevedores called "headers,"[7] and used derricks; schooners needed only three headers—one outside and two inside. Short lumber went into the hatch, but for long lumber you had to "knock out the port," which was generally in the bow. In stowing cotton, the bale, as far as I could figure out, was lowered into the hold in a sling with three hooks attached, something like an ice-hook with an extra prong. Then it was rammed tightly into place by what "Cap'n" Joe[8] (Illustration 31),[A] calls a "snilo"—a post against which the cotton jack was placed. "Pullin' lumber" meant shoving it on a long greased skid, waist high, made up of a series of carpenter's horses. There were generally four men at one end, and the same number at the other.

533 461 There are many shanties of which only fragments remain. One about the menu of the captain indicates, as Miss Colcord tells us, that it might have originated on a slave ship in tropical waters:

[539]
What do you think he had for dinner?
Monkey soup an' gray molasses.
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Floyd says it was used to "hist the gaff when the cap'n was ready to go to sea." He remembers another fragment which runs like this: "Clear the track an' let the bullgine back," and another:

---

[7] *The "headers" were the stevedores responsible for the proper loading of a vessel.*

[567] [8] *In plantation days the most important Negro slave was the "driver." His distasteful task was to see that the orders of the white overseer were carried out. As can be imagined the very name "driver" was unpopular, and after emancipation the Negro who had charge of a gang of laborers was called "Cap'n," and the old term is no longer heard.*

A, [For Illustration 31, see Category 142, plate facing p. 193--Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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O bring me a 'gator
O gal when you come off the islan'.
A ring-tail' 'ator
O gal when you come off the islan'
A Darien 'gator
O gal when you come off the islan'

Let us hope that more of these rollicking songs can be retrieved. They have a flavor that is unique.

CALL ME HANGIN' JOHNNY

[461]
[505]

This song was used in loading lumber, when six men on each side of the rope hauled on the block and tackle in putting a great "stick"* in place on board a vessel.

Call me hangin' Johnny
O hang boys hang.
You call me hangin' Johnny
O hang boys hang.
Yes, I never hang nobody
O hang boys hang.
I never hang nobody
O hang boys hang.
O we'll heave an' haul together
O hang boys hang.
We heave an' haul forever
O hang boys hang.
They hang my ole Grandaddy
O hang boys hang.
They hang him for his money
O hang boys hang.
O they hang him for his money
O hang boys hang.
They hang him for his money
O hang boys hang.
They call me hangin' Johnny
O hang boys hang.
O I never hang nobody
O hang boys hang.

---

*This is Joe's way of referring to a piece of timber 16" x 16", and 40' long.

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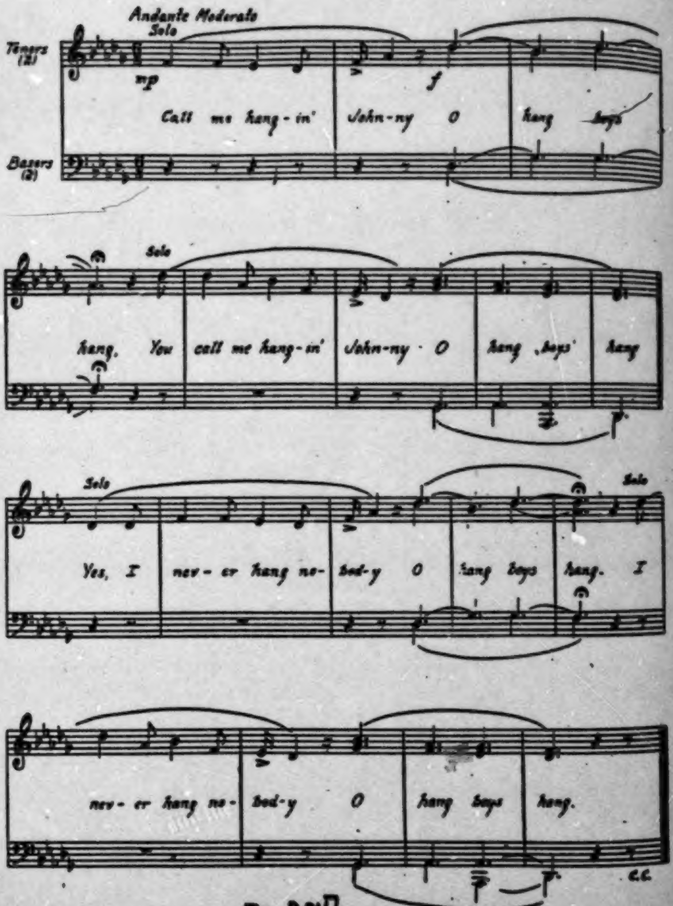
● 539

47. CALL ME HANGIN' JOHNNY


Andante Moderato
Solo
Tenors (2)
Basses (2)
mp
f
Call me hang-in' John-ny O hang boys hang. You call me hang-in' John-ny O hang, boys' hang
Solo
Yes, I nev-er hang no-bod-y O hang boys hang. I
Solo
nev-er hang no-bod-y O hang boys hang.
C.C.

[p. 204]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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48. KNOCK A MAN DOWN

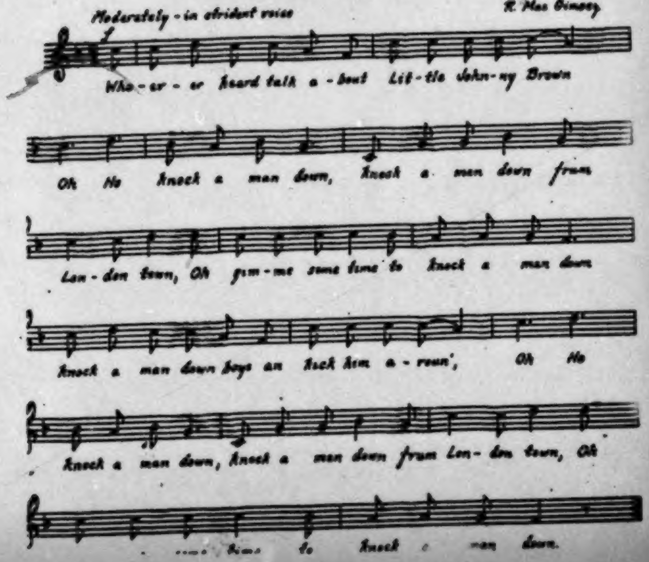
533
539
[505]

Johnny Brown was captain of a tugboat called *The Dandy*, which towed to open water the sailing vessels coming to Doboy Sound for lumber. The stevedores agreed he was "the fines' cap'n of 'em all."

Whoever heard talk about Little Johnny Brown
Oh Ho knock a man down.
Knock a man down from London town
Oh gimme some time to knock a man down.

Knock a man down bullies an' kick him aroun'
Oh Ho knock a man down.
Knock a man down from London town
Oh gimme some time to knock a man down.

Y'u ever heard talk about Little Johnny Brown
Oh Ho knock a man down.
Fines' cap'n on Doboy Sound
Oh gimme some time to knock a man down.


Moderately - in strident voice
R. Mac Gimsey
Who-ev-er heard talk a-bout Lit-tle John-ny Brown
Oh Ho knock a man down, knock a man down from
Lon-don town, Oh gim-me some time to knock a man down
Knock a man down boys an kick him a-roun', Oh Ho
Knock a man down, knock a man down from Lon-don town, Oh
time to knock a man down.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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SANDY ANNA

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•539

Seaman, what's the madda?
Hoo-ray 'o-ray
Seaman, what's the madda?
Hooray, Sandy Anna.
Seaman stole my dolla'
Hooray 'o-ray
He stole it in Savannah
Hooray, Sandy Anna.
He spend it in Havana
Hooray 'o-ray
I caught 'im in his colla'
Hooray, Sandy Anna.
I shake 'im till he holla'
Hooray o'-ray
Seaman stole my dolla'
Hooray, Sandy Anna.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

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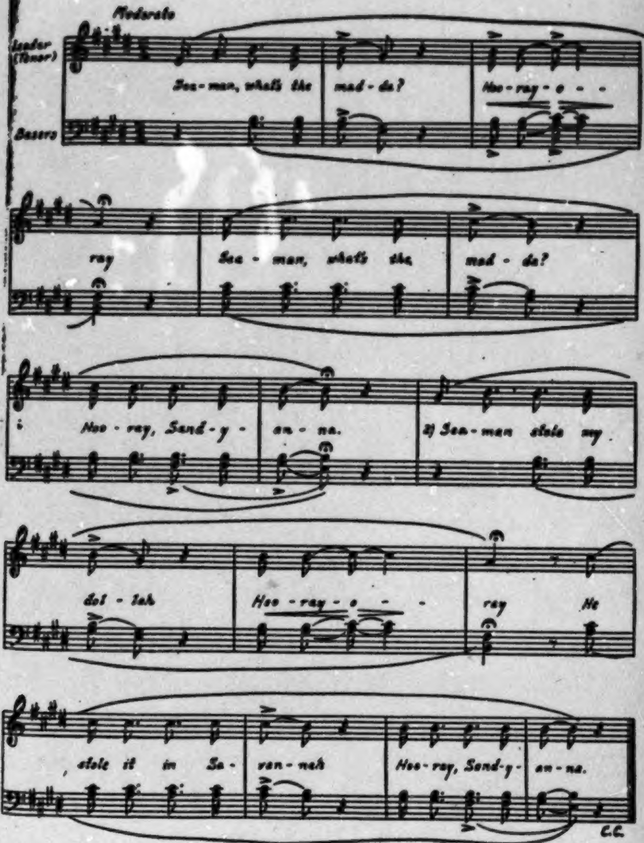
49. SANDY ANNA


Moderato
Leader (Tenor)
Basses
Sea-man, what's the mad-da? Hoo-ray-o - - ray
Sea - man, what's the mad - da?
Hoo - ray, Sand - y - an - na.
2) Sea-man stole my dol - lah
Hoo - ray - o - - ray He
stole it in Sa - van - nah
Hoo-ray, Sand-y - an - na.
C.C.

533
557

[p.209]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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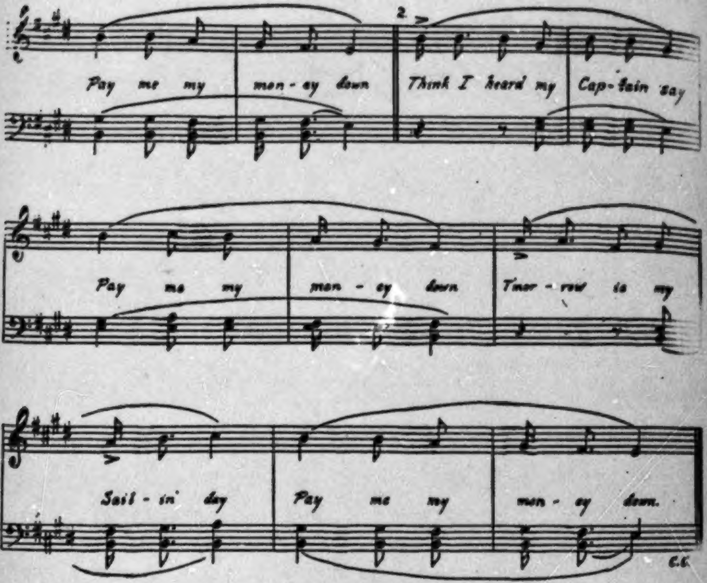
53


2
Pay me my money down
Think I heard my Cap-tain say
Pay me my money down
T'mor-row is my
Sail-in' day
Pay me my money down.
C.C.

533
539

DEBT I OWE

Debt I owe, Lord, debt I owe
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe
Debt I owe, Lord, debt I owe
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe
Debt I owe in Brunswick sto'e[11]
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe
O Mister Watchman don't watch me
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe
Watch that nig'ah right behine that tree
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe.

[11] To sustain interest the shanty leader always introduced an element of surprise into his lines. To this day we feel cheated when Floyd fails to include "Jewtown Sto'e" and "St. Simon's Sto'e" when he sings about the debts he "ain' gonna pay," but then, that may be part of the game.

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9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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St. Simon's Island

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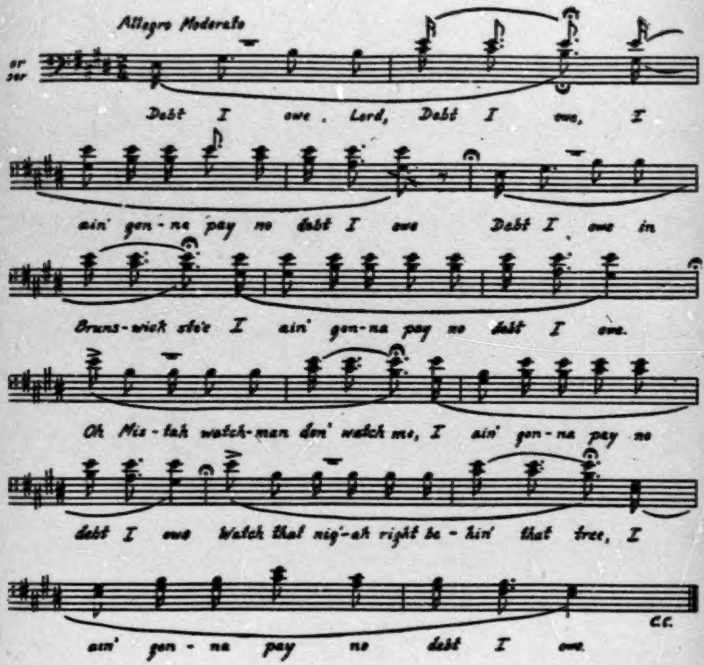
531

51. DEBT I OWE


Allegro Moderato
or
ser
Debt I owe, Lord, Debt I owe, I
ain' gon-na pay no debt I owe Debt I owe in
Bruns-wick sto'e I ain' gon-na pay no debt I owe.
Oh Mis-tah watch-man don' watch me, I ain' gon-na pay no
debt I owe Watch that nig-ah right be-hin' that tree, I
ain' gon-na pay no debt I owe.
C.C.

[p. 211]

533
•539

RAGGED LEEVY

Ragged Leevy! Oh — Ho!
Do ragged Leevy
Ragged Leevy! O boy!
You ragged like a jay bird!
Mr. Sipplin! Ha-n-nh
Goin' to buil' me a sto'e fence[12]
In the mornin'—Oh — Ho!
Soon in the mornin'.
Hos' an' buggy—Oh — Ho!
Hos' an' buggy
Hos' an' buggy—O boy!
Dey's no one to drive 'um.
Mr. Sipplin! Ha-n-nh
In de mornin'
When I rise
I goin' to sit by de fire.
In de mornin' Oh — Ho!
O soon in de mornin'
In de mornin'
When I rise I goin' to sit by de fire.
Mauma Dinah Oh — Ho!
Do Mauma Dinah
Mauma Dinah
O gal I can't suppo't you.
Mr. Sipplin! Ha-n-nh
Do Mr. Sipplin
Walkin' talkin'!
O buil' me a sto'e fence.
Sweet potato Oh — Ho!
Sweet potato
Sweet potato O boy
There's two in de fire.
Mr. Sipplin! Ha-n-nh
Goin' to buil' me a sto'e fence
In de mornin' Oh — Ho!
When I rise I goin' to sit by de fire.

Used when "blockin' heavy timber."

[12] Store fence.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

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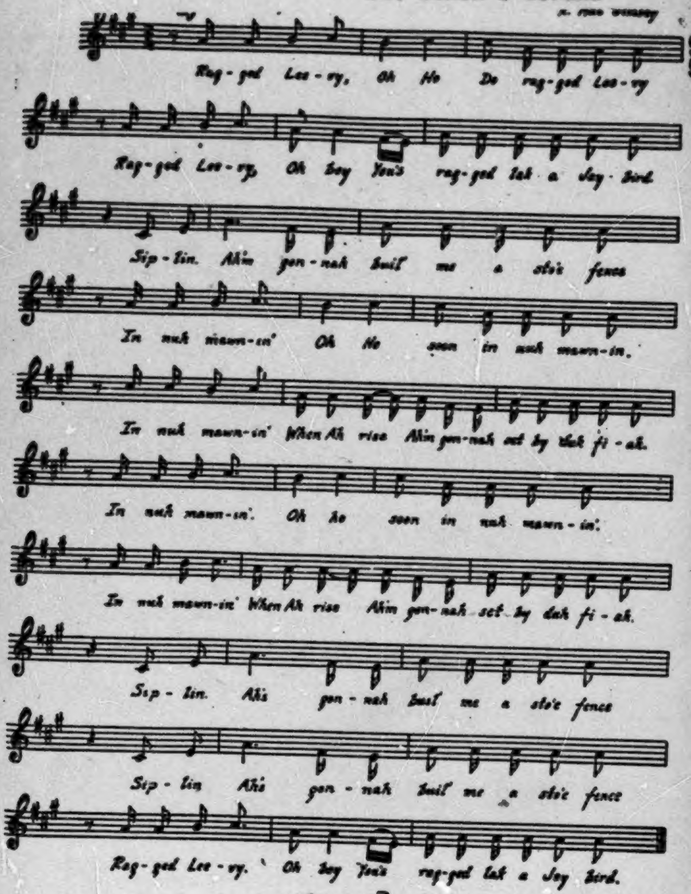
Rag-ged Lee-vy, Oh Ho De rag-ged Lee-vy
Rag-ged Lee-vy, Oh boy You's rag-ged lak a Jay-Bird
Sip-lin. Ahm gon-nah buil' me a sto'e fence
In nuh mawn-in' Oh Ho soon in nuh mawn-in.
In nuh mawn-in' When Ah rise Ahm gon-nah set by dah fi-ah.
In nuh mawn-in'. Oh ho soon in nuh mawn-in'.
In nuh mawn-in' When Ah rise Ahm gon-nah set by dah fi-ah.
Sip-lin. Ah's gon-nah buil' me a sto'e fence
Sip-lin Ah's gon-nah buil' me a sto'e fence
Rag-ged Lee-vy. Oh boy You's rag-ged lak a Jay bird.

[p.213]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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GOOD-BYE MY RILEY O

Riley, Riley, where were you?
O Riley, O man!
Riley gone an' I'm goin' too
Goodbye my Riley O!
Riley, Riley, where were you?
O Riley, O man!
Riley gone to Liverpool [13]
Good-bye my Riley O!
You Democrat Riley
O Riley, O man!
You Democrat Riley
Good-bye my Riley O!
Riley, Riley, where were you?
O Riley, O man!
When I played that nine spot through
Good-bye my Riley O!

---

[13] *London Town* and *Mobile Bay* are the other spots where Riley is supposed to have gone.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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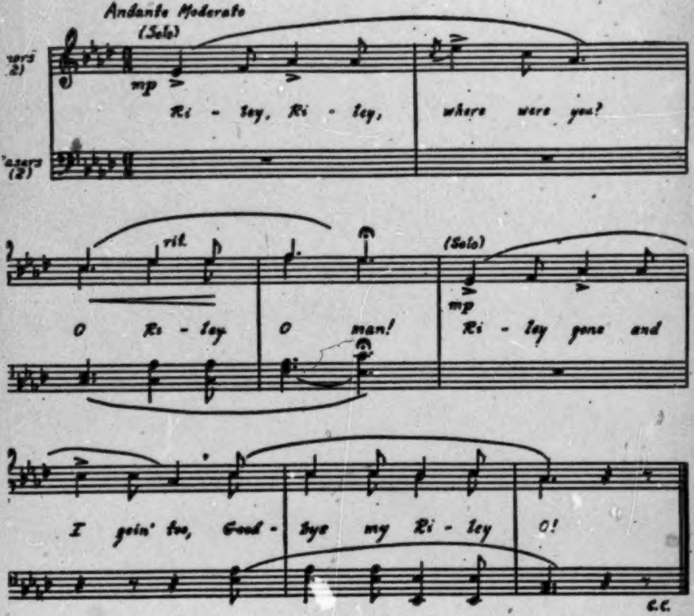
53. GOOD-BYE MY RILEY O



Andante Moderato
(Solo)
mp
Ri - ley, Ri - ley, where were you?
rit.
O Ri - ley O man!
(Solo)
mp
Ri - ley gone and I goin' too, Good - bye my Ri - ley O!
C.C.

[p. 215]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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OLE TAR RIVER

533
●539

Chorus: O, On the ole Tar river
O—eee[14]
O, On the ole Tar river
Lord, Lord, the ole Tar river.
Tar river goin' run tomorrow
O—eee
Tar river goin' run tomorrow
Lord, Lord, the ole Tar river.

Tar river run black an' dirty
O—eee
Tar river run black an' dirty
Lord, Lord, the ole Tar river.
Tar river goin' to water my horses
O—eee
Tar river goin' to water my horses
Lord, Lord, the ole Tar river.

Ole Tar river is a healin' water
O—eee
Ole Tar river is a healin' water
Lord, Lord, the ole Tar river.
Ole Tar river run free an' easy
O—eee
Ole Tar river run free an' easy
Lord, Lord, the ole Tar river.

Chorus: Way down, way down in the country
O—eee
Way down, way down in the country
Lord, Lord, the ole Tar river.

---

[14] *In some sections such a refrain is called a howl. In Seaboard Slave States.* Olmstead cal *it "Jodeling" or "The Carolina Yell"* and describes its use by a group of Negro laborers. "Su denly one raised such a sound as I never heard before; a long, loud, musical shout, rising an falling, and breaking into falsetto, his voice ringing through the woods, in the clear, frosty night air, like a bugle call. As he finished, the melody was caught up by another, and then another, and then by several in chorus." Olmstead goes on to say that a similar response was sung by this group of Negroes as they put their shoulders to a bale of cotton and rolled it up an embankment:

[461]

"Come bredern, come; let's go at it, come now, eoho! roll away
eeoho-eeoho-weeioho-i!"

A different example, sung by Negro boat hands, is given in another chapter by this observant gentleman:

"Ye see dem boat way dah ahead . . .
Oahoiohieu . . .
Dey's burnin' not'n but fat [wood] an' rosum
Oahoiohieu."

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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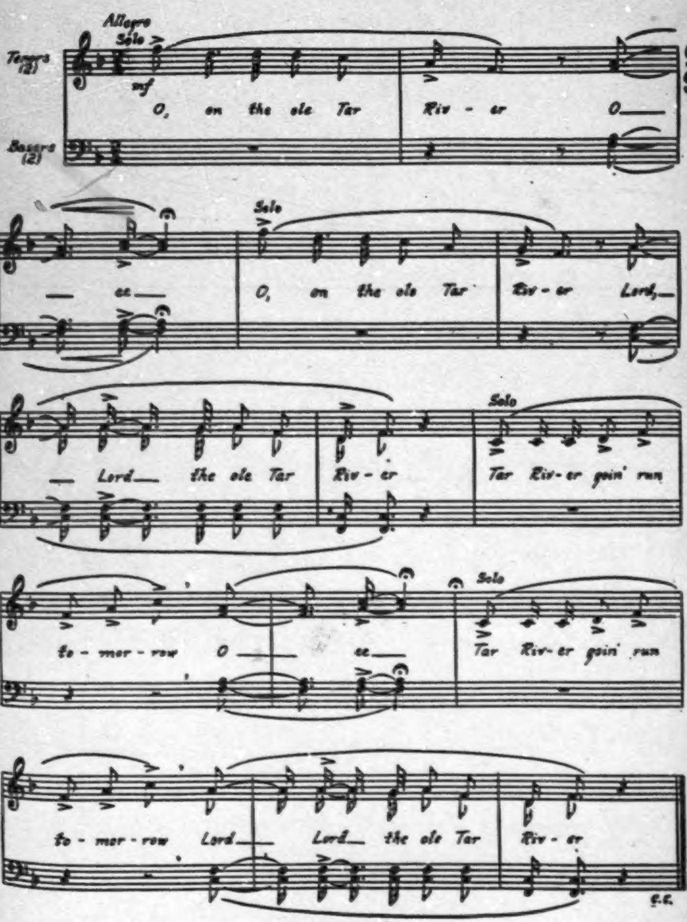
Allegro
Solo
mf
Tenors (2)
Basses (2)
O, on the ole Tar Riv - er O — — ee —
Solo
O, on the ole Tar Riv - er Lord, — — Lord — the ole Tar Riv - er
Solo
Tar Riv - er goin' run to - mor - row O — ee —
Solo
Tar Riv - er goin' run to - mor - row Lord — Lord — the ole Tar Riv - er
G.C.

533
589

[p.217]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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THIS TIME ANOTHER YEAR

This time another year
I may be gone
In some lonesome graveyard
O Lord how long!
My brother broke the ice an' gone
O Lord how long
My brother broke the ice an' gone
O Lord how long!

Befo' this time another year
I may be gone
In some lonesome graveyard
O Lord how long!
Mind my sister how you walk on the cross
O Lord how long
Your right foot slip an' y'ur soul get los'
O Lord how long!

HAUL AWAY, I'M A ROLLIN' KING

Haul away, I'm a rollin' king
Haul away, haul away
I'm boun' for South Australia.
Yonder come a flounder flat on the groun'
Haul away, haul away
I'm boun' for South Australia.
Belly to the groun' an' back to the sun
Haul away, haul away
I'm boun' for South Australia.
Ain' but one thing worry me
Haul away, haul away
I'm boun' for South Australia.
I leave my wife in Tennessee
Haul away, haul away
I'm boun' for South Australia.
Haul away, I'm a rollin' king
Haul away, haul away
I'm boun' for South Australia.

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[461]
[505]

SUNDOWN BELOW

This tune was sung at the end of the day as a hint to the captain, when the hold was too dark for the stevedores to see what they were doing:

Sun is down an' I mus' go
Sundown
Sundown below.
Sun is down in the hole below
Sundown
Sundown below.
I hear my captain say
Sundown
Sundown below.
Sun is down an' I mus' go
Sundown
Sundown below.

MY SOUL BE AT RES'

One a dese mornin's—it won't be long
My soul be at res'.
One a dese mornin's—it won't be long
My soul be at res'.
Be at res'—goin' be at res'
My soul be at res'.
Be at res' till Judgment Day
My soul be at res'.
It won't be long—it won't be long
My soul be at res'.
Be at res'—till Judgment Day
My soul be at res'.
One a dese mornin's—it won't be long
My soul be at res'.
Goin' t' hitch on my wings an' try the air
My soul be at res'.
One a dese mornin's—it won't be long
My soul be at res'.
You a'ks fo' me an' I'll be gone
My soul be at res'.

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ANNIEBELLE

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Of all the shanties, this concerning Anniebelle appears to be adaptable to the most varied uses, and to be the most widely distributed. Joe tells me he learned it over forty years ago from the stevedores who loaded lumber on the vessels at the Hilton-Dodge mills, but its main use was for "spikin' steel" on the railroads. I notice, however, that he puts the song to equally good use in chopping wood or swinging the weed cutter. In the mines it is called a "hammerin' song."

533
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Anniebelle
Hunh!
Don't weep
Hunh!
Anniebelle
Hunh!
Don't moan
Hunh!
Anniebelle
Hunh!
Don't go
Hunh!
Leave home.
Hunh!
When I throw
Hunh!
My head
Hunh!
In the bar
Hunh!
Room doo'
Hunh!
I'll never
Hunh!
Get drunk
Hunh!
No mo'.
Hunh!
Don't want t' hurt nobody
Hunh!

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539•

O-h no
Hunh!
O-h no
Hunh!
Dis ole hammer[15]
Hunh!
Kill John Henry
Hunh!
Laid him low buddy
Hunh!
Laid him low.
Hunh!

At this point Joe interpolated rhythmically: "Stan' by for another verse."

Ain't no hammer
Hunh!
In this mount'in
Hunh!
Ring like mine buddy
Hunh!
Ring like mine buddy.
Hunh!

Several years ago I heard the following version sung by Boogaloo, one of Darien's happy-go-lucky Negroes, as he cut weeds on the highway shoulders in front of Josephine's house. It was amusing to read in a recent issue of *Time* a letter from Mary J. Phillips telling of the explanation of the present war Boogaloo had given her husband. Mrs. Phillips quotes Boogaloo as saying: "Boss, I tells you what I thinks about this here war. Germany, some back, she starts a crap game, threw an eight, then falls off. Now she wants her money back and starts grabbing." I imagine that Boogaloo's speech was more consistent all through, but the thought is clearly his. 533 [460]

This is the hammer that kill John Henry
Tell 'im I'm dead, buddy, tell 'im I'm dead
Cap'n Smith what you reckon?
Ten-pound hammer kill John Henry
Kill' my buddy, Lord, but 'e can't kill me.

(539)

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[15] *Sometimes he specifies "nine-poun' hammer."*

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56. ANNIEBELLE

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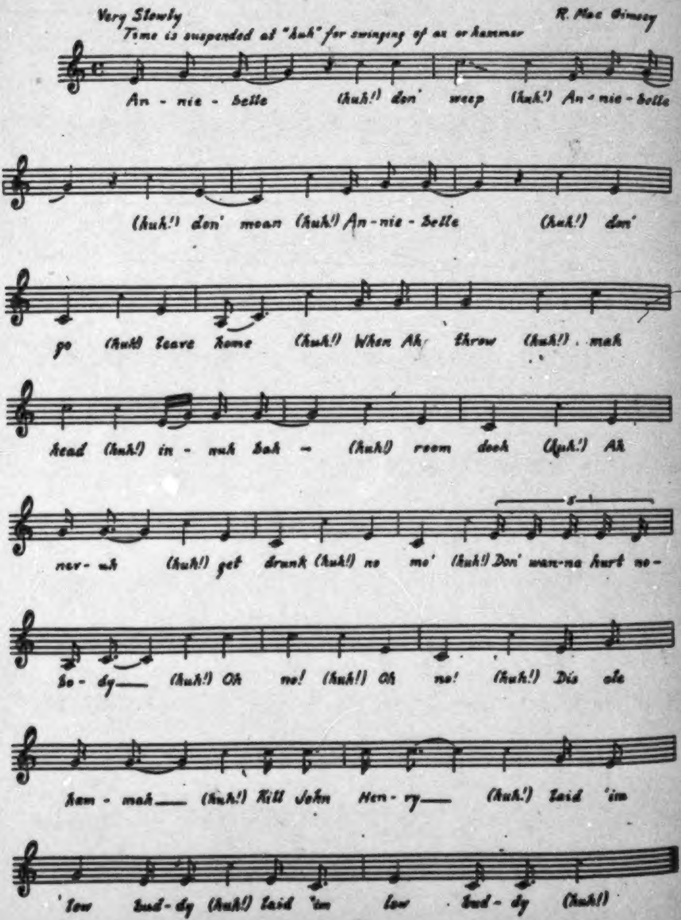
Very Slowly
Time is suspended at "huh" for swinging of ax or hammer
R. Mac Gimsey
An - nie - belle (huh!) don' weep (huh!) An - nie - belle
(huh!) don' mean (huh!) An - nie - belle (huh!) don'
go (huh!) leave home (huh!) When Ah throw (huh!) mah
head (huh!) in - nuh bah - (huh!) room dooh (huh!) Ah
ner - uh (huh!) get drunk (huh!) no mo' (huh!) Don' wan-na hurt no-
bo - dy___ (huh!) Oh no! (huh!) Oh no! (huh!) Dis ole
ham - mah___ (huh!) Kill John Hen - ry___ (huh!) laid 'im
'low bud-dy (huh!) laid 'im low bud - dy (huh!)

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RICE SONGS

243 461 553 Growing rice was a thriving industry along the Ogeechee, Altamaha, and Satilla rivers a century ago, but today it is difficult to find even a handful of grain to demonstrate how it was beaten. At Hofwyl Plantation, the last in Glynn County to grow rice to any extent, I asked Jerry Rutledge about the songs that were used for planting rice, and getting it ready to eat. He gave me these appropriate lines:

● [539]

John say you got to reap in the harvest what you sow
John-say you got to reap in the harvest what you sow
If you sow it in the rain, you got to reap it jus' the same
You got to reap in the harvest what you sow.

He explained how the rice sheaves, about a foot through, and tied with a twist of straw, were whipped with "frails"; they were laid in parallel rows on a large sheet on the floor with the butt ends out. When two Negroes "t'rashed" together, they always sang as they faced each other. The short part of the flail which flew in the air in a seemingly reckless fashion was called a "bob," and it was rather important to have its gyrations rhythmically controlled. As soon as one side of a sheaf was clear of rice it was turned over and the other side whipped. By the time the string was broken the grain was in a long row in the middle.

Julia Walker, born near Riceboro in Liberty County, gave me precisely the same description of the work, and sang the following song as she demonstrated how the "frail" was used. Frankly, I was skeptical of the strength of the rawhide that attached the bob to the stick, and kept well out of range:

[539]

Turn sinner turn—sinner wouldn't turn
Turn sinner turn—sinner wouldn't turn
My Lord call you—wouldn't come
I know sinner too late, too late
O too late I know, sinner, too late.
Church bell ring—you wouldn't come
Preacher preach—an' you wouldn't come
My Lord call you—an' you wouldn't come
I know sinner too late, too late
O too late, sinner, too late.

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243 461 (535) Julia said that when only a small amount of rice was to be thrashed, the grain was stripped from the straw by hand, and put on a good clean floor. With a quick and effective dance step, the outer husk was scuffed off. On Sapelo the work was done to a similar step, with these words:

533 539
Peas an' the rice done done
Higho—Higho!
Beaufort boat done come
Higho—Higho!
How do you know—done heard it blow
Higho—Higho!

On St. Simon's, Julia Armstrong sings still another version:

New rice an' okra—Nana—Nana![18]
Eat some an' leave some—Nana—Nana!
Beat rice to bum-bum
Eat some an' leave some.

I am told that Old Adam Proctor hoed rice to the tune of:

Way over yonder in that new bright wo'l'
Poo' sinner got a home at las'

and tied up the sheaves to:

Do Lord remember me—Do Lord remember me
Way over in Beulah Lan'—Do Lord remember me.

(535) A shout song was often used for the rice dance. The following lines indicate how the rhythm changed. While walking around in a circle with a preliminary scuffle, the "t'rashers" sang the slow part as in shouting.

Sheep know his shepher's voice
Yes Lord, I know the way.
Sheep know his shepher's voice
Yes Lord, I know the way.

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[18] According to Dr. Turner, "nana" means grandmother.

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539 You know the way an' you wouldn't come home
Yes Lord, I know the way.
Every sheep know his shepher's voice
Yes Lord, I know the way.

[535] The faster part was sung as two hops were made on one foot while the other did the scuffing.

Make a jump, jump for joy!
Make a jump, jump for joy!

This phrase was repeated over and over, with the variation:

Sheep jump, jump for joy!

243 The planters believed that rice was only good when freshly beaten,[17] and the sheaves kept for family use were put in a well-ventilated mouse-proof loft. The commercial rice was threshed in a mill, but the husks were left on, and even in cities, in the South, the rice was beaten fresh every day. The mortars were generally [412] hollowed out of cypress or hard pine logs and used upright, although on Sapelo I have seen some made of immense pieces of squared timber laid flat so that the beating took place against the grain. The pestles had two ends, one sharp for bruising the husks and removing them, the other flat for whitening. Boys or women generally did the beating. They would grasp the pestles in the middle, raising and letting [461] them fall so quickly and evenly, to the rhythm of what was more like a chant than a song, that the task was not considered difficult.

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171 [17] *William Ellis in his* History of Madagascar, *1838, makes it clear that our early rice planters got their ideas about the culture and preparation of rice for the table directly from Madagascar. In* Seed from Madagascar *Duncan Clinch Heyward tells us that the seed of the Carolina Gold rice was brought from that land by a sea captain about the year 1685, but Mr. Ellis furnishes the African end of the picture. After describing planting and harvesting methods, he explains the laborious process by which rice was made ready for cooking. "The rice, which is kept in the husk in a sort of granary, is made ready for use in such quantities only as the daily consumption of the family may require." In minute detail he explains that it is then beaten in a mortar by two people using large wooden pestles, about five feet in length, so as to break and remove the outer husk without breaking the grain. The rice is taken out, and separated from the husk by winnowing; it is then beaten in the mortar a second time for the purpose of taking off the inner skin. The process is repeated a third time; tossed again in the winnowing-fan, then washed and cooked. It was reported by Francis Moor that on the West Coast of Africa men worked the corn ground, and women and girls the rice ground. Jobson, another West African traveler, says: "the wives do all the hard labor such as cleaning and pounding rice . . . which is done in mortars with great staves." One explorer mentioned that rice was so plentiful in Kongo and Angola that it hardly bears any price.*

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PEAS AN' THE RICE

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(243)

In her youth, Julia Walker employed these rhythmic lines to help in thrashing rice on the floor.[18]

Peas an' the rice, peas an' the rice
Peas an' the rice done done done done
Peas an' the rice, peas an' the rice done done done done.
New rice an' okra, eat some an' lef' some
Peas an' the rice, peas an' the rice done done done done.

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[18] James A. Grant in a Walk across Africa tells of many interesting things he saw in 1861 on the way from Zanzibar to Uganda. "On the third of April the rice harvest was being gathered. . . . The reapers consisted of negro women and girls, who sang pleasantly. . . . The thrashing of the rice was novel. A quantity of ears was placed upon a cow's hide, slaves in irons were made to work it with their toes and feet, and winnow it in the wind; and after being thoroughly sun-dried upon a clear space of cow-dunged ground, it was fit for the process of shelling in the large pestle and mortar. If a considerable amount was to be thrashed, a bludgeon answered the purpose of the negroes' feet. . . . If our Seedees had to clean rice in the wooden mortar, a dozen hands would set about the work of two. It could not be done without those who worked beating time with the pestle to their song, the lookers-on clapping hands and stamping their feet. The work and song never ceased till the rice was pounded almost into dust—such joyous reckless creatures are these simple Africans!" To the Southerner of the nineteenth century this account presents a familiar picture.

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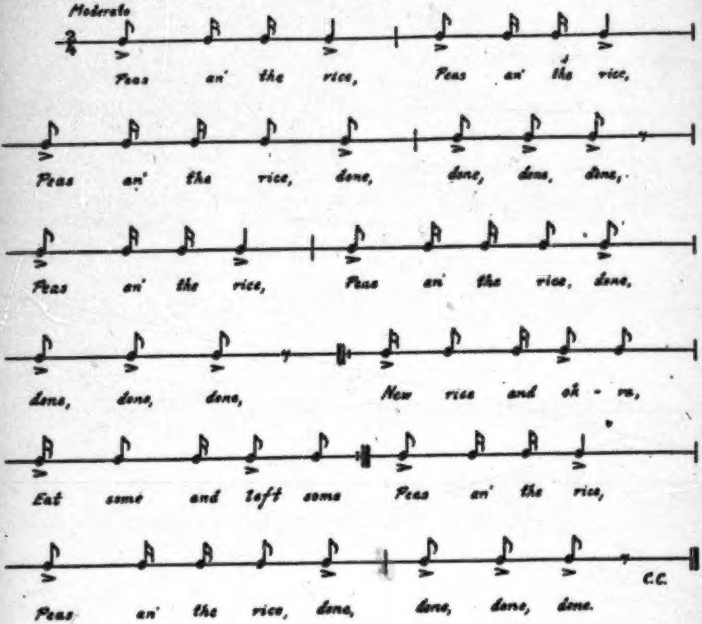
58. PEAS AN' THE RICE


Moderato
Peas an' the rice, Peas an' the rice,
Peas an' the rice, done, done, done, done,.
Peas an' the rice, Peas an' the rice, done,
done, done, done, New rice and ok - ra,
Eat some and left some Peas an' the rice,
Peas an' the rice, done, done, done, done.
C.C.

533
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[p.233]

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HARD TIME IN OLE VIRGINNY

243 On Sapelo, in hunting up Emma Johnson's twins, I came upon such a picture as must have been common in plantation days. Under the immense live oaks, two boys were beating rice in a home-made mortar. Chickens were all about, picking up stray grains. A couple of fanners were on the ground ready to fan the rice as soon as the hulls were loosened in the mortar. Fanning, as can be imagined, is done by jumping the rice in the flat basket and letting the wind do the rest;[19] but I noticed that Emma was thrifty, and the rice hulls—which looked like bran—fell on oilcloth laid on the ground. She told me they were to be fed to the pigs. The boys were 243 "shamed" and stopped singing when I came up, but there was no shyness about 533 Emma. She seized one of the pestles in the middle and sang a combination of the shanty, "Hard Time in Ole Virginny," the religious song, "Aye Lord, Buddin' of the Fig Tree," and a dance song, "My Ole Missus Promise Me."

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Summer comin' again
  Hard time in ole Virginny.
Comin' in the rainbow
  Hard time in ole Virginny.
Comin' in the cloud
  Hard time in ole Virginny.
My ole missus promise me
  Hard time in ole Virginny.
When she die she set me free
  Hard time in ole Virginny.
She live so long
  Hard time in ole Virginny.
Her head got bald
  Hard time in ole Virginny.

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[821] [19] *If there is no wind, the one who does the fanning whistles for it.*

A. B. A. B. A.

243 533 461 The rhythm of this nonsensical Butler Island song enables the rice beaters to do work which would otherwise be extremely tiresome.[20] It continues as long as the work lasts, with no change in rhythm and very little in the words.

533 539 Uncle July mortal man, stan' right by de doo'
An' see how y'r rice done mash.[21]
An' A. B. A. B. A.
An' A. B. A. B. A.
An' A. B. A. B. A. B. A.
Go A. B. go
Go A. B. go
July'll cut y'r win'.
A. B. A. B. A.
A. B. A. B. A.
An' July'll cut y'r win'.
July de mortal man
July cut y'r win'.
A. B. A. B. A.
An' A. B. A. B. A.
Go Lizzy go, Billy goin' t' cut y'r win'.
Go Emma go, Gally goin' t' cut y'r win'.

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[20] *Mrs. Cate tells me that each plantation had its particular songs for beating rice, just as its rowing songs were unlike those of other plantations.*

[191] [21] *The footnote on page 232 suggests that the "reckless" Africans pounded rice in the same careless fashion.*

I GWINE T' BEAT DIS RICE

533 243 "J. P." learned this half-chanted composition from his grandfather, Old Quarterman. He never sings the words twice alike, but the rhythm is always the same.

533 533 539

I gwine t' beat dis rice
Gwine t' beat 'um so
Gwine t' beat 'um until the hu'ks come off
Ah hanh hanh (nasal)
Ah hanh hanh.
Gwine t' cook dis rice when I get through
Gwine t' cook 'um so
Ah hanh hanh.
Ah hanh hanh.
Gwine t' eat mh belly full
Ah hanh hanh
Ah hanh hanh.

ROWING SONGS

501 533 461 175 A hundred years ago, when boats offered the most comfortable and convenient mode of transportation, and provided the sea islands of South Carolina and Georgia with their only means of communication with the mainland, the rowing songs were an important adjunct to the work of the oarsmen. English travelers rarely failed to mention them. Captain Basil Hall in his *Travels in North America* (1827–28) tells of leaving Darien—"A neat little village"—and proceeding down the current to St. Simon's Island "in a canoe, some thirty feet long, hollowed out of a cypress tree. The oars were pulled by five smart negroes, merry fellows and very happy looking. . . . They accompanied their labor by a wild sort of song not very unlike that of the Canadian voyageurs, but still more nearly resembling that of the well-known Bunder-boatmen of Bombay." [22]

Fanny Kemble frequently mentioned the singing of the Butler Island oarsmen in her *Journal*, written ten years later. In 1845, Sir Charles Lyell [23] tells of being met at Darien by Mr. Hamilton Couper, who came down the river from Hopeton "in a

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[171] [22] *The editors of Slave Songs of the United States say that "Mr. E. S. Philbrick was struck with the resemblance of some of the rowing tunes at Port Royal to the boatmen's songs he had heard upon the Nile."*

[23] Second Visit to the United States.

MISCELLANEOUS WORK SONGS

533 461 By this time the reason for placing this chapter at the end of the collection must be obvious. Practically any of the foregoing songs were utilized in one kind of labor or another. The shout songs were peculiarly adapted to rowing; and certain of the religious songs were suited to the stevedore's need of a swinging tune in work that was continuous. There were, however, other tasks which required a special rhythm, dependent oftentimes upon the mood of the laborer, and these occasions were likely to bring forth extemporaneous compositions. Mrs. Shadman told me (296) that laundresses generally sang while ironing, and this is one of the improvisations she had heard:

[539]
Do tu'key buzzard len' me y'u wing
T' fly ova yonda t' see Miss Geo'gia King.

(234) (539) She had also heard churning done to these coaxing words:

Come budda come, Missus want e budda, come budda come.

533 461 296 But it was over the wash-board that a singer gave free scope to a religious turn of mind. Some years ago a Northern Negro composer, unfamiliar with the traditional songs of his race, heard the following spiritual sung by a washerwoman while at work. She claimed she had made it up; he innocently believed her, and told reporters that new spirituals are born every day. No one wishes more sincerely than I that such might be the case, but this particular song was sung in Glynn County long before he was born. It is Joe's favorite for swinging the weed cutter:

533 539
By an' by-e I'm goin' t' see the King
By an' by-e I'm goin' t' see the King
By an' by-e I'm goin' t' see the King
Lord, I wouldn' mind dyin' if dyin' was all.

Wouldn' mind dyin' but I got t' go by myself
Lord, I wouldn' mind dyin' but I got t' go by myself
O Lord, I wouldn' mind dyin' but I got t' go by myself
Lord, I wouldn' mind dyin' if dyin' was all.[27]

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[27] *A variation of this verse is expressed in these words:*

Wouldn' mind dyin' but I got t' lay in the grave so long
Lord, I wouldn' mind dyin' if dyin' was all.

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533 After death I got to stan' a tes'
•539 After death I got to stan' a tes'
Oh Lordy, after death I got to stan' a tes'
Lord, I wouldn' mind dyin' if dyin' was all.

533 461 264 (191) Dishwashing is another of the monotonous jobs which invite the accompaniment of flowing song. In my own kitchen I have heard dishes disposed of to a tune which, surprisingly enough, has an Algerian counterpart. I heard it first, from my hotel on the heights of Constantine, played on a primitive pipe in the little Berber village at the base of the cliff far below. It was repeated over and over—that is why I am familiar with it. Apparently, the tune bothered a cow, for her bellowing frequently gave me a respite. The air is lovely, but when heard by the hour it is not so enjoyable.

(539) I want a die easy when I die
O when I die.
I want a die easy when I die
I want a die easy when I die—Shout salvation as I fly
I want a die easy when I die.

252 354 Until after the War Between the States stoves were unknown in the South, and cooking was done mostly in large fireplaces with cranes and hooks for hanging pots and kettles over the heat. Meat was roasted in "tin kitchens" placed in front of the fire, although the remains of an enormous brick oven at Cannon's Point indicate the part it played in the large-scale hospitality of the Couper family. Cooking, in fact, was one of those interrupted jobs which required undivided attention, and for that reason, perhaps, I never heard of a good cook who sang.

248 567 461 (412) (533) On St. Simon's and Jekyl Islands great quantities of cotton were grown. The best description of the process was given by Captain Basil Hall in 1828. He tells how the "task" varied with the heaviness of the work. In describing the "listing" of the ground—breaking it with a broad cotton-field hoe—he said that "a full hand lists half an acre." Janey Jackson must have been a full hand, for she told of doing her half-acre and thinking nothing of it. She and Floyd White's parents belonged to the Caters, and both sang a tune which was a favorite for hoeing cotton. They agreed that "June month was a ha'd month": the weeds grew fast and the sun was hot.

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What y'u gwine t' do fo' June month? Jerusalem Jerusalem.
Pull off y'u coat an' go t' work—Jerusalem Jerusalem.
June month's a ha'd month—Jerusalem Jerusalem.
Jersualem in de mornin'—Jerusalem Jerusalem.

Floyd sang several variations of the central theme, but as he said himself, "This is enough!" Janey's song was practically the same except that she substituted "Zion" for "Jerusalem."

You mus' pray ha'd—June a ha'd month
June month a sailin'—Oh, Zion O Zion.
What y'u do fo' June month?
Y'u pull off y'u coat an' go t' work—Oh, Zion O Zion.

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In her "Reminiscences" Mrs. Conrad tells how meal was ground on Broughton Island in a Biblical handmill: "Large stones with a hole in the uppermost one that connected it with the roof of the shed in which it stood,[28] held a stout pole. The women would take hold of this piece of wood and turn the stone with a celerity and ease that was surprising. I can shut my eyes now at any time, and hear the whirring of the stones, the soft rustle of the meal as it fell in the basket placed to receive it and the sound of the women's voices singing at the mill." However, from this scanty description, I could not visualize how the mill worked until Belle Murray of St. Simon's explained that a large block of wood supported the stones; that the lower stone was held in place through the use of a bar of iron called a "spindle"—about one and one-half inches square and eighteen inches long—and that it fitted into an auger hole in the timber underneath. It appears that after the square piece of iron had made the lower stone secure, it abruptly ended in a half-inch bolt, about three inches long, which went through a round hole in a rectangular piece of iron, about two and one-half inches by three and one-half inches and half-an-inch thick, called a "frog." The corn was fed into the round hole in the stone above the frog; three holes of varying depth and width—chipped out of the top stone only about three inches from its rim—regulated the fineness or coarseness of the meal through shifting the pole from one hole to another. A wedge was also put under the stones to tilt them when one wanted the mill to run more easily. According to Mrs. Conrad,

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[28] *In all probability a hole in an overhead beam engaged the upper end of the pole at the time its lower end—on a slant—was moving the stone with "celerity and ease."*

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[402] the meal fell into a basket, but I still cannot see how this was possible when the stones were circular. Belle says that her mill was set up in a box and the meal fell into it.

I go into detail because no one has told me so clearly as Belle how the work was done. She obligingly sold me the mill that came from Butler's Point where she was born, and said: "I wish I had a dollar for every mess of grits I've ground in it." Lonnie Davis says he knows how to set it up, and soon I hope to be grinding enough meal at the Cabin to supply Belle's needs and mine.

533
461
• 539 A colored man who used to be a "shack-rouser" at a railroad camp on the Georgia Central Line sang these warning lines before he gave the rat-a-tat-tat, with a stick, on the different doors.

Wake up buddy
An' sit on the rock
It ain't quite day
But it's four o'clock
Rata-tat-tat!

Next door:
Hey buddy
It's hard but it's fair
You had a good home
But you wouldn't stay there
Rata-tat-tat!

And the next:
I had a little kitten
He grow to be a mouser
Yonder come
That cruel shack-rouser
Rata-tat-tat!

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[202]
[797] Shad Hall, who lives on Sapelo, showed me how the conch was blown in olden times to get the hands out to work before day. It was a joy to find that the musical note I had heard on the Riviera was used in this country in spite of Thomas Spalding's dislike of music. His antipathy was such that he banned all instruments—except one fiddle which was retained for dancing. It is just possible that Mr. Spalding's attitude resulted in the same reaction among the Sapelo Negroes as was seen among those of the Quaker community in which I was born. In neither section did the Negroes hear much of the white folks' music, and for that reason, perhaps, they relied upon their traditional tunes more than they would have otherwise.

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533 567 Quarterman told me that when the Negroes "suspicioned" someone was telling tales to the driver to get one of them a whipping, they would sing a song like the following while at work in the field:

(539)
O Judyas he wuz a 'ceitful man
He went an' betray a mos' innocen' man.
Fo' thirty pieces a silver dat it wuz done
He went in de woods an' e' self he hung.

793 533 A Negro "stump-knocker"—as itinerant preachers without a regular charge used to be called—frankly told me he wasn't much on preaching, but when it came to singing he always got his people—and a meal. Another preacher of this class, with a remarkable flow of rhythmic words and a fine grasp of the dramatic build-up—not necessarily connected with ideas—boasted to me of his ability to get his congregation "goin'."

FIVE FINGERS IN THE BOLL

248 533 When I asked Josephine what the words "five fingers in the boll" meant, she explained that in the shade at the bottom of the stalk of cotton the bolls are likely to be rotten; they come off in the hand, and "y'u can't make any time grabbin' de cotton out uv 'em." "Fingers" are the compartments holding the white fiber. The song has reference to the variety that contains five in a boll, but I am told that some have three, and others four. I confess I never noticed how many there were.

533 539
Way down in the bottom—whah the cotton boll's a rotten
Won' get my hundud[29] all day
Way down in the bottom—whah the cotton boll's a rotten
Won' get my hundud all day.
Befo'e I'll be beated—befo'e I'll be cheated
I'll leave five finguhs in the boll
Befo'e I'll be beated—befo'e I'll be cheated
I'll leave five finguhs in the boll.
Black man beat me—white man cheat me
Won' get my hundud all day
Black man beat me—white man cheat me
Won' get my hundud all day.

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(433) (248) [29] *Ninety pounds of cotton was looked upon as the least a hand should pick in a day.*

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60. FIVE FINGERS IN THE BOLL

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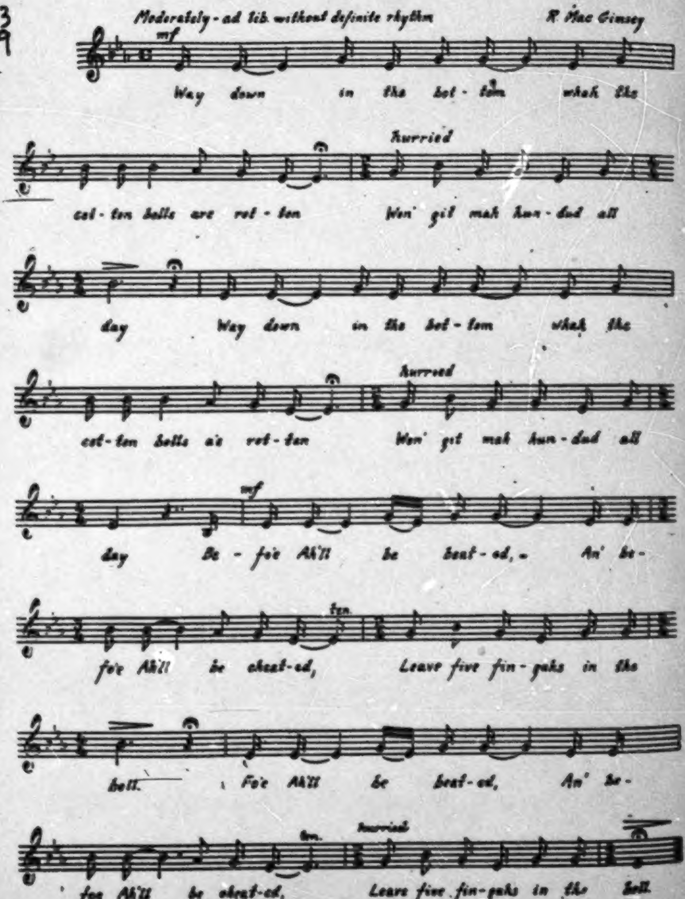
Moderately - ad lib. without definite rhythm
R. MacGinsey
mf
Way down in the bot-tom whah the
cot-ton bolls are rot-ton
hurried
Wen' git mah hun-dud all
day Way down in the bot-tom whah the
cot-ton bolls a'e rot-ton
hurried
Wen' git mah hun-dud all
day Be-fo'e Ah'll
mf
be beat-ed, An' be-
fo'e Ah'll be cheat-ed,
ten.
Leave five fin-gahs in the
boll. Fo'e Ah'll be beat-ed, An' be-
foe Ah'll be cheat-ed,
ten.
hurried
Leave five fin-gahs in the boll.

[p.248]

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000 correspondent goes on to tell of the difficulties encountered by the Governor of Kenya in stamping out what we consider crime. "Imprisonment is found to be no deterrent. Nor among the Kikuyu does an ex-convict lose caste in the tribe. After he is released from jail the sacrifice of a single goat puts everything right. A new suit of a white tunic and shorts is thoroughly enjoyed by native prisoners for theft in East Africa. Fines are not always a success because the native, well-fed, housed and clothed at government expense, actually enjoys his term as a vacation."

697 Our own prison camp in Glynn County formerly offered an example of the same problem. A colored convict whose time was up pleaded with Mr. Higgenbotham—who was the court of last appeal at the camp—to be allowed to stay. A living being hard to get nowadays, he figured he could not provide for himself as well as the county did.[22] But the authorities were firm, and he was obliged to move on. Of course, he knew how to get back if times were too hard. It is the same with us, as in Africa, when it comes to any stigma being attached to a Negro who has served a (554) term in jail or spent time on the chain-gang. Ex-convicts assume the same status in their community as they enjoyed before the county forcibly detained them.

Today the chain-gang is a thing of the past, and our roadsides and drainage ditches are neglected. No one need tell me that prison walls and ball-playing are proper substitutes for the healthy outdoor life that our convicts formerly led. There is a great deal of sentimentality connected with the discouragement of crime, and the abolition of the chain-gang is one of its manifestations. Of course there were abuses, but they also occur within prison walls—only there they are not so readily found out.

533
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Chorus: Drinkin' of the wine—wine—wine
Drinkin' of the wine
O—yes—my Lord.
I oughta bin to Heaven ten thousand years
Drinkin' of the wine.

---

[22] *My corner was for years the favorite resting-place at noon for the convicts when they worked on the island. I saw the substantial rations served them, and it is no wonder the discharged convict felt he could go farther and fare worse. I also observed that the model prisoners were well treated. One day I overheard a guard say very hospitably to one of my Negro singers, who was working for me: "Want to come back?" With a good-humored chuckle, the man replied: "No, thank you." It seems that he had been mixed up in a drinking affair in which a knife had figured. He told me he had run away, but had found the world a hard place to live in—so he had come home, surrendered, and taken his medicine. The guard said he had been a star prisoner.*

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Eatin' of the bread—bread—bread
Eatin' of the bread—O yes my Lord.
I oughta bin to Heaven ten thousand years
Drinkin' of the wine.

(repeat chorus)

If my mother ask for me
Tell her Death done summon' me.
I oughta bin to Heaven ten thousand years
Drinkin' of the wine.

(repeat chorus)

If y'u get there before I do
Tell my Lord I'm comin' too.
I oughta bin to Heaven ten thousand years
Drinkin' of the wine.

(repeat chorus)

Ain' but one thing I done wrong
Stayin' in the wilderness mos' too long.
I oughta bin to Heaven ten thousand years
Drinkin' of the wine.

(repeat chorus)

WHEN I'M GONE TO COME NO MO'

533 Nobody but a Negro could employ such entrancing elaborations as occur in the singing of "Gone—gone—gone," and no transcription could possibly give it. Our musical method is opposed to that of the Negro, and, try as we may, we cannot achieve his strange inflections, nor place emphasis as he does. A song may appear perfectly simple, but try to learn it, and the simplicity vanishes.

533 697 The first time I heard this song, a gang of Glynn County convicts was using its rhythm to heave great clods of black earth out of the tide-water creek behind my house. The leader was such an excellent singer that I asked the guard how soon he was due to be free. The man did not have much more time to serve, his record on the gang was good, and his last offense was nothing more than taking a stool he fancied from an office; but he was a repeater. He just could not leave other people's property alone. Even though I coveted his voice, obligation to the community would not permit me to encourage his presence on the island:

194 speaker of unadulterated Gullah gives a mouth-full-of-
126 mush effect, rolling out his short-clipped words with a
rapidity which is amazing to those who think that all Ne-
groes drawl. An accurate recording of this pure type is
very difficult, and, when done, gives a peculiar result in-
deed. Jones, Gonzales, Whaley, and a few others have
(114) succeeded very well in reducing it to writing. Their re-
sults are quite different from those of Mrs. Christensen
and Mrs. Parsons, in part because the latter collected their
stories from people who spoke a modified Gullah.[9]

Two persons rarely hear the same sounds exactly alike. If they do, they will probably represent them differently in writing. Some dialect writers, having achieved the "accurate recording" state of mind, carry the thing to the extreme and spell phonetically many words which are pronounced in the standard way by Negroes and white people. For example, a writer who would spell his own pronunciations of *little, victual, about,* in the standard way, is sometimes guilty of representing Negro speech as *littul* or *lit'l, vittle* or *vittul,* and *uhbout* when the Negro and the standard pronunciations are alike.

• 539 The following specimens will not only serve to intro-
(19) duce the reader to the phonology, grammar, and idiom of
the dialect, but will give him some idea of the variations
due to locality and to the method of recording.

1[10]

Buh Lion bin a hunt, an eh[1] spy Buh Goat duh leddown[2] topper er big rock duh wuk eh mout an der chaw. Eh creep up fuh

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(576) [9] Like everyone else, these Negroes have "company manners." When talking to a stranger, especially to a white man, they tend to tone down their speech so that it is more easily understood than is their ordinary conversation with one another.

(113) [10] From Jones, *Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast,* p. 38. Explanatory notes are printed below each of the excerpts which follow.

ketch um. Wen eh git close ter um eh notus um good. But Goat keep on chaw. Buh Lion try fuh fine out wuh Buh Goat duh eat. Eh yent[3] see nuttne[4] nigh um ceptin de nekked rock wuh eh duh leddown on. Buh Lion stonish. Eh wait topper Buh Goat. Buh Goat keep on chaw, an chaw, an chaw. Buh Lion cant mek de *ting out, an eh come close, an eh say: "Hay! Buh Goat, wuh you* duh eat?" Buh Goat skade[5] wen Buh Lion rise up befo um, but eh keep er bole harte, an eh mek ansur: "Me dun chaw dis rock, an ef you don leff, wen me done long um me guine eat you." Dis wud sabe Buh Goat. Bole man git outer diffikelty way[6] coward man lose eh life.

[1] he. [2] lie down. [3] ain't. [4] nothing. [5] scared. [6] where.

II[11]

"Ben, you are a big strong man, why did you let that woman beat you?"

"Gin'ul, lemme tell you de trute, Gawd bin wid me dat day. You know, all me life uh bin uh strong man. Uh nebbuh hab no man fuh outdo me fuh wu'k, eeduhso[1] fuh fight, en[2] uh bin nyuse[3] fuh lick 'ooman en' t'ing all me life. W'en 'ooman ent sattify me wid 'e wu'k, eeduhso 'e manus,[4] uh lick'um fuh mek'um mannusuble. W'en my wife Sarah' son John' wife come een my house dat day, 'en sassy 'tell 'e mek me bex. Uh nebbuh tek sassy f'um no 'ooman, uh dunkyuh[5] ef 'e big ez cow, en' da' gal big 'ooman fuh true. So uh cut one 'tick[6] en' uh graff'um[7] by 'e sleebe en' biggin fuh lick'um. Gin'ul, de 'ooman tu'n on me en' box me same lukkuh[8] him duh man. Blood bin een me yeye[9]! Uh 'membuh de time w'en uh could'uh box'um en' kick'um alltwo[10] one time, en' ef uh ebbuh leh de *foot* folluh de *han'*, uh would uh kill'um *dead*. But Gawd hol' me han' en' me foot, alltwo, Gawd tell me fuh peaceubble, en' spayre de 'ooman life. Gin'ul, me don' want no 'ooman life 'pun me han'. Enty[11] you know, suh, ef uh had uh kick dat 'ooman 'e would uh dead? Gawd tek' care uh ol' Ben dat day. Da' 'ooman t'ink suh him lick me, Gin'ul, but enty you know, suh, him oughtuh tengk Gawd fuh sabe'um? Ef uh didn' bin hab 'lij'un, da' 'ooman cawpse would'uh gone Jacksinburruh

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[11] From Gonzales, *The Black Border*, pp. 168-69.

539 een one oxin cyaa't[11] weh 'e come f'um. All de time 'e binnuh box me, uh bin study 'bout how da' 'ooman' cawpse would'uh look ef uh had uh hit 'um like de time w'en uh nyuse to be uh Ben! En' uh study 'pun him husbun', my wife Sarah boy John, en' un study 'pun John' maamy, en' uh t'ink 'bout how dem will mo'n ef uh kill dis 'ooman, en' wid Gawd help us hab strengk 'nuf fuh hol' me han'. Gin'ul, w'enebbuh uh look 'puntop de' dead 'ooman een me mine', uh tengk Gawd eb'ry day fuh hol' me han'!" . . .

[1] either so, i.e. either, or, nor, etc. [2] and. [3] used, accustomed to. [4] manners. [5] don't care. [6] stick. [7] grab them (her). [8] like a, as if. [9] eye. [10] both. [11] ain't. [12] cart.

III[12]

"Wey[1] yo' is bun[2]? Tell me say."
"Down een[3] de 'za'b[4]."
"Wuh[5] yuh bun duh do down de-dey[6] een de 'za'b?"
"Bun duh fush[7]."
"Ketch um?"
"Sho'!"
"How many?"
"Too many[8]."
"Lemme shum[9]! Wey 'e dey[10]?"
" 'E de-dey[11]."
"Wey?"
"Dey de-dey, Opey do[12]!"
"Yunt[13] opey do' twill me yiz shum[14]!"
"Yunt gwine shum twill opey do'!"

[1] where. [2] been. [3] in. [4] reserve, a compound of fresh water. [5] what. [6] there. [7] fish. [8] very many. [9] see them. [10] where are they (where he there)? [11] here they are (he right there). [12] open the door. [13] ain't. [14] till I see them.

IV[13]

Regardless of who might be fishing, "Dah Dannil" would always catch more fish than any other in the boat. If one should ask him how he accomplished that feat, he would invariably, should others be present, whisper the secret of his success: "Well, I tell yuh, son, but yuh ain'fuh tell *nubbody*, cuz I nebbuh tell

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(113)

[12] From Bennett, "Gullah: a Negro Patois," *South Atlantic Quarterly*, VII, p. 334.

[13] From Whaley, *The Old Types Pass*, pp. 128-29.

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nubbody yet. You see yuh ain'fuh trow yuh line *way out* like you see dese odduh peepul like'fuh do; but droppum right by de boat, den tek you' finguh en lif' de sinkuh *lee-ee-tul* piece offuh de bottum en lem drop bac'. Do diss eb'ry wunce w'ile en dih fish notuss dih bait bettuh. Dat's de reazun I ket mo' fish den de torruh[1] wun."

Not only was he the prince of camp cooks, but after serving a magnificent supper on the beach of bass steak, grainy "griss[2]," flapjacks and hot coffee, not to mention delectable side-dishes, he would relate with great gusto and much gesticulation his war-camp experiences. An inveterate smoker, the boys would keep him supplied with cigars. Gathered around him in the moonlight, they would sit for hours, as much pleased to listen as the old mestizo was to relate.

"Yuh'see, son," he was telling them upon one occasion, "we binnuh camp tih Uhrange Hill pon John Ilun, en de Yankee bin tic" pontoppuh' Seabrook Bay sukkuh' ant, en we bin trow we picket out tuh Haulobuh' Cut. Now wun night de picket wuh bin'fuh do jooty, bin wun kine'uh *skittesh* nyung man, en een dih night wen mos' eb'rybody een de camp bin fass uhsleep, yuh we yeddy dih hawss down dih road frum Haulobuh' Cut side. *Bliggity, bliggity, bliggity,* lay'out tuh 'e lenk, de hawss tayre eentih camp. De Yankee *exwancin'* de Yankee *exwancin!* Yuh de *debb'l tih'play*. De drum roll—de bugle en de fice blow—de picket duh holluh fuh we *mekkase*. Den obuh all de nize, I yeddy de Majuh woice; "Fall'een mens, *fall'een*. Leh'dem cummon en we gih dem HELL tinnight'. En de Majuh, 'e ain' bin faid dih de debbul. Nuttin' suit 'im bettuh den fuh fight, 'e dinkyuh ef deh duh t'ousun Yankee en duh hunnud'uh we. Him wuun *fight*, but some'uh dem odduh wun, dem binnuh kinduh skittesh. . . .

"Fo'yuh kin tun 'roun' I hab de waggin' hitch'up en all dih ting eennum. Dem orduh 'mih fuh fall bac', cuz ef de Yankee bin obuhpow'r dem, I could sabe de bittle. I jump een dih waggin ennuh crac' mih wip ennuh nebbuh stop 'tell'uh git spam 'cross dih bridge at Chuch Flat—dah bin 'bout eight mile—en den I keep-

•539 pon 'tell I git'tuh Willtown road—*twenty mile mo'*—ennuh halt fuh'uh seazun. I ain' bindeh[17] long fo' day bruk en wun fass riduh obuhtek'mih, gih'mih metsidge seh fuh tun bac'. 'E seh ain'duh no Yankee *'tall;* seh binnuh stingry[18] duh tun'obuh een Haulobuh' Cut, en dih pickit binnuh *sway*[15] duh *Yankee* duh paddle boat *cummin'* 'cross."

[1] other. [2] grits. [3] thick. [4] on, on top of. [5] like, like a. [6] who, what. [7] duty. [8] here. [9] hear. [10] fife. [11] make haste. [12] noise. [13] afraid. [14] don't care. [15] thousand. [16] things. [17] been there. [18] stingray (a fish).

V[14]

Ber Wolf had a pease-patch. An' every night somebody go in de pease-patch an' eat de pease. So Ber Wolf made a tar baby an' set him up in de yard. So Ber Rabbit went in de patch, an' he meet de tar baby standin' up. So Ber Rabbit said, "Good-mornin', gal!" Tar Baby ain't go no manners, say nothin'. Say, "Man, I slap you." His hand fasten. Ber Rabbit say, "I got anoder han'." So he hit him wid dat han! Dat one fasten. Ber Rabbit said, "I got a head." Said he butt him wid de head. De head fasten. "Gal, you don't see I got a foot?" So he kick him wid de foot. De foot fasten. "I kick him wid de oder foot." Dat one fasten. Ber Rabbit said, "I got a mout'.' De mout' fasten. Den Rabbit say, "Tu'n me loose!"

Next t'ing come along Wolf. Wolf say, "I ketch yer, t'ief! you eat all my pease. I putshyer head down on de choppin'-block an' chop em off."—"Oh, don't duh dat! Dat will kill me." Say, "I want ter kill you." Say, "I'll t'row you in de creek, drown you." "Ah, don't duh dat!" he say. "Yes, Ber Wolf, t'row me in de briar-patch! Den you'll kill me." When Ber Wolf t'row him in de briar-patch, Rabbit say, "Ping! Ping! Dat's de place my mammy done born me!" So dat ol' rabbit git away.

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From these brief passages one can see that the outstanding characteristics of the dialect may be expressed as follows: (1) economy in vocalization, as evidenced by the short cuts in tenses, pronouns, number, gender, etc.; (2)

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[14] *From Parsons, Folk-Lore of the Sea Islands, South Carolina*, pp. 26-7.

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the use of archaic words and pronunciations; (3) the use 539•
of corrupt forms of English. There is, of course, more 19
than this to the dialect, but these are really its distinguishing
features as one gets them from the printed page. Per- 194
haps the most interesting feature of the dialect is the way
it is spoken. Its rapid succession of sounds with their
sudden and extensive changes in pitch is something which
has to be heard to be understood.

A careful study of Gullah reveals that there is law 128
and order in the seeming chaos of this dialect. There is 193
no better way to gain an understanding of the nature and
development of Gullah than to take up in some detail its 194
phonology and grammar. As the analysis proceeds it will (177)
become more and more apparent that practically every
detail of the Gullah grammar and phonology is directly
descended from the midland and southern English dialects.

PHONOLOGY[15] 194

Vowels

(*a*, *ea*, as in *art*, *heart*)

Words having *ar* or *al* plus a consonant, as in *art*, *cart*, *heart*, *calm*, are pronounced by most Gullah speakers as if the vowel were that found in *fat*, *that*, *hat*. This vowel is prolonged slightly, so that *heart* becomes *haat*, *lark* be-

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[15] In tracing the relation between the Gullah phonology and the seventeenth-century English dialect phonology, there is of course some difficulty in obtaining accurate accounts of the latter. In most of the English dialect areas, however, there has been no great change in the phonological traits, so that eighteenth and nineteenth century records are accurate enough in general for the purposes of this analysis. Various dictionaries, grammars, and dialect glossaries have been consulted, also the works of men like Halliwell, Skeat, Sweet, the Wrights, etc. The (113)
monumental works, *The English Dialect Grammar* and *The English Dialect Dictionary*, both edited by Joseph Wright, draw upon all sources, and I have relied upon them for much of my comparative data.

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533 lowing were sung in a perfectly matter-of-fact way:

•(539) See dat man gwine 'cross de fiel'
Kickin' up dus' like a automobile.

Oh, if I die in Tennessee,
Don' wan' my friends to grieve attah me.

That the line between religious and secular songs is not always clear was evidenced by the fact that a call for spirituals in the little island schools often brought forth such responses as *The Green Grass Grew All Around* and *Johnny's So Long at the Fair*. This sort of thing is, of course, not peculiar to St. Helena, but it is more apparent on the Sea Islands than elsewhere because of the relatively retarded cultural status there.

5. Several variations of the same song occur side by side. For example, *Mary Had a Baby* is sung in three ways, *You Better Run* in three ways, *Wrastlin' Jacob* in two, *Jacob's Ladder* in two, and so on. Of course, this trait is not peculiar to the Sea Islands. In fact the variants of this sort probably originated elsewhere, but they are more apparent on St. Helena because of their convergence and survival there. One rare instance of the origin of a local variant was observed on St. Helena during the past year. In one of the churches a spiritual entitled *You Better Live So Jesus Can Use You* was among the favorites. It was sung rather fast, with pronounced swing and syncopation, the tune being as follows:

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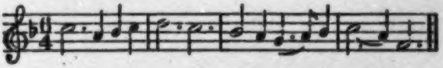
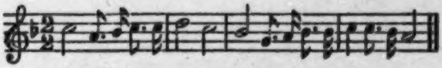
spaced to facilitate comparison with the spiritual immediately below it, is as follows:[88]

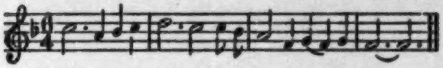
Hymn:



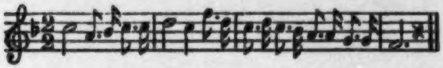
Spiritual:



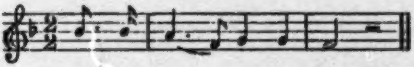
Hymn:



Spiritual:

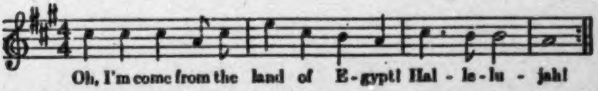


The chorus of *I'm a-Rolling* is not so closely related to *Judgment,* although the final phrase,



is the same as the final phrase of *Judgment* (see above).

The next example illustrates splendidly the possibility of relationship in both subject matter and tune between a spiritual and an old white song. The *Mariner's Hymn,*[89] as it was called in the white songsters, was made up of two simple and very similar phrases, one sung by a male voice, the other by a female voice. The latter phrase was as follows:



[539].

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[88] Incidentally, the harmonization published in the white songsters is the same as that in the spiritual.

[89] See *Millennial Harp,* II, 39.

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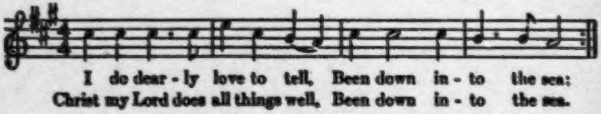
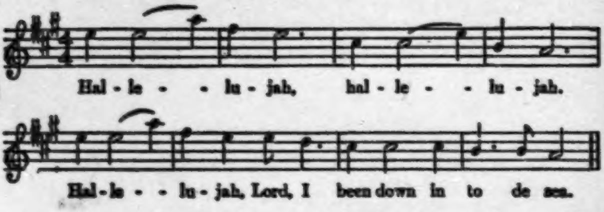
Now this tune—pentatonic, by the way—probably came from some sailor song,[90] and it must have had several variants among the white people. It is no accident that when the Negroes took it over the salt water stayed with it. As *I've Been Down into the Sea*, it is one of the most beautiful spirituals sung on St. Helena.[91] The stanzas have this tune,

• [539]


I do dear - ly love to tell, Been down in - to the sea:
Christ my Lord does all things well, Been down in - to the sea.

which is the same as the *Mariner's Hymn*, allowing for the greater number of syllables in the words of the closing measure of the spiritual. The chorus of the spiritual,

[539]


Hal - le - - lu - jah, hal - le - - lu - jah.
Hal - le - - lu - jah, Lord, I been down in to de sea.

may appear at first to be an innovation, but an examination shows it to be related to the closing tones of the stanza tune and to the following phrase from the chorus of another white song:[92]

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[90] It is similar to the hoisting chantey, *Blow, Boys, Blow*, for a version of which see *The Book of a Thousand Songs*. Incidentally, this chantey is pentatonic and is syncopated.

[91] For a published version, very similar to the St. Helena version given above, see James Weldon Johnson, *The Book of American Negro Spirituals*, p. 172.

[92] *Don't You See My Jesus Coming?* in *Millennial Harp*, I, 62; or *The Female Pilgrim* in *The Christian Lyre*, II, 212. The tune is pentatonic.

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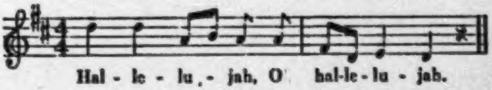
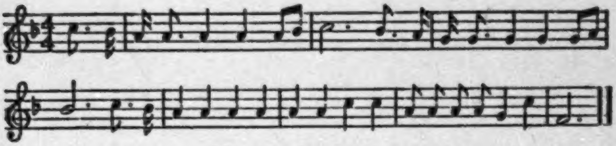
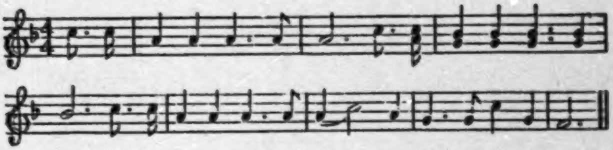


The tune of a white song *My Brother, I Wish You Well* is so much like the tune of the spiritual *There's a Meeting Here Tonight* that there was probably a connection between them. The white tune is as follows:[93]



The chorus of the spiritual is as follows:[94]



The spiritual *Just Now,*[95] formerly sung in the upper South, but rarely heard now, was taken, both words and tune, from the white hymn, *Come to Jesus,*[96] How perfectly the Negro learned the song is indicated by the tunes below. The first is the white hymn, the second the spirit-

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[93] *Millennial Harp*, I, 47.

[94] Alternative notes are shown in several measures because this phrase is sung both ways. See *Slave Songs*, p. 9, for two variants; also *Religious Folk-Songs of the Negro*, 1927, p. 182.

[95] See *Slave Songs*, p. 67. The editors thought that this became a Methodist hymn *after* the Negroes started it, and they included it because it was sung by Negroes in Maryland 25 years before. It was already at that time an Adventist hymn.

[96] *Millennial Harp*, I, 63.

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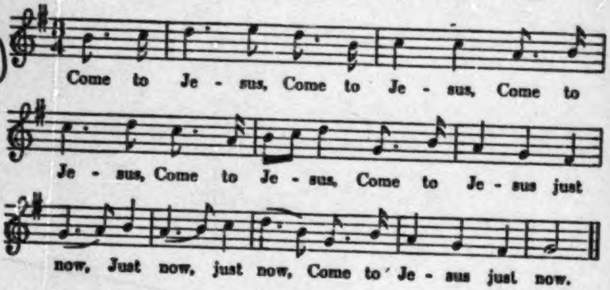
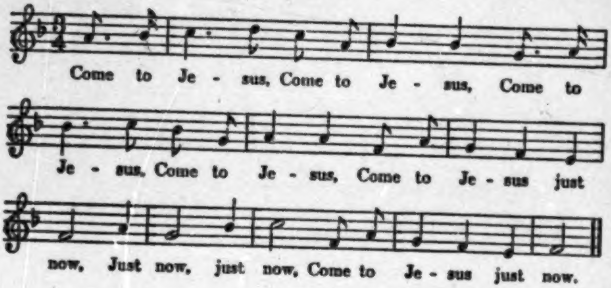
ual. The first stanza of the white hymn has exactly the same words as the third stanza of the Negro song.[97]

•[539)


Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to
Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just
now, Just now, just now, Come to Je - sus just now.


Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to
Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just
now, Just now, just now, Come to Je - sus just now.

The task of identifying two tunes which are related is a thrilling one, but is very teasing and elusive. One might come across a spiritual tune which unmistakably suggests an old white tune, yet one may be unable to find the white tune without hours and hours of search. Sometimes the words and music throughout are similar, as in some of the cases cited above, and it is easy to find the tune wanted. Sometimes there is a slight clue in the

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[97] In another stanza the white song has "Get religion just now," while the Negro song has "Good religion just now."

538 are safe for some time yet among the Negroes of the Sea Islands. The older people rarely tell the stories to white people, it is true, but the children tell them naïvely and with plenty of skill. On the way to school, at recess time, at parties, at home around the fireside, or at work, the young folk tell stories and riddles. They may deviate from the traditional version of a tale, but they are good at supplying new incidents and at combining several stories to make a new one. If part of a story is supposed to be sung, they sing it rather than recite it as many adults would do. If Buh Rabbit is supposed to make a funny noise as he runs down the road, this is supplied with an ingenuity which attempts to outdo the other fellow.

In the following tales the language is, as a rule, that of a person who speaks a somewhat modified sea-island dialect. It happens that none of the stories given here was told me by the old-time mushy-mouthed type of speaker. This is fortunate for the average reader, for the pure dialect is quite difficult to read. Since different speakers have different peculiarities, the reader must not be surprised at the apparent lack of consistency in dialect.

I

539 DOG AND DOG HEAD[1]

Buh Rabbit an' Buh Frog all-two go fo' hunt deah. Dey need some dog, an' a dog cost twelve biscuit. Buh

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[1] From Eustis School, Ladies Island. This is one of the most popular stories in the Sea Islands. For other variants, see Parsons' *Folk-lore of the Sea Islands*, pp. 1-5. The following is the most common variant: Rabbit sees Frog's "t'roat gwine up an' down," and thinks Frog is eating his biscuits, so Rabbit decides to eat some of his. Frog arrives with all of his biscuits, but Rabbit has only a few left and has to be content with a dog head. Sometimes, Frog uses the mock plea and tricks Rabbit into admitting that his dog head did not catch the deer.

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Frog got plenty biscuit, so 'e buy one dog, but Buh Rabbit been uh eat some o' his an' ain' got but six lef', so 'e buy one dog haid. So dey go fo' hunt deah, an' dey ain' gone too long 'fo' Buh Frog dog run attah a deah and ketch um. Buh Rabbit run ahaid an' knock off Buh Frog dog an' put e' dog haid on de deah. W'en Buh Frog come up, Buh Rabbit say, "Look, Buh Frog, my dog haid done kill a deah." Buh Frog say, "Now, Buh Rabbit, you know dog haid cyan' kill deah. Tek a dog fo' kill deah." Buh Rabbit say, "O, man, course a dog haid can ketch a deah. Yunnah shum deh on de deah, enty? Tek a dog haid fo' ketch deah. If yunnah want to ketch deah, yunnah have to cut yo' dog haid off." Buh Frog say, I guess you right, Buh Rabbit." So Buh Frog cut 'e dog haid off, an' dog haid ain' never ketch no mo' deah since dat.

I step on a tin,
De tinnin ben',
Dat's de way
My story en'.

II

THE FALSE MESSAGE: TAKE MY PLACE[2]

Once upon a time de goose run blin',
Monkey chaw tobacco an' de cat drink wine.

'Bout de man, de lee' gal, and Buh Rabbit. Man have a pease patch an' lef' lee' gal fuh watch um. Buh Rabbit come up an' say, 'Mornin', lee' gal. Yo' paa say tu'n me in pease patch at twelve an' tu'n me out at five." Lee' gal say, "All right, Buh Rabbit," so she tu'n Buh Rabbit in de pease patch. 'E eat an' eat, an' when five come 'e say to lee' gal, "Time to tu'n me out." She tu'n 'im out. When 'e paa come home 'e say, "Who been in my pease patch?" Lee' gal say, "Buh Rabbit say you sen' word fuh me to tu'n 'im in de pease patch." 'E paa say, "Well, if Buh Rabbit come tomorrow, you tu'n 'im in an' don' let 'im out till I come."

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[2] See also Parsons, pp. 40-2.

So nex' day Buh Rabbit come, an' de lee' gal tu'n 'im in de pease patch. 'E eat an' eat, an' den 'e say, "Lee gal, time to tu'n me out." Lee' gal say, "I busy now." Buh Rabbit wait awhile. Says, "Please let me out now." Lee' gal say, "Wait a minute, I too busy now." Den 'e paa come home. 'E ketch Buh Rabbit in de pease patch an' tek an' lock 'im up in a cyage, den 'e gwine off fuh git a cyaa't-load o' switch fuh beat Buh Rabbit. Buh Wolf come along an' see Buh Rabbit in de cyage an' ax 'im, "What you do deh, Buh Rabbit?" Buh Rabbit say, "Oh, man, dey gwine be beeg time tonight—beeg party, singin' an' dancin' an' eatin'. Don' you wanna help?" Buh Wolf say, "Sho', man, let me in." "All right, onlock dat do' an' come in." Buh Wolf onlock de do' an' come in de cyage. Buh Rabbit jump out and lock 'im up. Man come back, say, "Buh Wolf, what you do in deh?" "Oh, Buh Rabbit say we gwine have beeg time." Man say, "Yes, we sho' is gwine have beeg time," an' 'e tek de cyaa't-load o' switch an' beat Buh Wolf mos' to deat'.

III

PLAYING GODFATHER: TUB OF BUTTER[3]

Buh Rabbit an' Buh Wolf been frien'. Day hab tub o' buttah fuh eat w'en wintah come. Dey wukkin' een de fiel' w'en Buh Rabbit say, "Buh Wolf, me yeddy my sistah duh call me. I gwine see w'at 'e want." So 'e went off. Attah w'ile 'e come back. Buh Wolf say, "W'at yo' sistah want?" "Oh, my sistah hab a fine baby an' 'e want me fuh name um." "Well, w'at you name um?" "I name um Buh Start-um."

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[3] From a student in Penn School. See Parsons, pp. 5-8. Sometimes the names of the children are varied, as, for example, Begin-um, Buh Quartah-um, T'ree-fourt' Gone-um, Mos' Done-um, etc.

Dey wuk a lee' wile, den Buh Rabbit say, "Lissen to dat! My sistah duh call me ag'in. I wish 'e leave me 'lone." Buh Wolf say, "Man, you bettah go see w'at 'e want." So Buh Rabbit go off again. Fin'ly 'e come back, say, "Buh Wolf, my sistah done hab 'nuddah baby an' want me to name um." "Well, w'at you name um?" "Oh, I name um Buh Half-um."

Dey wuk a lee' w'ile mo' an' den Buh Rabbit say, "Lissen, Buh Wolf, my sistah duh call me again. I t'ink I not go dis time." Buh Wolf say, "Oh, man, I t'ink you bettah go." "All right, I be back in a lee' w'ile." Fin'ly Buh Rabbit come back, say, "Law, Buh Wolf, my sistah done hab 'nuddah chile." "W'at you name um dis time?" "Oh, I name um Buh Done-um." Dat mean 'e done eat all de buttah.

Dey wuk on till Buh Wolf say, "Buh Rabbit, le's go see 'bout dat tub o' buttah." So dey go fuh git buttah an' de buttah all gone. Buh Wolf say, "Buh Rabbit, you been uh eat de buttah, enty?" "No, 'fo' Gawd, Buh Wolf, I yent eat um." Buh Wolf say, "I t'ink we fin' out who eat 'um. We gwine een de sun an' lay down, an' de one de sun melt de buttah out ob, 'e de one wuh eat um." Buh Rabbit agree, so dey go een de hot sun an' lay down. Buh Wolf go to sleep. De butter melt out o' Buh Rabbit, an' 'e take an' smear um on Buh Wolf. Den 'e wake up Buh

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•539 Wolf an' say, "Look, Buh Wolf, de buttah melt out on you. Dat prove you eat um." Buh Wolf say, "Yeah, Buh Rabbit, I guess you been right. I eat um fo' trute."

IV

WHO STOLE BUH KINLAW'S GOAT?[1]

Once upon a time de cat drink wine,
De monkey chaw tobacco on de street-car line.

Deh been a man name Buh Kinlaw. Buh Rabbit t'ief Buh Kinlaw goat, an' Buh Kinlaw gwine hab court fuh fin' who t'ief um. So Buh Rabbit see Buh Wolf an' say, "Buh Wolf, deh's t'irty dollahs on a song, t'irty dollahs on a song. Big time on court day. You bass me on de song an' we make a heap o' money. Now, w'en I sing,

[Chanted] Buh Wolf t'ief Buh Kinlaw goat,

you sing,

Yes, indeed, indeed I did."

So Buh Wolf agree, an' dey try out de song till dey can sing um good.

W'en de court day come, Buh Rabbit an' Buh Wolf come in to town. W'en dey come close to de court place, Buh Rabbit say, "All right, Buh Wolf, time to staa't singin'"; an' 'e begin:

"Buh Wolf t'ief Buh Kinlaw goat,"

an' Buh Wolf come in strong on

"Yes, indeed, indeed I did."

So de jedge yeddy um an' say, "So dat's de man wuh stole Buh Kinlaw goat." An 'e gib Buh Wolf t'irty days 'stead o' t'irty dollahs.

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[1] *Cf.* Parsons, p. 145.

V

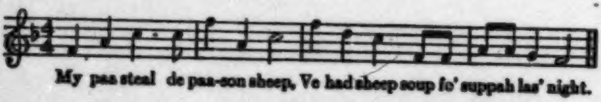
THE PARSON'S SHEEP

537.

Once dere was a li'l boy, an' 'e paa stole de paa'son sheep, so de boy sing,

"My paa steal de paa'son sheep,
Vee had sheep soup fuh suppah las' night."

[533)


My paa steal de paa-son sheep, Ve had sheep soup fo' suppah las' night.

De paa'son yea'd um singin'. Say, "What dat you sing, son?" "Oh, nuttin', suh." "Well, you come heah tomorrow dis same time an' sing dat same song, an' I give you ten dollahs." "All right, suh."

So dat night de boy tell his paa, say, "Paa, man gwine give me ten dollah fuh sing tomorrow." Paa say, "Le' me hear you sing um, son." De boy sing:

"My paa stole de paa'son sheep,
Vee had sheep soup fuh suppah las' night."

'E paa knock 'im down, *Bam!* Den 'e say, "Son, sing um ag'in." Boy sing um dat same way ag'in. 'E paa knock 'im down ag'in. "Sing um ag'in, son." So dis time de boy sing:

"My paa went a-fishin' last night,
Vee had fish soup fuh suppah las' night."

'E paa say, "Now dat's de way to sing um, son. Anybody ax you fuh sing, you sing um same like dat."

Nex' day de boy go to de place whuh paa'son say come. Paa'son deh wid lots o' oddah mens. De paa'son say, "All right, son, sing dat song." So de boy sing:

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"My paa went a-fishin' last night,
Vee had fish soup fuh suppah las' night."

Paa'son say, "Dat's not de song you sing d' oddah time." Boy say, "Yes, suh, dat him." Paa'son say, "Try um ag'in." An de' boy sing um dat same way ag'in. Paa'son ax him, "Don' you know anoddah song!" "No, suh, dat de only song I evah sung, suh." So de people made paa'son give de boy ten dollah like 'e promise.

VI

RABBIT SEEKS A WIFE[8]

De king had a fine daughtah. Buh Rabbit ax king fo' 'e daughtah. King say, "If you git me one bag o' blackbird, one rattlesnake tush an' one alligator tush, you will hab my daughtah."

So Buh Rabbit go down de road singin',

"Ding, ding, ding, a-ding, ding, ding,
Ding-a ding, ding, ding."

He see some blackbird een a fiel' singin', so he take a bag an' say, "Heh, you blackbird, up deh singin' so big, I bet you cyan' full dis bag." De blackbird fly een de bag, an' Buh Rabbit tie de string an' take de bag to de king. King tell 'im, "You a smaa't man, Buh Rabbit. Now git me de rattlesnake tush."

Buh Rabbit meet Buh Rattlesnake. Say, "Good mornin', Buh Rattlesnake. You sho' is growin' mighty big. Le' me meadger you wid dis stick to see how long you is." Buh Rattlesnake lay down 'side de stick and Buh Rabbit tie 'e tail to de stick. "Wha' fuh you tie my tail, Buh Rabbit?" "Oh, man, I haffuh tie you' tail to straight you out so 's I can meadger you good." Den he tie Buh Rattlesnake haid an' pull de string tight an' choke 'im to deat'. He take out de tush an' take um to de king. King say, "Buh Rabbit, you *too* smaa't. Now bring me de alligatuh tush."

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[8] Told by James Henderson, Eddings' Point School. Cf. Parsons, p. 14.

Buh Rabbit go down to de pon' an' fin' Buh 'Gatuh an' call out, "Oh, Buh 'Gatuh, come up hyuh on de sho'. Gwine hab beeg time up hyuh." 'Gatuh come up. Buh Rabbit say, "Now we play a lee' game." An' 'e sing:

"Go t'rough my legs swif'ly, O,
An' come back slowly, O."

Buh 'Gatuh go t'rough swif'ly, an' w'en he come back slowly, Buh Rabbit knock 'im wid a stick. 'Gatuh pitch een to de pon', say, "Buh Rabbit, you *too* mean." Buh Rabbit study 'bout how he could git Buh 'Gatuh to come out again. Fin'ly he go off an' kill a squirrel an' dress up in de squirrel clo'es. He come back to de pon' an' sing,

"Ding, ding, ding, a-ding, ding, ding,
Ding, a-ding, ding, ding."

Buh 'Gatuh say, "I t'ink I hear Buh Rabbit woice." Buh Rabbit say, "Come on up, Buh 'Gatuh. It's me, Buh Squirrel." 'Gatuh wife tell 'im, "Don' go up deh. You might get hurt." 'Gatuh call out, "Dat you, Buh Squirrel?" "Yeah, come on up." Buh 'Gatuh come up on sho'. He say, "Dat Buh Rabbit a *mean* man. He knocked me wid a stick. But I glad he yent hit me on dis side, 'caze I would-a daid." So Buh Rabbit take a stick an' knock 'im on dat side and kill 'im daid. Den he take out de tush an' take um to de king. De king tell 'im, "Man, you *too* smaa't." Buh Rabbit say, "Eider gib me yo'

•539 daughtah or gib me trouble.” De king say, “I’ll gib you trouble.” So he gib Buh Rabbit a bag an’ tell ’im, “Don’ open um till you come to a wide fiel’.” So Buh Rabbit go off to a wide open fiel’ an’ open de bag. An’ w’en he loose um, out jump t’ree houn’ dog right attah Buh Rabbit. One o’ de dog bit Buh Rabbit tail smack off, an’ his tail been short to dis day.

VII

LION SEES HIS SHADOW

Buh Lion been king o’ de beas’. D’ oddah animals ’fraid to walk, ’caze Buh Lion eat um if ’e ketch um. So one day dey hol’ a council an’ ’cide to mek a ’greement wid Buh Lion to sen’ ’im one of um fuh eb’ry meal if ’e leabe um alone ’tween meal.

W’en it come Buh Rabbit time to go fuh let Buh Lion eat ’im, ’ e staa’t off sad an’ slow-like. ’E tek two step frontwa’d, one step backwa’d, an’ ’e been a-study all de time. Buh Lion gittin’ mighty hungry, ’caze Buh Rabbit due at twelve o’clock an’ it already ’bout t’ree. Fin’ly Buh Lion see li’l cloud o’ dus’ way down de road. Say, “Dat mus’ be Buh Rabbit comin’.” Buh Rabbit tek two step frontwa’d an’ one step backwa’d. Buh Lion bex. ’E call out, “Hurry up, Buh Rabbit. Why you so late?” “Oh, man, I been a-study ’bout dat oddah lion. I shum [saw him] down een a well back deh on de road. Him say him can beat you all to pieces.” Buh Lion too mad. Say, “Dey ain’ no body can beat me.” Buh Rabbit say, “Dat w’at I tol’ ’im, but ’e look mighty fierce an’ say ’e can tear you up.” “Tek me to ’im, Buh Rabbit. I wan’ a-shum.” So Buh Rabbit tek ’im to de well, an’ Buh Lion look down een de watah an’ see ’eself. ’E give a roah an’ shake 'e haid, an' de lion een de well done de same. Eb'yt'ing 'e do, de lion een de well do likewise. Buh Lion git so mad, 'e jump at 'e shadow een de well, an' 'e got drownded.

VIII

LION LOOKS FOR MAN

'Bout Buh Elephan', Buh Lion, an' Man. Buh Elephan' sleep undah tree, an' Man cut de tree, an' it fall on Buh Elephan' an' hu't 'im. Buh Lion come along an' say, "What de mattah, Buh Elephan'?" "Man cut de tree on me." "Man? W'at Man look like?" "Well, 'e got two t'ing long down, call um laig; two t'ing long out, call um han'." "You t'ink I c'n ketch um?" "Yah, you c'n ketch um."

So Buh Lion go hunt fuh Man. Fin'ly 'e shum. Say, "You de t'ing dey call Man?" "Yah, I de t'ing dey call Man." "Well, w'at I mus' do to make you fight me?" Man tell um, "Tu'n yo' back an' tu'n yo' shu't-tail ovah yo' haid, an' I fight you." So Buh Lion t'un 'e back an' tu'n 'e shu't-tail ovah 'e haid, an' Man take 'e gun an' shoot Buh Lion.

Finally Buh Lion got up an' went to fin' Buh Elephan'. Say, "Oh, Buh Elephan', you know dat t'ing dey call Man?" "Yah." "Well, Man ruled by God. I ax um w'at I must do to make um fight me, an' 'e tu'n my back an' tu'n my shu't-tail ovah my haid, an' 'e t'row a t'ousan' poun' o' grabbel on me, den 'e jerk out my rib an' cut me till I fall."

IX

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PLAYING DEAD IN THE ROAD[6]

Once a man been fishin' an' had a cyaart load o' fish. Buh Rabbit lay down side o' de road like 'e daid. De cyaart go by, an' den Buh Rabbit run t'rough de woods an' lay down 'side de road again. Cyaart come along an' de man say, "How come so many rabbit daid een de road today. If I see anudder one, I pick um up." Buh Rabbit run roun' an' lay down 'side de road again. W'en de man come along he say, "I never see so many daid rabbit. I t'ink I bigin to pick um up." So he pick up Buh Rabbit an' t'row 'im up on de cyaart wid de fish.

Buh Rabbit t'row off fish an' t'row off fish till he got all he want, den he jump off an' go back an' pick up de fish an' take um home. Buh Wolf come along an' see all de fish. He want to know how Buh Rabbit got um. Buh Rabbit say, "Man, I play like I daid, an' de man put me on de cyaart, and I t'row off de fish." So nex' day Buh Wolf done de same trick. De man stopped de cyaart, say, "Well, Buh Rabbit fool me dat way, but you no fool me," an' he beat Buh Wolf to deat' an' carry 'im home fo' he chillun.

X

FATAL IMITATION[7]

Buh Rabbit see Buh Pa'tridge one day, an' Buh Pa'tridge had 'e haid undah 'e wing. Buh Rabbit say, "Buh Pa'tridge, weh yo' haid?" Buh Pa'tridge mek answer, "I leff um at home, Buh Rabbit." "You leff um

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[6] From Edisto Island. An unusual variant of "Playing Dead Twice in the Road," which is quite popular in the Bahamas, according to Parsons, but which she failed to find in the Sea Islands. See *Folk-lore of the Sea Islands*, p. 44.

[7] *Cf.* Parsons, pp. 33-5.

at home! How come you do dat?" "Well," say Buh Pa'tridge, "I jes' leabe um deh so my wife can comb um w'ile I been gone." Buh Rabbit say, "Dat soun's mighty good, Buh Pa'tridge. Tell me how you do it." "Well, you jes' ax yo' wife fo' cut yo' haid off, den you can leabe yo' haid at home an' go widout it like me."

So Buh Rabbit run home an' say to 'e wife, "Wife, I see Buh Pa'tridge run roun' widout 'e haid, an' 'e say you mus' cut my haid off so I can do dat way myse'f." Wife say, "Now, I 'fraid Buh Pa'tridge been try fo' fool you." "Oh, no. You mus' tek de ax an' chop my haid off like Buh Pa'tridge say." So dey argue an' argue till fin'ly Buh Rabbit have 'e way, and 'e put 'e haid down on de block and 'e wife tek de ax an' bam! off come 'e haid. An' Buh Rabbit been jes' as daid as 'e can be.

XI

RABBIT MAKES WOLF HIS SADDLE HORSE[8]

Buh Rabbit an' Buh Wolf been great frien'. Dey git ready to go to big party to dance an' play wid all de gal. Buh Rabbit been tellin' de gal dat Buh Wolf been his saddle horse. W'en de time come to go, Buh Rabbit say, "Lawd, Buh Wolf, I feel so bad I t'ink I cyan' go." Buh Wolf say, "You got to go, Buh Rabbit. Le' me carry you paart o' de way." Buh Rabbit say, "All right, if you let me put de saddle on you so 's I can hold on." Buh Wolf say he agree p'vidin' he take de saddle off befo' dey git to de party. So Buh Rabbit git his saddle an' spurs, an' off dey go. Attah w'ile w'en dey git up close to de place weh de party gwine be, Buh Wolf say, "Time to git off, Buh

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[8] From Eustis School, Ladies Island. Cf. Parsons, pp. 53-4.

539 Rabbit." But Buh Rabbit dig de spurs in Buh Wolf, and Buh Wolf howl an' run right up to de house befo' all de gal. Buh Rabbit call out, "See! See! Ain' I tol' you Buh Wolf been my saddle horse?"

XII

THE RACE BETWEEN SNAIL AND DEER

Buh Deah been a-boas' dat he de fastes' runnah een de worl'. Buh Snail say, "Buh Deah, I t'ink I run a race wid you." Dey all laugh at Buh Snail, but he say he want to try to beat Buh Deah, so dey 'p'inted de day fo' de race. Buh Deah come to de place weh dey gwine staart, but he not see Buh Snail. But Buh Snail, he deh, an' he crawl up easy-like undah Buh Deah tail. Fin'ly Buh Deah say, "Well, I wondah weh is dat Snail. I guess he don' wan' a-run no race." Buh Snail speak up an' say, "I'm hyuh, let de race staart." Buh Deah went sailin' off down de road, an' soon he come to de finish place. Big crowd deh. Buh Deah say, "Hab anybody seen dat Snail?" Dey all laugh an' say dey ain' shum. So Buh Deah staart to set down, an' Buh Snail cry out, "Man, git up off-a me. I been hyuh long befo' you." So dey give de race to Buh Snail.

XIII

THE MERMAID[9]

De King wife dead an' King marry 'nodder woman. King had daughter an' dis woman had daughter, an' dey treat her daughter good, but not treat de King daughter good. She have to do hard work, an' de odder gal do nuttin'. So de po' gal go down to de water an' cry. Mer-

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[9] From Eddings' Point School. Cf. Parsons, pp. 137-39.

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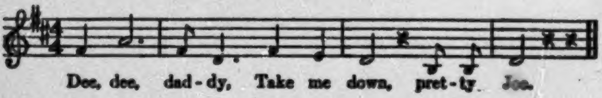
maid rise up an' say, "What you cry for, li'l gal?" "My mudder die an' my fadder marry ag'in an' my step-mudder have daughter. Dey treat me bad an' won' give me 'nough t' eat." De mermaid say, "Come down wid me." She take her down under de water to de purties' place. Give her all kin' o' good t'ing t' eat. Den she bring her back up. Dat night, de gal not want a bite t' eat after de odders done eat, but she feel so glad.

Nex' day she go back to de water an' sing:

"Dee, dee, daddy,
Take me down, pretty Joe."



[533)

An' de mermaid rise up an' take her down an' give her plenty good t'ings t' eat, den bring her back up. So dat night, dey keep wonderin' why she not eat. Fin'ly de step-mudder daughter say she gwine fin' out. Nex' day she follow de gal to de river an' hear her sing:

"Dee, dee, daddy,
Take me down, pretty Joe,"

an' she see de mermaid rise up an' take de gal down. She run home an' tell her mudder an' de King what she see. So nex' day dey all t'ree went down to de river widout de King daughter knowin' it. De King sing:

"Dee, dee, daddy," etc.,

but no mermaid. Den de step-daughter try it:

"Dee, dee, daddy," etc.,

an' up rise de mermaid. King shot de mermaid daid.

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•539 When de King daughter come down to de river, she sing like she always sing, but no mermaid. She step down in de water an' sing again:

"Dee, dee, daddy," etc.,

but no mermaid. She went on deeper an' deeper, singin' dat song all de time, till she drown. Dat's end o' my story.

XIV

THE CHOSEN SUITOR: ESCAPE FROM THE DEVIL[10]

Once upon a time King had wife an' daughtah. Debbil court de daughtah an' she marry 'im, but she not know 'e been debbil. 'E take de gal home an' 'gin to cut wood fuh burn 'er up. Ole 'oman come an 'tell gal she mus' run away. Give 'er t'ree needles an' tell 'er to t'row one down when she need help.

So de gal take de debbil fastes' hoss an' ride 'im off. De Roostah see 'er an' 'e sing:

"Massa, massa,
Yo' pretty gal gone home 'fo' day dis mornin'."

Debbil say, "I t'ink I yeah my roostah woice." Roostah sing ag'in:

"Go eas', massa, go eas'.
Go wes,' massa, go wes'.
Massa, massa,
Yo' pretty gal gone home 'fo' day dis mornin'."

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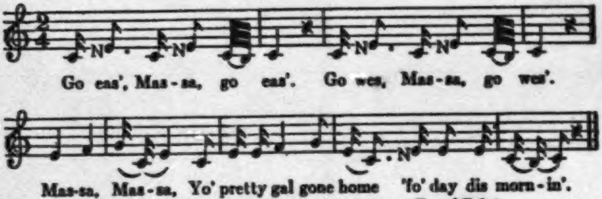
[10] From Helen Brown, Eddings' Point School. Cf. Parsons, pp. 45-6.


Go eas', Mas-sa, go eas'. Go wes, Mas-sa, go wes'.
Mas-sa, Mas-sa, Yo' pretty gal gone home 'fo' day dis morn-in'.
N

NOTE: N indicates a neutral third, in this case a tone between E and E-flat.

Debbil yeah dat, an' 'e jump on 'e hoss an' staa't fuh obertake de gal. She drop one o' de needle an' big fores' grow up, an' debbil have to git ax an' cut 'e way all t'rough um. but 'e git t'rough an' 'bout to ketch de gal ag'in. She drop annodah needle, an' big rivah rise up, an' debbil have to go back an' git boat an' row across. Gal almos' home now, but debbil git across rivah an' keep a comin'. 'E jes' 'bout to ketch 'er when she drop de las' needle. When she drop dat a big fiah come an' burn up de debbil. Den she git home wid her faddah and muddah.

XV

TOO LAZY TO LIVE[11]

Once there was a slave on Wallace or Tom Fripp Plantation who was too lazy to work. His master punished him, but he wouldn't work. When his master gave him corn to grind for bread, he wanted somebody to grind

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[11] As told by Mr. Aurelius Brown, teacher in Penn School. I found several variants of this story, usually given local settings. It is interesting to note, however, that it was known more than a hundred years ago in Jamaica. In his charming *Journal of a West Indian Proprietor*, Matthew Gregory ("Monk") Lewis relates that the story was thought to have originated on a certain Jamaican plantation whose owner was accustomed to disposing of his worn-out slaves by sending them to a desolate place called "the Gulley" and leaving them to die of exposure and starvation. The cruel master always had his men bring back the shroud and board so that he would have no expense. See the song, as quoted by Lewis in his *Journal*, p. 322.

[171]
(113)

539 it for him. Then he wanted somebody to bake the bread. When the bread was ready he wanted to know if somebody wouldn't feed him. His master said, "Any man that's too lazy to eat is too lazy to live. We'll just bury him."

They made a box and put the man in it and started to the graveyard. The man sang:

"Massa, me not dead yet,"

Master sang,

"Car' [carry] 'im along, car' 'im along,"

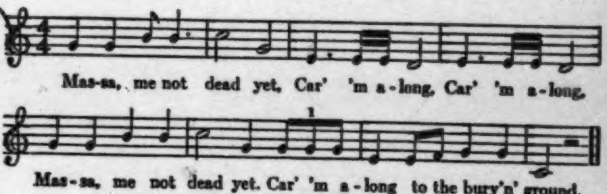
Then the man,

"Massa, me not dead yet,"

Then the Master,

"Car' 'im along to the bury'n' ground."

[533


Mas-sa, me not dead yet, Car' 'm a-long, Car' 'm a-long.
Mas-sa, me not dead yet. Car' 'm a-long to the bury'n' ground.

They carried the man on and on toward the graveyard.

"Massa, me not dead yet."
"Car' 'im along, car' 'im along.
Got more money to buy more slaves,
Car' 'im along to the bury'n' ground."

They took him on to the graveyard and put him in the grave and covered him up and let him die.

XVI

GOING TO HEAVEN BY LAND[12]

There were two brothers who had confessed Christ and were ready to be baptized. The preacher took one of them by the hand and led him down into the water. He said, "My son, I baptize you in the name of the Father and the Son," and he plunged him under. The boy slipped out of the preacher's hand and was drowned before he could be saved. So it was the second boy's turn to be baptized. The preacher called him, but he said, "Mister, my brother may have gone to heaven by water, but I am going by land," and he wouldn't allow the preacher to baptize him.

XVII

WHY THE COLORED MAN ISN'T IN HEAVEN TODAY[13]

Once a colored man started for heaven. On arriving at the gate, St. Peter the gate keeper ask him his mission. He told St. Peter he wanted to go to heaven. St. Peter ask him if he came a-riding or walking. He said walking. St. Peter said, "I'm mighty sorry, but I can't let you in. You must come riding." The colored man started back home. On his way home he met a white man. He asked the white man, "Where are you going?" The white man said, "To heaven." The colored man said, "I just came from there. St. Peter wouldn't let me in, say I must

[538]
[177]

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[12] As written by Nathan J. Smalls, student at Penn School. There is a surprising number of tales and jokes about preachers, deacons, etc., in the Sea Islands. Most of them are of fairly recent origin, having been introduced from the outside. Humerous anecdotes about Irishmen are also very common, as they are in many other parts of the South. I was surprised to find on St. Helena Island practically every Irishman story that I was familiar with in Texas as a boy.

[13] As written by Kermit Smalls, student in Penn School.

come riding." The white man said, "I will attend to that. I will get down and ride you half the way, and you must ride me the other half." With this the colored man agreed, and he rode upon the white man's back half the way. Then he got down and let the white man get on his back. When they got to the gate the white man knocked. St. Peter ask him his mission. He told St. Peter he wanted to go to heaven. St. Peter ask him if he came a-riding. White man said, "Yes." St. Peter said, "Left your beast on the outside and come in." The white man went into heaven and the poor colored man was left outside.

XVIII

A TALL TALE[14]

Gentlemen, I tell you de trut'. Once I was on a pleasure trip, me an' my employah. I was standin' in de bow of my yacht, I saw two pompers [porpoises] standin' in middle o' river, an' deh was a ole oak tree to Stoad [Stuart's] P'int—dat 'bout twenty mile away—wid a big bee-hive in it. I shoot my rifle an' bus' dat ole oak tree into de river. De pompers ent die from de shot, so I pull off my coat an' leap overboard an' catch de pompers an' pat um on de side. I say, "Whoa, whoa!" I was thirsty fo' a drink, so I tas'e de water an fin' dat de whole river sweet from de bee-hive. De pompers pullin' fas', never stop till 'e get on St. Helena Sound to egg bank. He was drunk from de sweetness of de water. I roll 'im on de sho' an' start back to meet de yacht. When de cap'n reach me I have bass an' trout enough to loaded to yacht, an' ~~den I quit.~~

---

[14] Told by Sarah Holmes, Lee-Rosenwald School, Coffin's Point.

XIX

FAMILY AFFECTION[15]

539

Once upon a time there was an old lady and a old man and they were man and wife. The old man was at dinner and his wife and children were on the outside. It was a windy day and the wind blew the house down. The children cried out, "The house fell on popper." The old lady called, "I hope it ain't broke my pipe." The children said, "Wait till I done eat, then you will hear me cry." The end of the story.

XX

OPENING VERSES[16]

1.

Once upon a time, a wery good time,
Monkey chaw tobacco on de railroad line.[17]

2.

Once upon a time de goose run blin',
Monkey chaw tobacco an' de man drink wine.[18]

3.

Beef in de market ten cents a poun',
You never git a poun' till you lay yo' money down.

---

[15] Written by Lawrence Mingin, Lee-Rosenwald School.

[16] After hearing one of these at the beginning of a story, I began to ask each narrator if he knew any opening verses. Thereafter I found them to be quite frequent, although they tend to drop out of use as unnecessary embellishments unless something reminds the narrator of them.

[538]

[17] Sometimes "on de street cyaar line," sometimes "an' spit white lime."

[18] Sometimes "cat drink wine." Other variations are made by interchanging the names and varying the combinations of the two lines.

XXI

539

CLOSING VERSES

1.

I step on a tin,
De tinnin ben',
Dat's de way
My story en'.

2.[19]

I step on de lane
An' walk wid a cane,
An' dat's de way
My story en'.

RIDDLES

524 Several hundred riddles are in circulation on St. Helena. The children can recall amazing numbers of them, especially when riddle contests are held. Some of them can make up new ones indefinitely under the stimulus of competition.

524 177 For the most part the riddles seem to be of European descent, although in many instances it is difficult to say whether one is African or European. Certainly some of them sound more like the African discussion riddles than the ordinary English riddle. For example, a boy relates that a girl was saved from drowning by three men. Trackwell traces her to the river, Divewell recovers her from the water, Breathewell breathes life back into her. "Which one," asks the narrator, "has the best claim to the girl?" Then an argument takes place, sometimes, but rarely, ending in agreement on one of the three. There

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[19] I encountered this only once, in a story told by a girl at Land's End School.

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9. Don' take no mo' on yo' heels dan you can kick off wid yo' toes. 538

10. Feed you wid corn, choke you wid de cob.

TOASTS, RHYMES, AND GAMES

The young people know quite a few "toasts," play rhymes, game songs, and the like. Sometimes even an adult will respond to a request to "say a piece" at a party by giving a bit of child's verse. On one occasion a man recited in a formal manner a little piece beginning, 524 538

My pretty pink, I really think
That you and I should marry. (539)

Some of the rhymes and games are very old, having been brought over by the English. Others are of recent origin and introduction. Some of the rhymes, for example, are survivals of ante-bellum minstrel verse, and a few are attempts at original verse. (177)

Toasts[20]

273
574
576
539

I

Some water I hol' in dis glass
Between my finger an' t'umb.
If I don' drink it all,
I lef' you some.

II

The rose is red
An' violets are blue,
Honey is sweet
An' so are you.

---

[20] For four other toasts, see Parsons, p. 176. For numerous American versions of children's games, rhymes, etc., see W. W. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children.*

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III

273 Thou art my love, and I am thine,
574 I drew thee for my valentine.
576

IV

● 539 The glass is full of water
And the pail is full of wine,
The world is full of boys and girls,
But, honey, you are mine.

Other Verses

I

Some people have one coat,
T'ank God, I got two.
All de veek I vear a ragged coat,
On Sunday my long-tail blue.

II

I went to de jail-house on my knees,
Firs' t'ing I saw was a pan o' peas.
Peas was red an' meat was fat—
Got stuck on de jail-house jus' fuh dat.

III

I went to de hen-house de odder night,
It was awful dark an' I had no light.
Only de roostah givin' out de hymn,
Givin' out de hymn fuh de hen o' prayah.
Did he preach it!

IV

'Possum on de 'simmon tree
A-winkin' down on me.
I pick up a stick, an' I was so shy,
I pop um across ol' 'possum's eye.

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V

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'Possum on de 'simmon tree,
Sparrow on de groun';
'Possum t'row de 'simmon down,
Sparrow shake um 'roun'.

VI

Hawk an' buzza't went to law,
Hawk come back wid a broken jaw.

VII

When I been a little boy
I stayed by myself.
All de bread an' cheese I git,
I put um on de shelf.
De rat an' mice, I nevah see de like.
Rough shirt, standin' collah,
'Nough to make a niggah hollah.
Walk in, John, I'll be yo' frien',
I'm ridin' on a pickynut tree.

VIII[21]

I had a little pony,
His name was Dimple Gray.
I len' him to a lady,
She ride him miles away.
She whip him, she lash him,
She ride him t'rough de mire.
I wouldn' len' my pony 'g'in
Fo' all de lady hire.

IX

All of a row,
Bend a bow,
Shot at a pigeon
And killed a crow.

---

[21] Compare a similar rhyme, with tune, given by Parsons, p. 185.

X

273 Nose, nose, jolly red nose.
574 What gave you that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spice an clo'es,
576 They give me this jolly red nose.
• 539

XI[22]

There was an old man
And he had a calf,
And that's half.
He took him out of the stall
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

XII

Since that lady gave you that box,
You look like you are going to have the chicken-pox.

Since people walk on the street,
You are name the days of the week.

Since people don't always go to work on time,
I am writing rhymes.

Where are you going, Jack?
You look like you just come back.

Hello, Si.
You look like you going to cut some rye.

Where is my dog
I took for the frog
That was sitting on the log?

---

[22] This and the one following were written down and turned in by pupils in two of the Island schools. Apparently they are attempts at original rhymes.

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Where are you going, Mary? 273
You look so contrary. 574

576

Play Rhymes and Games[23] 539

I

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,
Ketch a neighbor by 'e toe, 539
If 'e holler, let 'im go. 524

II

Ink stink, tobacco stink,
Ketch a neighbor by his toe,
If he holler, let 'im go.

III

Eeny, meeny, dilly, deany,
Hit um a lick an' John de guney.
Time, time, American time,
Eighteen hundred an' ninety-nine.

IV

Cod fish, cod fish,
How many cod fish do you wish?
Four spell four an' you're clean out
Wid yo' mudder dirty dish clot' in yo' mout'.

V

William, William, thrumble toe,
He's a good fisher man.
Ketches hen, put um in de pen.
Wi', bri', limber lock,
T'ree geese in a flock,
One flew eas', one flew wes',
One flew over de cuckoo nes'.
O-U-T spells *out*,
You ol' dirty dish rag, *you!*

---

[23] I-VII are counting-out rhymes. No. VIII is a hide-and-seek form.

VI

539
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Once I went up the heeple, steeple,
Met a crowd of little people.
Some was white, some was black,
Some was the color of ginger snaps.
O-U-T spells *out*, and you are clean out,
With your mother dirty dish rag in your mout'.

VII

Mother ketch a flea,
Flea die,
Mother cry,
Out go *she*.

VIII

Three little horses in de stable,
One fell down an' skinned his nable.
All ready?
Not yet.
All ready?
Not yet.
Ready, ready?
I'm comin', I'm comin'.

IX[24]

Little gal? Yes, mam!
Won't you go wid me? Yes, mam!
To Tennessee? Yes, mam!
For to hoe some cotton? Yes, mam!
Will you hoe it good? Yes, mam!
Did you went to de barn? Yes, mam!
Did you get any eggs? Yes, mam!
Did you carry it to de cook? Yes, mam!

---

[24] In this and the one following, the children move in a circle around the leader who puts the questions, the circle making the responses. Sometimes they go through the words without forming the ring. All come in loud on the last line of No. X. For other ring games, see Parsons, pp. 199-203.

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To put it in de bread? Yes, mam! 539
Did you carry it up town? Yes, mam! 524
Did you shake it all round? Yes, mam!

x

What for breakfast? Bread an' butter.
Where is butter? Cat eat it.
Where is cat? In de wood.
Where is wood? Fire burn it.
Where is fire? Water out it.
Where is water? Ox drink it.
Where is ox? Butcher kill it.
Where is butcher? Dead an' gone
An' buried in de ol' bone-yard!

Game Songs[25]

1[26]

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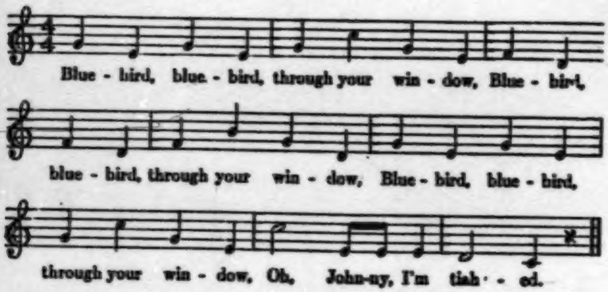
Blue - bird, blue - bird, through your win - dow, Blue - bird,
blue - bird, through your win - dow, Blue - bird, blue - bird,
through your win - dow, Oh, John-ny, I'm tiah - - ed.

Chorus:
1. Bluebird, bluebird, t'rough yo' window,
Bluebird, bluebird, t'rough yo' window,

---

[25] For other game songs, see Parsons, pp. 180-83.

[26] The players join hands and form a ring. As they sing the chorus, the leader weaves in and out of the ring, passing under the players' hands. At "take that little boy," etc., he puts his hands on the shoulders of a boy, and, as, the chorus begins again, the boy so indicated leaves the ring and goes with the leader. The process is repeated until all players have been touched and there is no ring left.

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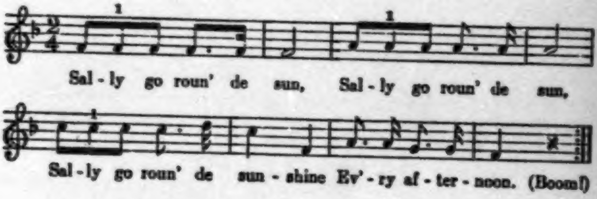
• 539

Bluebird, bluebird, t'rough yo' window,
Oh, Johnny, I'm ti-ahed [tired].

2. Take that little boy, pat 'im on the shoulder,
Take that little boy, pat 'im on the shoulder,
Take that little boy, pat 'im on the shoulder,
Oh, Johnny, I'm ti-ahed.

3. Take that little girl, pat 'im on the shoulder, *etc.*

II[27]


Sal - ly go roun' de sun, Sal - ly go roun' de sun,
Sal - ly go roun' de sun - shine Ev' - ry af - ter - noon. (Boom!)

1. Sally go roun' de sun,
Sally go roun' de sun,
Sally go roun' de sunshine
Ev'ry afternoon.
Boom!

2. Repeat for other verses.

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[27] The ring begins to move clock-wise, and at the word *boom* it stops with a jerk and goes around in the opposite direction. The tune, it will be noticed, is the same as *Farmer's in the Dell.*

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III[28]

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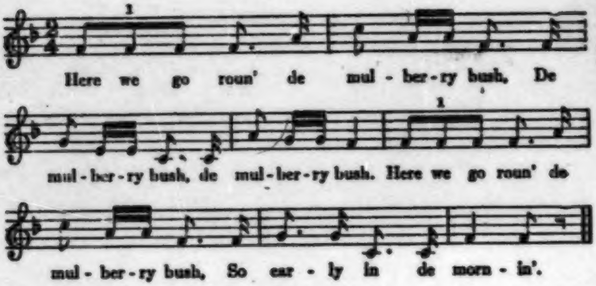
Here we go roun' de mul - ber - ry bush, De
mul - ber - ry bush, de mul - ber - ry bush. Here we go roun' de
mul - ber - ry bush, So ear - ly in de morn - in'.

Chorus:

1. Here we go roun' de mulberry bush,
Mulberry bush, mulberry bush .
Here we go roun' de mulberry bush,
So early in de mornin'.

2. Dis is de way we sweep our flo', *etc.*
3. Dis is de way we dus' our flo', *etc.*
4. Dis is de way we wash our face, *etc.*
5. Dis is de way we i'on our clo'es, *etc.*
6. Dis is de way we brush our hair, *etc.*
7. Dis is de way we brush our teet', *etc.*
8. Dis is de way we go to church, *etc.*

---

[28] Signs are made to indicate the various motions. There is no limit to the number of stanzas. At one school the children were singing an agricultural cycle in commemoration of Planting Week. They used such lines as: "This is the way we plow the land," "plant the wheat," "hoe the corn," etc.

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IV[29]

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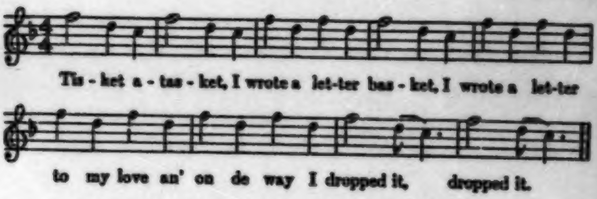
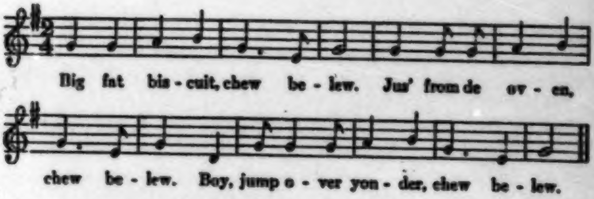

Tis - ket a - tas - ket, I wrote a let-ter bas - ket, I wrote a let-ter
to my love an' on de way I dropped it, dropped it.

1. Tiskit, a-taskit, I wrote a letter basket.
I wrote a letter to my love an' on my way I dropped it.

V[30]


Big fat bis - cuit, chew be - lew. Jus' from de ov - en,
chew be - lew. Boy, jump o - ver yon - der, chew be - lew.

1. Big, fat biscuit, chew belew.
Jus' from de kitchen, chew belew.
Boy, jump over yonder, chew belew.

2. Big fat biscuit, etc.
Girl, jump over yonder, chew belew.

FOLK BELIEFS

771
171

In general it may be said that the folk beliefs of the Negroes of St. Helena Island are not different from the

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[29] This is a form of drop-the-handkerchief. The players were not all sure of the words. Some said, "I wrote a little basket," others said, "I made a little basket." The latter would make better sense, but the majority sang it as given here.

[30] The player designated in the third line runs to the place indicated by the singers. Compare Parsons, p. 201.

175

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curtseys, and the men touched their hats in a soldier's 576
salute, or swept them quickly from their heads.

The Reverend Richard Fuller created a sensation 793
when he arrived. Stares brightened and eyes grew moist. 796
Amid shouts of "Bress de Lo'd, Bres de Lo'd!" "Heb- 175
enly Massa!" "Gra-a-ate King!" he mounted to the
platform. When all were seated a quaint old man, clad (533)
in cotton checks, bowed from many years of cotton hoeing,
stepped out on the platform and, leaning on his cane, (539)
gently swaying his body as if to keep time, struck up in a
shrill, cracked voice the tune:

"Ma-a-assa Fullah a sittin' on de tree ob life
For to yeddy when Jordan roll,
Roll, Jordan; roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan, roll."

And then a plain, middle-aged black preacher came for- (782)
ward and commenced a prayer, which he pursued at great
length with frequent interruptions from the congregation of "Amen," "Glory," and "Lo'd, do!" They had already been to their praise-house meetings twice during the week and some of them earlier that morning, but they were none the less eager for this Sunday-noon meeting when fellow freedmen from all over the Island gathered for worship and recreation.[2]

A few former planters, like the Reverend Richard 175
Fuller, had returned to Beaufort to try to take up life
again in the little town now overrun with freedmen, Fed-

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[2] The foregoing description is based on Reid, *After the War: A Southern Tour*; "The South As It Is," *Nation*, Dec. 1865, pp. 746-747; J. W. Alvord, *Letters from the South*, pp. 8-10; Charles Nordoff, *The Freedmen of South Carolina*; S. G. W. Benjamin, "The Sea Islands," *Harper's Monthly*, LVII, 839-861.